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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

VOL. I.

A

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K.C.B.

WITH

CORRESPONDENCE AND JOURNALS.

COMMENCED BY THE LATE

JOSEPH PARKES, Esq.

COMPLETED AND EDITED BY

HERMAN MERIVALE, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

[By the Editor.]

Any record of the Life of Sir Philip Francis must necessarily embrace the whole series of public events in England between the accession of George III. and his decease. Francis was born in 1740, two years after the King, and died on December 22, 1818, little more than a twelvemonth before him. 'I can hardly remember,' he told his second wife, Lady Francis, 'when I did not write for the newspapers.' The anonymous contributions to them on which his fame rests, and of which Mr. Parkes believed himself to have traced the authorship, commenced (under many names preceding that of *Junius*) at the very beginning of the reign. He took a strong party interest in the debates on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, which occurred at its very close. And during the whole interval he was an active, eager, passionate politician. In the press, in office, in India, in Parliament, in the Whig clubs, in the Carlton House and Brighton coteries, in reforming 'societies,' he mingled in every movement, and came in contact, friendly or hostile, with almost every statesman of those sixty years. It is not without genuine feeling that he speaks, in his paper on the Regency

question in 1811, (printed as a specimen of his style in 'Junius Identified,') of the 'society of so many eminent men whom I have had the honour to live with, and the misfortune to survive.'

He was eminent, if not great, as a debater. His acknowledged writings, though numerous, are of inferior interest, reprints of speeches, and pamphlets on subjects of temporary importance.[1] His great but mysterious celebrity rests, as I have said, on his anonymous performances. Even omitting the letters of Junius, the works which can be traced to him would suffice to mark him as a very powerful writer: those being included, the verdict of English opinion will pronounce him a great one. That his life was on the whole a failure; that, animated at once by very genuine public spirit and high-reaching ambition, he never succeeded in either achieving great political objects, although he often suggested and initiated their achievement by others, nor in attaining distinguished rank in his own person;—this must be attributed partly to faults of character and conduct which the reader of these pages will easily discover. But it was owing also, in great measure, to his own extraordinary success as Junius. He was scarcely thirty when that success was gained. From that moment, his destiny was influenced by it. At first, while the wounds inflicted by the libeller were fresh, he was hampered in all his proceedings by the necessity of guarding a secret of which the disclosure would have been ruin. The habits of mystery thus engendered seem to have grown on him. Junius for a time was almost forgotten; the immediate

[1] A list of them, but incomplete, is printed at the end of Taylor's 'Junius Identified.'

political sting was past; the literary and historical interest attached to the 'inquiry' respecting him had hardly commenced; but Francis during this middle period seems still to have been regarded as a character to which a mystery was attached, a controller of the secret influence of the press. And in later life, the suspicions of his connection with the famous letters gradually accumulated, until they culminated in 1814 with Taylor's celebrated pamphlet 'Junius Identified.' Sir Philip thought proper to maintain, throughout, his attitude of secresy, and of occasional denial; and thus the work of three busy years became, and remained, a burden on its author for nearly fifty. There is a striking, almost a terrible, passage in Lady Francis's Recollections of him, in which she says that it was the opinion of some of his intimate friends that his hesitation in Parliamentary speaking—which was a main cause of his comparative failure—was partly owing to the consciousness of his secret. He set so constant and habitual a guard on his lips, lest some compromising expression should find its way out of them, that the habit remained even in cases where the 'secret' was not at all in question.

The manner in which Mr. Parkes had intended to take up the subject of the life of Francis, and the extraordinary mass of materials which he accumulated for the purpose, are described by him in his own Preface, which I subjoin. I have done so not without a slight feeling of injustice to Mr. Parkes' memory; partly because the preface introduces the reader not to the fragment only which Mr. Parkes left, but to the great work which he contemplated, and the preparation for which constituted the great labour and great enjoyment of his later years; partly because it is itself evidently an experiment only, and would no doubt

have been rewritten had the book been completed. But it appeared to me necessary, in order to explain to the reader the circumstances under which this imperfect work is offered him

I need hardly say that these are circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, as regards myself. I have undertaken to present to the public the fruits of Mr. Parkes' labour, but I can do so only on a very different scale, and in a far less perfect manner, than had been Mr. Parkes' own intention.

The papers of Mr. Parkes placed in my hands were the following. In the first place a corrected and complete life of Francis down to 1768, that is, immediately before the appearance of the first letter of *Junius*; including a most minute and searching inquiry into his probable authorship of much of the political correspondence of the 'Public Advertiser' to that date. This I have printed in the first volume of the present work, only to some extent shortening and condensing it.

For the Junius period I found a great mass of material in Mr. Parkes's own hand, besides the original manuscripts which he had consulted in working on it; but all rough, imperfect, and without table of contents, index or clue. Mr. Parkes had evidently trusted to a methodical head and powerful memory, and had accumulated matter upon matter without any attempt as yet to arrange it, or any thought (probably) of that labour of love being executed by other hands than his own. I found many valuable essays, minutes, memoranda, scattered notices on separate sheets of paper, concerning particular points of the subject, and indicating the line of argument which he meant to take respecting it, but nothing complete, or which could

be rendered complete. If the work was to be done, i could be by rewriting only.

Now it is important to observe, and the more so in order to disabuse the public of possible anticipations, that the Francis papers, voluminous as they are, contain no word of confession on his part as to the authorship of Junius. Nor do they contain, as far as I have been able to discover, any direct evidence of it whatever. They have also been most deliberately mutilated, evidently by Francis' own hand. Numerous passages in the letters addressed to him, in the copies of his own letters which it was his habit to preserve, in his many fragments of journal, and memoranda of various kinds, have had passages not merely cancelled, but carefully cut out with the scissors. No one who sees them could doubt that his was a mind habitually and excessively fearful of detection. And wherever the reader seems on the point of arriving at a clue which might probably lead him into the heart of the *Junius* mystery, there the provoking excision is sure to be met with at the critical point. The argument, therefore, for the identity of Francis and Junius remains the same in character as it was before the examination of these papers; only it is very greatly strengthened and rendered more complete. It is cumulative. It does not depend on any single quasi-mathematical proof, but on the extraordinary number of convergent lines of reasoning, all tending in the same direction, and (still more perhaps) in the total absence of anything like disproof. It is difficult to conceive that the intimate and minute domestic correspondence of Francis, the 'fragment' of an autobiography which he actually commenced, and his many other manuscript records, would not have indicated some fact irreconcilable

with his pretensions, had those pretensions been unfounded. But every single disclosure which they make tends, on the other hand, towards establishing them.

For this part of the subject, however, I wish to refer the reader to subsequent portions of these volumes, and in particular to some observations which I have inserted at the beginning of Chapter VI. I only notice it now to indicate the difficulty in which I found myself placed in dealing with the collections made by Mr. Parkes. Had Mr. Parkes continued his researches on the 'Junian' portion of the memoir with the same minuteness with which he had treated what preceded it, the whole biography must have cost him ten or twenty years of a life already far advanced, and would have occupied many volumes. I felt myself unequal to continuing it on this scale; I doubted whether the public would encourage me had I attempted it. I therefore resolved to deal with the 'Junian' period as a portion only, though, no doubt, the most generally interesting, of the life of a remarkable and hitherto little known man, and to say no more respecting it than appeared necessary in a biographical point of view. But the materials collected by Mr. Parkes will find, I trust, their appropriate place whenever it is thought desirable to give to the public an edition of the Letters of Junius, much more complete and better annotated than has as yet appeared.

For the ten years of life which followed the publication of Junius—including the whole of his stay in India—Francis is his own biographer. His industry in compiling, and care in preserving, what may be termed manuscript records of his acts and correspondence from day to day, were perhaps almost unequalled. Of this more will

be said in its place; sufficient for the present to point out that Mr. Parkes had not touched on this portion of his work except by compiling, in the way of anticipation, a few scattered memoranda; and that I have, for my own part, only endeavoured to compress into proportionate bulk the ample materials left by Francis himself. There is one circumstance which greatly facilitates the accomplishment of this task, namely, the singular terseness and clearness of Francis' style. Whether this quality was more the cause or the effect of his constant study of French writers, and an intimacy with the French idiom very rare in any one who has not resided in France, I cannot tell; but no one can study his writings without being struck by it. Of all great masters of our language he is perhaps the clearest.

When Francis returned to England in 1781, at the age of forty, his modest fortune was made, and his official career was ended. He went into Parliament mainly to pursue his Indian course of opposition to Hastings; he attained distinction there; and he devoted himself, with great capacities for enjoyment and activity, to social life, particularly of a political cast. But he ceased to dwell on himself; or at least to compile, as he had so laboriously done before, materials for his own biography. Nor did others perform the service for him. There is no life of Francis extant; nothing but a few very imperfect biographical sketches. He had a numerous and attached family of children and grandchildren; but none of these undertook or procured the compilation of any memoirs of him. There was one very obvious reason for this omission. Late in life—at seventy-five—Sir Philip married a second wife, who survived him many years,—Lady Francis.

She was an old acquaintance of his, and inspired with the most intense, not affection only, but admiration for him. She became the natural custodian of his papers, and charged, in her own opinion, with the care of his posthumous fame. She was, moreover, a literary lady, a great reader, and ready writer; but she was also—it is with pain the editor indulges in so ungallant an avowal respecting the impression which her remains have left on him—one of the most garrulous, credulous, inaccurate, and in every way perplexing, of reminiscents. She knew nothing of her husband except what he himself told her, and chiefly in the very last years of his long life. She has embodied these recollections in piles of manuscript, together with voluminous dissertations of her own on other subjects. It was her intention, for many years, to weave these into a 'Life' of her husband. She seems to have abandoned the project about thirty years ago, at the time when Sir Philip's curious and historically valuable library was dispersed by auction. The rough materials collected by her alone remain; these were seen, and used to some extent, by Lord Campbell, Lord Stanhope, and Lord Brougham. They have been employed both by Mr. Parkes and myself, as far as we thought we could safely do so.

I have therefore to say, in apology for the disjointed and imperfect character of the last portion of this memoir of Sir Philip, that it is compiled without any methodical assistance either from former works or from private information, and solely from such materials as are scattered through the Parliamentary debates, through printed memoirs of the period, and through those remnants of correspondence and family records which Mr. Parkes, in

his preface, has indicated. Those who have themselves made the experiment will allow largely for the imperfections of a biographical work performed with no better help than this; and I can only throw myself upon the indulgence of those who have not had the same experience.

PREFACE.

[By Mr. Parkes.]

The publication of a Life and Correspondence of Sir Philip Francis, K.C.B., requires no justification. A few particulars only of his public career are known to the present generation, but he is generally recognised as a statesman of the Georgian Era, and a political writer of celebrity; and although numbered with the illustrious dead now full forty-six years, he is still remembered and mentioned in terms of high appreciation by our few surviving public men who personally knew him in his later years. By his contemporaries he was unquestionably valued at his true worth. Burke, for many years his most intimate friend till after political differences lessened their social intercourse, in the House of Commons, 1783, characterised Francis as a man of 'deep reach of thought,' of 'large legislative conception,' and as the designer of 'grand plans of policy.' Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had held office under Francis in India, in the same year and public assembly, pronounced the following remarkable eulogium, to the same effect.[1]

In delivering my opinion of my honourable friend, I am not so madly vain as to think it can add anything to his honours: it is not

[1] 'Speech on Fox's India Bill,' December 1, 1783.

for him, Sir, it is to do myself honour, that I say here what I have often said elsewhere, that of all the great and considerable men whom this country possesses, there is not one in the empire who has a claim so much beyond all question, who can show a title so thoroughly authenticated, as this gentleman, to the admiration, the thanks, the reward, the love of his country, and of the world. If I am asked for proof, I say, the book of his life is open before you; it has been read, it has been examined in every line by the diligent inquisition, the searching eye, of malice and envy. Has a single blot been found? Is there one page which has not been traced by virtue and by wisdom? Virtue, Sir, not of the cold and neutral quality, which is contented to avoid reproach by shrinking from action, and is the best ally of vice; but virtue fervent, full of ardour, of energy, of effect; wisdom, Sir, not the mere flash of genius and of talents, though these are not wanting; but wisdom informed, deliberate, and profound. I know, Sir, the warmth imputed, nay, possessed by that character; it is a warmth which does but burnish all his other virtues. His heart is warm, his judgment is cool, and the latter of these features none will deny, except those who have not examined or wish to disbelieve it.

The Commons Committee of Management of Hastings' Impeachment, on the rejection by the House of Francis as one of its number, presented him with an address, drawn up by Burke as Chairman, which thus panegyrised his career in India.

An exact obedience to the authority placed over you by the laws of your country, wise and steady principles of government, an inflexible integrity in yourself, and a firm resistance to all corrupt practice in others, crowned by an uniform benevolent attention to the right, properties, and welfare of the natives, appear eminently throughout those records. Such a conduct, so tried, acknowledged, and recorded, demands our fullest confidence. These, Sir, are the qualities, and this is the conduct on your part, on which we ground our wishes for your assistance.

This address of nineteen members of the Committee contained the names of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Charles (late Earl) Grey, Gilbert Elliot, Wyndham, T. Pelham, W. Adams, Maitland, G. A. North, R. Fitzpatrick, James

Erskine, Roger Wilbraham, and other eminent public men, who never could have attached their signatures to a simply unfounded or fulsome panegyric.

Lord Brougham in his Historical Sketches of the Statesmen of the time of George III., has chronicled Sir Philip Francis (whom he personally knew) among the most remarkable men of the age. He estimates 'his style of writing as admirable; excelling in clearness, abounding in happy idiomatic terms, not overloaded with either words or figures, but not rejecting either beautiful phrases or appropriate ornament;' and all his compositions 'so pellucid as to leave no cloud whatever over the meaning.'

But the eminent merits of Francis were his inestimable services to our country at a great crisis of its constitutional liberties, in political writings hitherto mostly unknown as his, because never acknowledged by their author.

The present volumes will prove, that in his youthful years he was, by his pen, the able and disinterested opponent of general warrants, arbitrary imprisonments, and seizures of private papers; and that, almost single-handed, he stood forward the bold, undaunted, and opportune advocate of a Free Press, the Rights of Juries, and the publicity of Parliamentary Debates. He was, in fact, the real parent of 'Fox's Libel Act,' and also the sole draftsman of the memorable plan of the Society of the Friends of the People, in 1794, the basis of the Reform Acts of 1832. His labours for the abolition of Negro Slavery, his eloquent speeches in Parliament, his powerful and unceasing protests against the extension of our Indian Empire, with his advocacy of peace among

civilised nations, were second to the performances of none of his distinguished contemporaries. Such a man can well afford to be assayed by posterity, and he would himself desire to be pourtrayed in his true character, with all his human frailties unconcealed.

The demonstration of the Authorship of the Letters of JUNIUS was no original or primary object of these volumes; but *that* enquiry, so far as regards the claim of Francis to a questionable merit, was an unavoidable investigation. The controversy, of itself, would never have attracted from the Biographer any sacrifice of time; but necessarily involved in it, he did not, as a lawyer, doubt that, rightly and patiently pursued, success must follow. Junius was no automaton: he may long have concealed the secret sources of his private information, and for half a century have evaded a complete demonstration of his personal identity. But an enquiry, commenced *de novo* and pursued in the natural and legal methods of investigating pedigrees, could scarcely fail to discover such a mass of direct and indirect evidence as, logically and fully accumulated, must unavoidably fix the authorship beyond doubt or future controversy. Ample sources and materials palpably existed, if an indefatigable research had been instituted. Whatever subtle and determined endeavours Junius might have practised to be to the end of life the 'sole depositary of his own secret,' discovery was almost sure after his death, at some not distant period. It was patent, that the superior force and style of the Letters were those of a long practised pen. Occupying a period of several years, and detailing numerous official circumstances with microscopic comments on public characters, how could the writer escape ultimate discovery unless,

previous to death, he destroyed all his private papers and books, and burnt the catalogue of his library?

The authorship of Junius has been confidently ascribed to thirty-seven different individuals, and innumerable controversial works, periodical and newspaper articles on the vexed question, have emanated from our own and foreign presses. The late Mr. John Taylor first raised a claim for Sir Philip Francis, in his 'Identity of Junius with a distinguished Living Character,' in 1812; but without sufficient materials of absolute proof. Mr. Taylor, considering his limited circumstantial proofs, and his entire want of all direct evidence, raised a remarkable and most singular argument.

So curious and interesting an enquiry could not, therefore, be ignored in any biography of Francis. The settlement of the Junius Question, so far as concerns this claim for Francis, was therefore unavoidable; the play of Hamlet would be nothing with the part of Hamlet omitted. But the Biographer, although familiar with every page of the singular and hitherto endless controversial publications in which that question has been discussed, now seeks to solve the problem by an entirely new process. He had noticed that almost every writer except Mr. Taylor, and Mr. W. T. Smith (the last partisan of Lord Temple's claim), 'reasoning backwards,' had commenced their researches on the false basis of a preconceived theory on the Junius authorship, often keeping back facts that militated against their hypothesis, or overlooking counter circumstances. The late Mr. Thomas Wentworth Dilke, in a series of able articles in the 'Athenæum' and 'Notes and Queries,' has critically exposed the insufficiency of evidence of all the false claims; still con-

sidering that for Sir Philip Francis 'unproven' and improbable. Impressed by these instructive articles, and by a most able paper of M. Charles de Rémusat in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' a wholly new system of research and logical deduction has been pursued; with what success the reader must judge for himself. First, the Letters, and Miscellaneous Letters ascribed to Junius, were analysed for their internal evidence of authorship. Secondly, as the undisputed unquestionable productions of his pen were stamped by an unmistakable personal knowledge of the English War and Commissariat Offices, and denoted not only an intimate acquaintance with the names and duties of those departments, but of the *secondary* Civil Service of our other public offices, the records of the two offices were sought; and though Lord Macaulay, when Secretary at War in 1840, had, on enquiries, believed them to have been 'wasted,' they were ultimately found to be extant in a store of Chelsea Hospital, probably placed there on one of the many changes of the War Offices. Subsequently a complete set of the old Office Letter Books, comprising the period from 1760 to 1774 (excepting one missing volume) were discovered in a press of the Treasury. By the liberal permission of the present Earl Dalhousie, and the aid of a friend, the late Sir Benjamin Hawes, access to and use of these valuable documents was obtained. They have brought to light much valuable matter. Access also was given to the records of the Home Office by the late Sir G. C. Lewis, who took a special interest in these enquiries, not doubting that such researches were the proper clues to the labyrinth of doubt and mystery. His lamented death has deprived these volumes of his

promised judgment and review. Further, the Chatham public correspondence, preserved in the old State Paper Office (since removed to the Rolls) afforded valuable materials in dates and other facts. The bulky old law papers of the Treasury being also transferred to the same depository, and being now well arranged, the pleadings, jury lists, briefs and papers of the prosecutions of Wilkes, and of the publishers of the 'Junius's Letter to the King,' were found; the Master of the Rolls, Sir John Romilly, as always, giving the freest access to our invaluable public records now brought together and rendered doubly useful in the Rolls Buildings. The old India House Papers, in 1858, the best arranged and most accessible of any public records, by the aid of Colonel Sykes, afforded many materials connected with the administration of that great appanage of our Empire when under the joint (or disjointed) administration of Hastings, Clavering, Monson, and Francis. No fact or date has been taken for granted, if extant original documents afforded tests. Further, a recognition of the use of most valuable private family papers is due to Mr. Calcraft, which contributed curious new information on the confidential relations subsisting between his grandfather, Mr. John Calcraft, and Francis. Colonel Pringle permitted a re-examination of the printed and unpublished 'Chatham Correspondence.' The Chatham papers showed another seal as used by Junius, and afforded evidence of the same paper having been used by Junius to Woodfall, and the Earl. Mr. Murray, the eminent publisher, now the owner of the 'Grenville Junius Letters,' allowed those original papers for fresh examination, and the opinions of experts of experience.

The private family papers of several of the most colourable claimants to the Junius authorship, and the catalogues of their private libraries, were also examined for disproof of such pretensions, or were looked over by their possessors. In many cases they yielded indisputable evidence of *non*-authorship, being so far useful as negative proofs. Mr. H. J. Woodfall trustfully lent the entire Junius MSS. of his grandfather the publisher of the celebrated 'Letters' for re-collations, and a more full investigation of the handwritings, writing papers, and seals. Also he lately found numerous editorial manuscripts and correspondence of his grandfather of essential value in this new Junius investigation. All these are now by purchase the property of the Biographer. The Junius MSS. comprise the proof sheets, with the manuscripts of the notes to the 'Author's Edition' of Junius in 1772. The latter, though often examined, do not appear to have received due attention. In many instances the natural hand of the writer, and the numeral figures of Junius are less feigned, and are even occasionally written in a natural hand.

As biography is properly defined to be 'a branch of history,' the public has a claim and a right to know the authority and sources of the materials which constitute such compilations, especially when the contents are new, and relate to the acts and private character of public men of a byegone period. It is, therefore, necessary briefly to state the origin of these volumes, and to account for such valuable biographical and historical materials having so long rested, unpublished, and unknown.

Sir Philip Francis died in 1818. By his will his

library and private papers were to continue in his house, in St. James's Square, Westminster, so long as his surviving widow and second wife continued to reside there, Mr. Philip Francis, the only son by the first marriage, having the reversionary interest. The late Mr. Dubois, a friend and occasional voluntary private amanuensis of Sir Philip Francis, early desired, with Lady Francis, that a life should be prepared and published, comprising also a selection of the papers and correspondence. The son objected to such an undertaking, as premature, and as he was himself the friend of several noble families, who, it was feared, would be displeased by so early an appearance of a Francis biography. After the death of Mr. Philip Francis, the son, the entire library of Sir Philip, by a family arrangement between Lady Francis and the grandchildren, was unfortunately dispersed in three days by public auction, under the hammer of the late Mr. Leigh Sotheby. The library of a public and literary man is usually a key to his self-education, and favourite studies. In the instance of the Francis Collection its sale was particularly to be regretted, because numerous political volumes, and files of newspapers, many series of pamphlets, fully noted by their original owner, were scattered throughout the kingdom. The library comprised the earliest and best editions of the 'Junius Letters,' full of manuscripts, corrections, and remarks, and other historical and political works, similarly noted. Fortunately the copies of 'Junius' were bought in by the two oldest grandsons, Mr. Henry J. Francis, and Mr. John G. Francis; and the latter also purchased, in one lot, eighty-six volumes, described in the catalogue as 'Political and Historical Tracts' 'as a most

curious and interesting collection from the commencement of the reign of George III.' These volumes have yielded important materials, and their value previous to their present use does not appear to have been appreciated. The old sale catalogue, priced, with the purchasers' names, having been liberally given by Messrs. Sotheby to the British Museum, almost all the other volumes of use for the present purpose have been, after much labour, traced to their present possessors, who have liberally lent them for examination and extract.

The late Lady Francis, on Mr. Philip Francis's death, essayed to write a memoir of her husband with the intention of publication; and she produced a voluminous mass of manuscript; but, although containing many interesting anecdotes, and some usable facts and personal reminiscences, her collections were too confusedly and imperfectly compiled to be fit for publication, and have remained unpublished. In 1847 she gave them over to her husband's grandson, Mr. Henry J. Francis, with the object of his undertaking a full biography and selection from the voluminous correspondence. Mr. Henry J. Francis undertook at least to assist in the labour, and contracted with the late Mr. Colburn the bookseller for the projected work, placing some of the materials in his hands for copies. These were submitted by Mr. Colburn to the late Mr. J. Wright, and, after his death, to Mr. Bell; but the latter gentleman, after a partial examination, declined to smelt such a mass of ore. A large number of *copies* of Sir Philip Francis's private correspondence (Mr. H. J. Francis having retained the originals), and the greater portion of the original Indian papers, remained in the hands of Mr. Colburn till his decease, and thence passed

into the possession of that publisher's executors. By the liberal intervention of Mr. John Forster, all were finally released to the Francis family for use in these volumes.

Mr. Henry J. Francis having left England for the Australian Bar, leaving authority with his sister, Miss Francis, for other boxes of family papers to be searched, and even manuscripts of value to be given to the Biographer for examination and use, these fortunately brought to light several volumes of Sir Philip Francis's early private exercises in composition, his partial translations of classical works, his numerous notes of readings, and various memoranda of his observations on men and manners in his foreign travels. These additional materials comprised, moreover, two manuscript journals; one, an almost daily record of his travels in Belgium, France, and Italy, in 1773; the other, a laconic but valuable journal of his India private and public life, of almost daily entry, but with many pages and some passages in extant leaves cut out, doubtless by himself. There was also a large mass of India official MS. papers, chiefly financial, which had apparently never been sorted or arranged since Francis's return from Calcutta, or ever examined by the family, as among them was found the fragment of a manuscript autobiography, much also mutilated by scissors. This document was almost certainly written in India, being on the same paper used in Calcutta. It is most probable that he wrote the memoir, fearing a premature close of his life in an Indian climate; but that, having survived the risk, on more mature reflection he cancelled many parts of it. The portions undestroyed supply some remarkable details of his earlier life and opinions.

Miss Cholmondeley, one of his grand-daughters, possessed the private letters of Sir Philip to his first wife, fifty-two in number, between the years 1761 and 1774, of which much use has been made. Lady Francis, the second wife, having, it was known, possessed herself of some of the papers for her intended memoir, enquiry was made of her aged surviving sister. That lady restored all in her possession, comprising several valuable manuscripts, particularly a memoir of Charles James Fox (prepared for the press), and other political and historical manuscripts, with cuttings of old newspaper articles preserved by Sir Philip. Unfortunately, elaborate and matured manuscript characters of Burke and Wyndham, known to be extant after Francis's decease, can nowhere be discovered. They were extant some years since, and may probably have been lent, and not returned by the borrowers. If this notice should lead to their finding, their communication to the Biographer will be a great treasure trove. The loss of the character of Burke by so discriminating a writer as Sir Philip Francis, who highly valued that eminent public man, but who also penetrated his weaknesses, would be irreparable; and as a true estimate of Burke by a competent and impartial contemporary has long been desired. Such a manuscript never could have been wilfully destroyed, except for the extinction of biographical truth.

The Barrington family papers never having been examined for any correspondence of Lord Barrington with D'Oyly and Francis, on their retirement from the War Office in 1772–3, application was made to the present Lord Barrington, who unsuccessfully searched for any; but some letters from Mr. Anthony Chamier (the

successor of D'Oyly) were kindly communicated by his lordship. They, and some other family records, have afforded materials towards a full and correct account of Anthony Chamier, so unmercifully satirised by Junius. A member of the Chamier family, Mr. Daniel Chamier, settled in Maryland, U.S., being a British Commissary of Stores, and auditor of public accounts. He died in New York, 1775, but, leaving no issue, his papers cannot be traced. It would otherwise have been curious to have discovered, whether Lord Barrington or Anthony Chamier had any suspicions of the authorship of the later 'Miscellaneous Letters of Junius' under the signatures of *Veteran*, *Scotus*, and *Nemesis*. Added to these new Junius materials the Biographer had purchased the papers of some deceased distinguished writers on the Junius question, viz. those of Mr. Britton, Mr. Henry Edmund Barker, and Sir Harris Nicolas. To some members of the American branch of the Francis family, settled in the United States, he is indebted for several private letters of Sir Philip.

On the commencement of the work little was known by the English family of its Irish ancestry and relatives, Dr. Francis's early settlement in London, about 1747, having severed their intercourse. Sir Philip Francis's papers containing important letters from relations of the name of Baggs, and some confidential communications between 1767 and 1773, it was desirable to ascertain their exact degree of relationship, and earlier social connection. The indefatigable and accomplished Irish Ulster King at Arms, Sir Bernard Burke, by researches in the Record Offices, and diocesan records of Ireland, and of Trinity College, Dublin, willingly and successfully established these consanguinities.

These particular acknowledgments ought to have been extended to a recognition of assistances from many personal and literary friends, but for the number of the obligations.

It now only remains to be stated, that one of the greatest labours has been the digest and abridgment of such an unusually large mass of materials, especially in a first selection from many thousand letters. This is not the age for heavy tomes, and critical public opinion has justly decided that many modern similar publications have been overloaded, especially with letters of useless or secondary import. An endeavour has been made to keep within compass commentary on the many political events and characters treated by Sir Philip Francis. *His* opinions, and not those of his Biographer, are the main subjects of interest to the public. The life, therefore, has been made as *autobiographical* as possible.

The anecdotes and correspondence might have been heightened in interest by many piquant and scandalous stories of 'men and manners,' always abounding in the private epistolary intercourse, male and female, of the higher classes of political and fashionable society. But such scandal and gossip were never intended for the public eye; they do not contribute to the morality of any class; and many such stories, some well-founded, and others probably pure inventions, might wound the feelings of surviving descendants. Besides, the cruel and groundless aspersion of women of high life, especially in our own times, is well known. The reputation of the dead is not less entitled to protection, if not more so, than the characters of the living. No man more bitterly regretted the severity of some of his earlier

writings than Sir Philip Francis; and no popular author ever perhaps paid so memorable a penalty for the indulgence of extraordinary natural powers of wit, sarcasm, and satire. His Biographer has seen too much of political parties, and lived too long in public life in the last half century, to set up an idol by the deification of any political man. Hero-worship is the superstition of writers of cramped minds, and of credulous readers. But no incident in the life of Francis, essential to the true and full development of his real character, has been suppressed, and no partial exaggeration of his virtues or concealment of his failings has been wilfully indulged.[1]

17 Wimpole Street, London:
1865.

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[1] Mr. Parkes's Preface contained acknowledgments of the communication of some other papers which he deemed of value; but as these have not been used by the present editor, the passages in question have been omitted.

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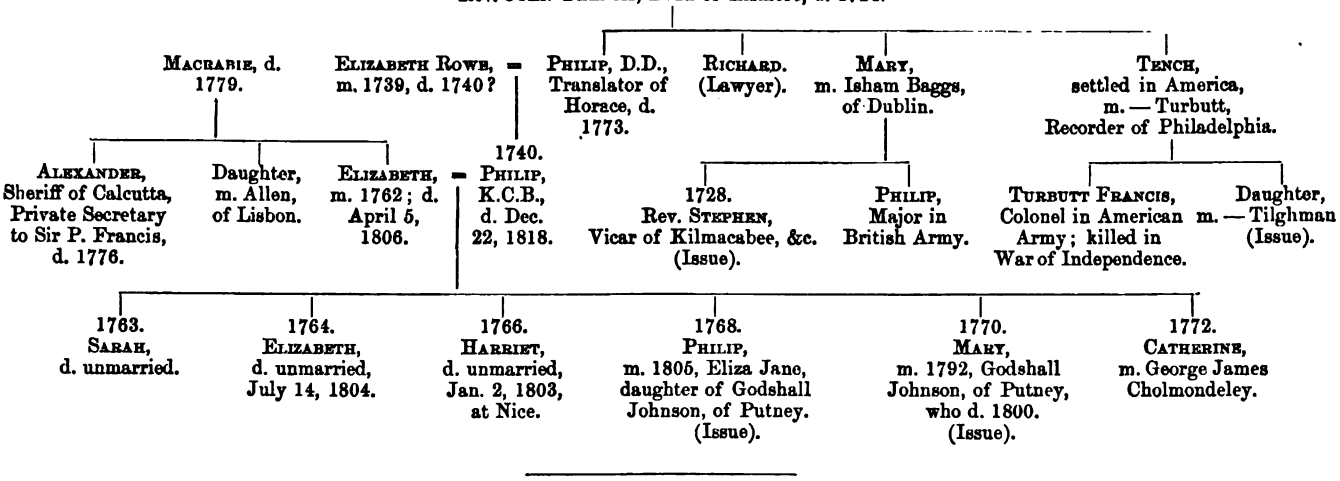
PORTRAIT OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, after a painting by J. Hoppner, R.A. . . . . *Frontispiece.*

PEDIGREE OF THE FRANCIS FAMILY.


Rev. John Francis, Dean of Lismore, d. 1724.
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Mary, m. Isham Baggs, of Dublin.
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Daughter,
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1768. Philip, m. 1805, Eliza Jane, daughter of Godshall Johnson, of Putney. (Issue).
1770. Mary, m. 1792, Godshall Johnson, of Putney, who d. 1800. (Issue).
1772. Catherine, m. George James Cholmondeley.

*** This genealogical sketch, being compiled only with the view of enabling the reader to trace with greater ease the names and circumstances mentioned in the memoir and correspondence, is imperfect, and ends with the death of Sir Philip in 1818. The exact dates of the births of Sir Philip's children are inserted by him in one of his folio letter books, containing letters from his wife received in India, with the words, 'Peregrè redions semper cogitat aut filii peccatum, aut uxoris mortem, aut morbum filiæ.'

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K.C.B.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

[1740–1758.]

Parentage and Family of Philip Francis—His Education at St. Paul's School—Appointed to a Clerkship in the Secretary of State's Office by Lord Holland—His relations with Mr. Calcraft and Robert Wood—Acts as Secretary to General Bligh on his Expedition to Cherbourg.

PHILIP FRANCIS, the subject of this biography, was a native of Ireland; born in Dublin, October 22, 1740. His father was Philip Francis, D.D., the well-known translator of 'Horace,' 'Demosthenes,' and 'Æschines;' author of the tragedies of 'Eugenia' and 'Constantine,' and of several political pamphlets during the ministries of George II. and George III. The mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Rowe, whose father claimed descent from Sir Thomas Roe, the British ambassador to the Great Mogul in the reign of James I. Whether she was a native of England or of the sister island is unascertained, and the date and place of her marriage are also unknown. The union probably took place in 1739, as in 1740 Dr. Francis was settled in a Dublin curacy, and was engaged on the press in the interest of 'the Castle.' The Irish paternal family was of English origin, and Protestant; but when first trans-

planted to Ireland is doubtful. Its armorial bearings were the same as those of a West of England clan of the same surname, and whose genealogical root is assigned by the Herald's office to have been honoured by knighthood at the coronation of Richard II.; and the family tradition derived its origin from that part of England. The grandfather of young Francis was John Francis, D.D., a dignitary of the Irish Church establishment, first rector and vicar of Innisconnaught; with other after livings; then Dean of Leighlin, and subsequently translated to the deanery of Lismore. Early in life the Dean had been ejected from his first living on account of his Tory principles, but was reinstated. The Dean died in 1724, leaving a widow and five children, viz., three sons, Richard, Tench, and Philip, and two daughters, Mary and Ann. The bulk of his property, real and personal, he bequeathed to the widow. The testamentary legacies to the children were small: to Richard 50*l.*, Tench 150*l.*, Philip (Dr. P. Francis) 400*l.*, and his books, 'and I desire that he may be a clergyman.' —To his daughters he bequeathed 600*l.* each. Richard was a pupil of the well-known Dr. Sheridan, of Dublin, and entered Trinity College, April 20, 1723, being described as aged eighteen years; he was previously entered in the Middle Temple, London, June 30, 1719, and called to the bar of that Inn May 15, 1724. He is believed to have pursued his profession in London, and was the author of a law treatise, 'Maxims of Equity.' He probably died early in life, as there is no letter to his brothers extant, or any mention of his manhood' intercourse with his family. Tench emigrated to America; married a Miss Turbutt; and became Recorder of Philadelphia. Tench's son, Turbutt Francis, attained the rank of Colonel, apparently in the American Militia; and was

killed in the War of Independence, fighting under Washington. Tench Francis left several other children whose descendants are now multiplying in the States. One of Tench's daughters married James Tilghman, an eminent lawyer of Pennsylvania and secretary of the Proprietary Land Office. James Tilghman was the father of the Hon. William Tilghman, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania; and of Richard Tilghman, an intimate friend of Sir Philip.

Mary Francis, eldest daughter of the Dean, in January, 1726, married John Baggs Esq., of Dublin, in the Irish civil service. By this marriage there were four children: three sons, Stephen, Philip, and Richard; and one daughter, Mary.

These details of the lineal and collateral descendants of the Dean have been recently collected, and are thus particularly stated, as his grandson Sir Philip maintained in early life an important and confidential correspondence with some of his cousins.

Philip Francis, the subject of this memoir, the only child of his parents, early lost his mother; in what year is unknown. As he retained but a slight recollection of her person, she probably died in 1744–5, and his father appears to have removed from Dublin to London not long after that period. Dr. Francis had first published his translation of Horace in Dublin, 1743, but it had a limited circulation. In 1744, as an accomplished scholar and political writer, he became known to Lord Chesterfield, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland during the 'Broad Bottom' administration. On that nobleman's return to England, in 1746, it is probable that Dr. Francis settled in England, as he first published the entire translation of his Horace in London, in 1747. He held an English rectory in Norfolk in July, 1749, his Irish letters being

addressed to 'The Rev. Mr. Philip Francis, Rector of Skeyton, in Norfolk, to be forwarded by Mr. Andrew Miller, Bookseller, opposite Catherine Street in the Strand, London.' He left his young son in care of his Dublin relations, to receive the first rudiments of education in a free school of which Mr. Roe, an eminent schoolmaster (the successor of Dr. Dunkin), was then the head.

How long Philip continued under the tuition of Mr. Roe is not known; but as in 1751–2, Dr. Francis himself opened an academy for a few boarders of good family, his own son must have been for some time under his father, as Sir Philip claims to have been a schoolfellow of Gibbon. Now the historian of Rome, in his admirable autobiography, states that he himself was placed under Dr. Francis when in his fifteenth year, and which must therefore have been some time in 1751–2, and continued with him for fourteen months. Gibbon, of an erratic and indolent turn of mind in his youth, not given to study as in maturer years, reflects on Dr. Francis for neglect of his pupils—perhaps unjustly or in exaggerated complaints. It could not, however, be that the Doctor was inattentive to his own son. The stay of Philip with his father was probably partly on the score of health, and partly for preparation for a public school. Until his twelfth year Philip was of a delicate constitution, and requiring, from the quickness of his intellect and habit of mental application, much care. The irreparable loss of a mother had deprived him of that early and tender care for which there is no sufficient substitute. He had no step-mother, aunt, or elder female relative, to represent the tender love and watchfulness, or to inspire the instinctive affections, of the child for a maternal natural parent.

Such are the few details of the first twelve years of his

life, and of his early instruction in private schools. It is evident that his physical constitution was not strong, but that his natural abilities and spirit of emulation were above those of the average of boys. His public school education now commenced, as a scholar of St. Paul's School.

The Mercers' Company's records of that noble institution founded by DEAN COLET, register Philip's entry in the following minute of admission :—

Entries copied from the register of St. Paul's School at Mercer's Hall.

	Age.	*Parent's names, &c.*
1751		
Nov. 22. Henry Sampson Woodfall.	12	Henry, of Paternoster Row, Printer, Mr. Trigg.
1753		
March 17. Philip Francis.	12	The Rev. Philip, Southampton St. Covent Garden.

1754 March 9. { H. S. Woodfall. / Philip Francis. } The two names stand together as the two last boys in the eighth or upper class. (Woodfall leaves some time during 1754.)

1755 Francis appears as third boy in the school.

1756 „ „ as head boy, and leaves school during that year.

But the young scholar was further fortunate in the tuition of Mr. George Thicknesse, the head-master of the school from 1748 to 1769.[1] Mr. Thicknesse was a superior scholar; a sagacious, conscientious, and laborious tutor. A true disciplinarian, he was a just, kind, and considerate master, beloved by his pupils. The *Paulines* of his mastership were reputed superior Latinists and Grecians, many of them in after life becoming eminent in the learned professions, and successful in trade and commerce.

In this narrative of Francis' obligations to the course of instruction in St. Paul's School, it is not irrelevant to

[1] Brother of the singular 'Lieutenant-Governor of Landguard Fort,' Philip Thicknesse.

add, that he acquired there a singularly fine, legible, and facile handwriting, an accomplishment of a well-educated gentleman, of the highest value to a youth, and which fact will explain some otherwise mysterious feats of penmanship in his after life. In these times of comparatively illegible and vulgar male handwriting, and when it is too often difficult even to decipher the signatures to private letters, the attention of schoolmasters and young scholars may be advisably recalled to the importance of a restoration of this branch of rudimentary education. The Saxons of England were early eminent for penmanship; and the later introduction of the Italian hand, numeral figures, and Venetian methods of book-keeping, greatly improved the English styles. The records of our public offices, and old mercantile correspondence of the last two centuries prove the early advance and excellence of this invaluable 'liberal art.' Peter Bales, who kept a writing academy in the Old Bailey, and taught the children of many persons of distinction at their own houses, was a celebrated penman, and the author of a curious work on the art. In a public trial of skill, with one Daniel Johnson, Bales won a prize of a golden pen worth 20*l.* Colonel John Ayres, a poor boy originally from the country, and a footman, became subsequently a celebrated writing-master, teaching a school in St. Paul's Churchyard, and afterwards the author of several publications on penmanship and account-keeping. He published in 1700 his 'Paul's School Round-hand,' and numerous copper-plates containing examples of the 'mixt running hand and mixt secretary.' A later eminent writing-master, Joseph Champion, also author of several similar publications, was educated at St. Paul's School. In 1709, Rayner published a work on calligraphy, with engraved examples, entitled 'Paul's Scholars' Copy Book,' dedicated to the Mercers'

Company and to the Rev. John Postlethwait, then headmaster of St. Paul's School. A later edition contains also plates of Greek and Hebrew letters, stated to be approved by Mr. Postlethwait. Samuel Vaux was another eminent London writing-master, whose copies of various hands a few years later were engraved in 'Bickman's Universal Penman.'

It was not, therefore, to be wondered that a century ago the scholars, especially of St. Paul's and Christ's Hospital Schools were noted for their capital and uniform handwriting, or that Francis, with his juvenile love of excellence and of excelling, did not neglect such a rudiment of essential education.

Such were the unquestionable advantages and fortunate circumstances of Francis's elementary education. Five letters to Philip from his father, during his three years and a half continuance at St. Paul's, comprise the only memorial of this important period of his life. No letter from him to his father, or to any member of the family, is extant.

The two first letters of Dr. Francis are without date or post-marks, but are apparently written in the earlier period of Philip's scholarship. They are interesting and creditable to the parent.

Dr. Francis to Philip Francis.

I do not write to my dear Phil. merely to tell him I have cheerfully got to the end of my long Northern journey; nor even for the pleasure (to me the greatest pleasure) of hearing, in return, of his health and happiness. This letter, I hope, will open a correspondence between us, that may for ever endear us to each other. The years are coming on when youth and its activity, when age and its indolence, will make us cold companions, and very often divide us. Let us not wholly depend, my dearest boy, upon the affections of nature. Let us improve them into a mutual friendship and esteem by a mutual trust and confidence, sincerity and truth. From this

moment I offer you my whole heart, even all its weaknesses and frailties, without disguise, without reserve.

Shall I expect the same equal confidence without bashfulness and timidity, without artifice and cunning? My understanding may not then be unuseful to you. It was purchased by follies, errors, misfortunes, not my own only, but those of others. May you make a better, wiser, happier use of it, than I have done. But, if it shall happen otherwise; if you shall be carried away by the passions and their wanderings, though the world shall condemn, your father will forgive you, will support, and encourage you to happiness. Give him your friendship, and depend on his: let us love one another.

Not to make this letter tedious even in its affection, let me beg to hear from you. Tell me whether you are still pleased with your situation; or can I add anything to your happiness? [Do you often drink tea with Sally? does she take care of you?] If Mr. Dormer be in town, go some holiday morning, and breakfast with him. Tell him I live in a palace with a French cook, French wines, and English hospitality. Could I say more, I would write to him. If there be any letters for me at home, send them under a cover to Francis Delaval, Esq., at Seaton near Newcastle, Northumberland.

Farewell, my dear boy! may neither distance nor time divide us; nor can they, while affection and esteem unite us.

I am ever yours,

PHIL. FRANCIS.

My best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Ely. I send you a trunk.

Dr. Francis to Philip Francis.

I thought, my dear Phil., that we had agreed that our correspondence was to be above all forms, all apologies for not writing to each other. And yet I shall always be glad to hear you are well, in spite of gooseberries, plums, and fevers. But I think you have got a special nostrum for a fever; Jew Latin must cool as effectually as Doctor James's Powders.

I rejoice with you at being so long head of your class, and I hope you will enjoy your superiority over your class-fellows by condescension, compliance, and, if they desire it, by assisting them. Genius and abilities are in general very happy possessions; yet an injudicious use of them makes the possessor odious, and sometimes even contemptible. In learning, whoever knows and sees most is most humble, from a sense of the darkness and ignorance around him. Be it your lot, my dear boy, to be amiable rather than admired, envied, and hated. When you come into the world, you

must hide whatever superiority you possess, if you would turn it to advantage. Few people, very few, will forgive an insult to the generality of mankind; it really lowers them, and they will take exceeding care it shall not exalt you. . . .

As to moving into a higher Form, I could not wish you would press Mr. Thicknesse by showing any impatience in your desire. Think, my dear Phil., that it is not being in any particular place, but the figure you shall make there,—that gives the distinction of honour. In life, as in plays, we cannot all play principal characters. Let us, then, endeavour to excel in that which is allotted to us. Farewell! if you have as much pleasure in reading, as I have in writing, you will easily forgive this very long epistle.

I am ever yours,

PHIL. FRANCIS.

From this year till Philip left the school in 1756, there is no record of his progress, except that he was entered in the Mercers' Company's minutes as then the *head boy* or captain. His predecessor in that rank was Philip Rosenhagen, of a Danish family, his contemporary, though senior. The two boys had been class-fellows and friends, though of wholly dissimilar characters. Mr. Thicknesse always mentioned the two pupils as the most naturally clever boys and the best scholars of his entire term of mastership. But he said Rosenhagen had neither perseverance nor moral conduct, whereas Francis had both, and consequently would get the start of the other in the race of life. Both, he said, had strong passions; but that Francis could control them, while Rosenhagen would probably be the victim of his. This character of the two youths was given to Dr. Francis. The just observation and penetration of the schoolmaster were remarkably verified when they grew up to be men, as will be seen in the after facts and contrast in the singular careers of both. No portraits of two boys could be greater likenesses of their manhood.

Rosenhagen, obtaining a St. Paul's Exhibition to Cam-

bridge, was entered in St. John's College. It does not appear by the Mercers' Company's records that young Francis was offered or declined an exhibition. It may be regretted that so promising a youth, and so good a scholar, should not have had the advantage and further discipline of university culture; to which, in Trinity College, Dublin, Dr. Francis himself was chiefly indebted for his own advancement in life. On the other hand, it may be a question whether a boy of his peculiar temperament, delicate health, and full young for college, was not as well placed in a public office both for health of body and independence of mind. The *vis animi* of some youths of the characteristics of Philip Francis, is their own best propeller and rudder; while his father could aid him in his further classical studies and reading, as well as insure him probable early promotion in the civil service. Philip left St. Paul's School, receiving an honorary mark of distinction in a gold medal, in token of his proficiency in the classics and for good conduct.

Lady Francis relates, in her MS. reminiscences of her husband, some curious anecdotes of his juvenile shrewdness and observing mind. Dr. Francis took his boy one night to Drury Lane Theatre. In an interval of the play Lord Chesterfield entered their box and remained some time in conversation with the father. The noble Lord, decked in a star and blue ribbon, talking loudly, and acting as much as if he had been on the stage himself, attracted the attention not only of a party in the adjoining box but more distant listeners. The noble paragon of courtesy and fine words indulging in polite conversation with the Doctor, as usual, paused for some felicitous word. In one of his Lordship's stops young Philip promptly supplied the properly-considered word—the noble Lord adopting it—with the preface of a bow

and the remark, 'As the young gentleman has most correctly said.' On another occasion, the father accompanied by the son, went with an evening party by water to Vauxhall, and told Philip that a distinguished military officer, Sir William Draper, was with them, and whose manners he considered a model of good breeding and worthy of imitation. Sir William was in full uniform. Young Francis observed him attentively all the way to the gardens. The Doctor, on landing, asked his son if he did not think Sir William a fine gentleman: 'No, I don't,' he answered; 'I think he says what he does not mean.' 'And why?' asked the Doctor: 'Because,' was the boy's answer, 'he never looks one full in the face, and that is neither polite nor honest, is it, father?' The Doctor rebuked him for presumption, but often afterwards narrated the two stories as proofs of his son's early discrimination of character.

It is only justice to the memory of young Philip Francis' eminent schoolmaster—and the scholar, it will be seen in an after volume, most gratefully, in his manhood, appreciated his obligations to this St. Paul's preceptor—to record some special anecdotes to the credit of the instructor. Mr. Thicknesse was a member of an old Staffordshire family; he was educated at Winchester, and therefore from his boyhood trained in the discipline of a public school. After graduating at Cambridge, and as a younger son having to seek his own fortune, he was first an usher at Clare's Academy in Soho Square. Having the reputation of being one of the best classical scholars in England, he opened an establishment for the tuition of youth in Charter House Square. The chaplainship of St. Paul's school being vacant, he was appointed to that office by the Mercers' Company, chosen on October 3, 1737. In 1744 he was chosen sub-master; and the high-mastership

being vacant, in 1748, by the resignation of Dr. Charles, he was raised to the latter high and responsible position. The Mercers' Company honourably complied with Dean Colet's statute which decreed 'that if the under-master be in literature and in honest life according, then the *high-master's* room *vacant*, let him be *chosen before another*.' The school at his election was in a declining state. Under Mr. Thicknesse's conduct it not only revived but received pupils from all parts of the kingdom. The records of Oxford and Cambridge in a few years attested the university honours obtained by St. Paul's scholars. In the first year of his mastership 145 scholars were entered, and the whole number, to his superannuation in 1769, was 1,308. He was beloved by all his pupils, and retained their grateful and affectionate friendship to the close of his life. His discrimination of the moral and intellectual natures of his different scholars was one of his highest qualifications for a teacher of youth. He was accustomed to say that the boys of a school were not like the bricks of the school-house all moulded in one form; that his pupils differed widely in powers and direction of mind, in temper and temperament, and in the physical conditions of health; that some boys had no talent for the acquisition of the dead languages, and that a master must be content with their elementary instruction, as the birch and cane would not alter nature.

Young Philip Francis, on leaving St. Paul's School, was appointed to a junior clerkship in the Secretary of State's Office by Henry Fox (the first Lord Holland), then one of the three principal secretaries of state in the Duke of Newcastle's ministry.

Dr. Francis had been, when his son obtained his first clerkship, almost domiciled in Holland House, and was afterwards appointed private Chaplain to Lady Holland.

Young Philip, in the fragments of his own autobiography (twenty years afterwards), states that his father, Dr. Francis, 'almost lived at Holland House, and was the friend and favourite of the family. He taught Stephen and Charles Fox to read, and Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan to declaim.' Young Francis was an occasional visitor in Holland House at this period. Dr. Francis had not only written and published anonymous political pamphlets in the interest of Henry Fox and his ministerial colleagues, but was for some years one of the editors of and contributors to the 'Gazette' daily newspaper, in the interest of the court and government. He enjoyed Henry Fox's full confidence, and deserved it as a faithful partisan; but except in the small provision thus made for Philip, Fox cannot be called the patron of the father, Dr. Francis not having obtained his subsequent Church patronage from Lord Holland.[1]

Mr. John Calcraft, a second well-known public man of the period, for many years was Henry Fox's most confidential person and political ally, and must be here mentioned as one of Dr. Francis' earliest London associates, who twelve years afterwards became the confidential political friend of the young Philip Francis.

Mr. John Calcraft, though placed early in life in the civil service, and filling secondary offices in different

[1] The political activity of Dr. Francis as a journalist of course accounts for the savage attacks directed against him by Churchill, as 'the atheist chaplain of an atheist lord,' if that line in the 'Author' is meant for him—

'While Virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off the gown which Francis wears.'

But the composition of Churchill is so obscure, partly from want of preciseness and partly from caution, that it is not always easy to identify his allusions. It would seem that the 'reverend mediator' who was employed ineffectually by a 'noble lord' to bribe Churchill not to publish some lines entitled 'Ayliffe's Ghost,' must have been Dr. Francis. See Note to the Epistle to Hogarth.'—[Editor.]

administrations, could not be considered as a leading political man of his times. But his experience in public life, his early acquired wealth, his natural sagacity, and great 'borough interest,' invested him with a considerable share of personal influence and power, especially as he sate successively in several parliaments. Mr. Calcraft knew the value and power of the London journals and 'entertained' their proprietors and best political writers. His City connections further procured him the intimacy of the leading members of the Court of Aldermen and Common Council of London—an influential political body. He was the son of a solicitor of Grantham, of respectable family and of reputable practice, and town-clerk of Grantham, his father being the election agent of the Rutland political interest in that borough. The Marquis of Granby procured young John Calcraft a clerkship in the Pay Office or Commissariat department. With a fair provincial education the young government clerk, by his talents and assiduity, afterwards raised himself to the office of Deputy Paymaster-General. Forming the friendship of Henry Fox, Mr. Calcraft became one of that minister's most confidential political partisans. But he ultimately gave up office to found an army agency and quasi-banking establishment. He held the agency of many regiments, and of several independent companies. He contracted for the coals and clothing of the colonies. The offices of Paymaster of the Board of Works, and Deputy Commissary of the Musters, had given him great advantages in subsequently obtaining business connections with the colonies, and all the principal offices of the army. His probity and punctuality in all his pecuniary engagements were universally acknowledged. Noblemen of the highest rank, and of different parties, consulted him on their private and domestic affairs; and he was liberal

in giving temporary accommodation to all his connections in need of pecuniary aid. When at least five noble families of England, after the long German war, derived their aristocratic origin, estates and titles, from wealth accumulated in similar legitimate and trading pursuits, it is no marvel that Mr. Calcraft's later and justifiable ambition was a peerage. He had earned and nearly gained admission to the upper house, when death arrested his entrance. Whatever his earlier political relations to parties, he attached himself lastly to Lord Chatham in opposition; he reconciled that passionate and haughty nobleman to his brother-in-law, Lord Temple; and his last votes were, after 1770, invariably given in favour of the liberty of the subject and Parliamentary Reform; he publicly bailed the victims of a persecuted press when a crusade was preached against political publishers; and his purse was always at their service for defence. In middle and after life he was in 'gay' society, a gallant, and frequented the greenrooms. He was behind the scenes not only of Downing Street but of the London theatres, and celebrated in scandalous chronicles as for some time one of the 'protectors' of the celebrated George Anne Bellamy,[1] one of the most attractive and

[1] This modern Laïs and courtesan was the daughter of an eminent farmer, one of the Society of Friends, of the name of Teal, who rented at Sion, near Maidstone, extensive hop-grounds. The daughter was brought up a Quakeress, but losing her father in her infancy, and her mother, beautiful and a widow, not being the most moral of her sex, the daughter followed the maternal example, and changed her prim habits and sectarian faith in a Paris convent school. Her Memoirs were originally written and dressed from materials she supplied, by a gentleman of Covent Garden Theatre, and published in one volume 12mo in 1785. They were afterwards extended to five volumes, and entitled 'An Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy, late of Covent Garden Theatre. Written by Herself. 1782.' And several editions rapidly followed. Although abounding in fiction, and calumnies on private and public men, and on the highest members of her own profession, the work is, nevertheless, a very curious record of the

popular actresses of her day. Her extravagant expense and debts, however, compelled Mr. Calcraft to separate from her, and the lady had her revenge in the publication of her so-called Memoirs. For some time this lady did the honours of Mr. Calcraft's table, his 'good dinners' being frequented by many leading political and literary men. Dr. Francis was frequently one of the guests, as was occasionally his son. The Doctor, as a divine, and intimate friend of Mr. Calcraft, received his share of abuse in the Memoirs. The actress had played the principal female characters in Dr. Francis' unsuccessful tragedies, and therefore she had materials for her abuse and ridicule of the reputed author.

There is no record to be found in the Treasury records of the day or month of this first civil appointment of young Philip, or of his first salary. The pay of a junior clerk on first entry is said to have been usually only 40*l.* or 60*l.* per annum.

The three Secretaryships of State formerly comprised the 'Northern Department,' the 'Southern Department,' and the 'Department of the Colonies.' The documents and official records of these several extinct departments have been so mixed and partially destroyed that it is almost impossible to discover particular appointments of clerks.

generally loose and scandalous manners of her time. Mr. Calcraft had died many years before the publication. He had repeatedly paid her debts, and after their separation allowed her an annuity. Among his papers exists a letter from the actress, after the dissolution of their connection, admitting in the most contrite terms her boundless extravagance and her gratitude. It is almost needless to say that she died in poverty. Mr. Calcraft was not her first 'protector.' Of the same type of biographical worthlessness are the Memoirs of Miss Arabella Bolton (1770), against Mr. C. Luttrell, then member for Middlesex, and the Memoirs of Anne (Nancy) Parsons (1769), the mistress of the young Duke of Grafton. Yet it is on such loose and false authority as Anne Bellamy's Memoirs, that aspersions have been cited in after times against the public character of Mr. Calcraft and Dr. Francis.

In 1757–8 Dr. Francis dedicated to Mr. Fox his translation of Demosthenes and Æschines. It was published by subscription. Among the subscribers' names appear those of the Dukes of Bedford, Grafton, Newcastle, and Richmond; the Marquis of Granby; the Earls of Hillsborough, Ilchester and Rochfort; Lord George Sackville, Lord Chesterfield (fifty copies); Lords Bolingbroke, Barrington, Frederick Cavendish, Waldegrave and Lyttelton; Lord Mansfield, the Right Honourable Henry Fox, the Honourable Charles Townsend, Horace Walpole, Robert Wood, Richard Rigby, Mr. Thicknesse, master of St. Paul's School, Mr. Calcraft, Colonel Clavering, Andrew Mitchell, &c. Many of these public men were friends or acquaintances of Dr. Francis. The son therefore was early initiated in the characters of the leading political and literary men of the day. Mr. Calcraft in London kept open house, where Dr. Francis frequently, and his son occasionally, dined with many of the leading political and literary men of the day. Lord Chesterfield, Sir William Draper, Foote, Garrick, were among the guests of the great army contractor. At this period, when Dr. Francis dined at home, it was customary for men of his class to frequent coffee-houses in the evenings for tea or supper and conversation, and often for the amusement of card-playing.

Young Philip's initiation in the official duties of a minor clerkship—in copying, examining, endorsing and red-taping government correspondence and papers—was of course the usual routine; with intervals for gossip with fellow-clerks and intermittent reading of newspapers. But his clerical labours again formed new *habits*, of value to him in after life. He was an early riser, and at this time usually living in his father's house, and alone most evenings, he still pursued with ardour his classical and literary studies; having the great advantage of his

father's direction and eminent attainments. It was natural that a father should idolise such a son and indulge in the most sanguine expectations of the boy's rise in life. Philip, although a youth of sanguine temperament, strong passions, and indomitable will, possessed great power of self-control; nor does he appear at this critical period to have given his father any cause of anxiety in his moral or general conduct. Latin was his favourite classical study, and he applied himself particularly to the acquisition of the French language. He appears early to have coveted diplomatic employment. His first small savings were laid out at book-stalls, in the purchase of second-hand books. In these early purchases he commonly wrote his name on the front leaf with the date of the year.

Philip's talents, classical knowledge, and application were known to Robert Wood (a friend of Dr. Francis'), then Secretary of the Treasury,[1] and he did not long await preferment in the public service.

On the overthrow of the pure Newcastle ministry, in 1757, the first Pitt again headed a new administration; ultimately joined by his Grace. In June of that year, the country being plunged in the disasters of war, Pitt was again called to the councils of his Sovereign. It cannot be questioned that whatever were the defects of the 'great commoner,' and his extreme anti-Gallican mania, he was *the* man for the situation. His genius, his decision of character, his industry, his eloquence in the Senate, his rapid action in military and naval successes, and his firmness under reverses, marked him as the essential

[1] Afterwards Under-Secretary of State under Mr. Pitt, 1758–1763, and again in 1768. The well-known author of an Essay on the Genius of Homer, and description of the Ruins of Palmyra. The mysterious termination of his life is alluded to in the 'Fragment of Autobiography.' (Appendix.)

minister of the crown and the people. And although naturally an aristocrat, and overmuch a war minister, he was nevertheless a politician of popular and constitutional principles. Mr. Wood of the Treasury continued the right-hand man of the new Premier. On the ill-success of the expedition of Admirals Hawke, Knowles, Broderick, and General Mordaunt to the coasts of France, with the object of destroying Brest, Rochfort, and other ports, the new ministry organised another naval and military force, chiefly designed for the destruction of the batteries, forts, and town of Cherbourg, on which port the French Government had expended a million sterling. Lord Howe was the Admiral of the fleet, and General Bligh commander of the military forces. A secondary object of this expedition was, to effect a diversion in favour of the great Frederick of Prussia by diverting and occupying part of the military resources of France in defence of its ports and sea coast. Francis' sure friend and patron, Mr. Wood, procured for him the office of secretary to General Bligh, to which his intelligence and general fitness only could have entitled him at so very early an age as eighteen. His knowledge of the French language, and his remarkable aptitude of composition, made full amends also for his want of years. Seldom had a youth been advanced to so singular and responsible a public position. Though the results of the expedition, on the whole, disappointed the ministry and the country, the young secretary derived great advantages from the experience of life, and of military affairs.

Secret instructions were drawn up by Pitt, in the King's name, of the date of the 18th July (1758), and communicated as directions to General Bligh. The command of the land forces had been refused by other general officers, and General Bligh reluctantly accepted it. So many

commanders had been 'victimised' for ill-success in our many ill-fated expeditions abroad, that such commands were seldom coveted, but commonly absolutely avoided.

The troops destined for the Cherbourg expedition, and the convoy of ships of war with the transport vessels, rendezvoused at the Isle of Wight. The minister's injunctions expressly directed an attack on the batteries, forts, and town. If a complete demolition of them was effected, or failed, General Bligh was ordered to 'proceed to carry a warm alarm along the coast of France and to make descents on any part or parts thereof; and to attack any place that may be found practicable, from the easternmost point of Normandy, as far westward as Morlaix, inclusive.' A further express direction ordered General Bligh to preserve communication with the fleet. Lastly, his instructions directed the General, in case events or necessity required the fleet and forces to leave the coasts of France before order to that effect from England, to return home, and to land the troops 'at such of our ports as shall be most convenient.'

Philip Francis will best narrate his own civilian's story, so far as given by the few letters to his father preserved. His first announcing his arrival at Portsmouth:—

Dear Sir,—I arrived here last night at eight o'clock, after a very rainy journey; it thundered violently all the afternoon. I immediately waited on the General, who received me very well, and I shall breakfast with him this morning. He was sorry he could not lodge me in the same house with him; but every bed was occupied.

The troops are embarking with all speed. I know nothing of this place, having not seen it by daylight; but I am going to try my fortune: and shall write to you every day.

I am yours sincerely,

P. Francis.

William says he does not know whether he lay on a bed or not last night. Direct to me at the Vine at Portsmouth.

A second letter of the Doctor's, dated 27th, is as follows, endorsed by the son as received on the 29th :—

Dr. Francis to Philip.

My dear Phil.,—Let me thank you for your letters, and hope you have received mine, with your Table of Fees. I believe you must think no more of being Judge (a second Daniel most certainly). Though I detest quotations—'*Quid valeant humeri*,' is no unwise motto; and I am a little apprehensive you neither know your own weakness (for *weakness*, if you please, read *strength*) nor the weight you are attempting to raise. 'Tis foolish to be found out, and should be punished, like a Lacedemonian theft. To talk without simile—never put forth your whole abilities. However, at present your General must apply for your commission to the Judge-Advocate here, who will send all proper instructions. The rest is wishes for success.

You know me all affection your
PHIL. FRANCIS.

We talk here of the King of P.'s Generalship;—that he has got between Count Daun and his great magazine.—May I tell you that you begin your letters too near the top; that to everybody but me you should write words at length—&, rec^{d}, &c., you, your, he, him, &c.; and should begin with capitals.[1] You will forgive me. Pray remember your compliments to Mr. Calcraft. He surely deserves your attention. Farewell!

London, 27th July, 1758.

Intervening its receipt, Philip informed the Doctor of his arrival at St. Helen's.

The first result of this expedition was successful; Cherbourg being captured and temporarily held, its fortifications much damaged, and all the shipping in the roads and port destroyed. The forts mounted 150 pieces of cannon. It was the first enterprise on the coast of France (in later times) which had really succeeded. But the weather soon became adverse, and fearing the fleet might be obliged to put to sea, General Bligh, following his

[1] To this instruction Francis religiously adhered in almost all the MSS. which he has left behind him. Junius followed the same practice. It was, however, much more usual then than now.

instructions, recrossed the channel, abandoning further attempts against other ports. Unfortunately a letter of Philip Francis to his father of the 16th August, detailing the fall of Cherbourg, is not among the family papers. But the following letter mentions some particulars :—

Essex, Portland Road, August 19, 1758.

Dear Sir,—I wrote to you on the 16th by the 'Success.' She did not sail till yesterday morning. We are now within a quarter of a mile of English land. What would I give to go ashore, to taste fresh butter! We shall anchor here in expectation of a fair wind; and then for France again. It is generally agreed we have done the French above 1,200,000*l.* worth of damage. Fifty-three mines were sprung at Cherbourg and the forts near it, with our own powder, 103 iron cannon and three iron mortars destroyed; twenty-two brass cannon and two brass mortars shipped; about thirty vessels burnt in the harbour; contributions exacted to near 3,000*l.*; a large sum considering the poverty of the place, and the additional losses it sustained from pillaging, &c.

I send you a copy of two inscriptions found on the Basin. Should we succeed in our next attempt, the General's recommendation may be of use to me; and at present I think I am well in his opinion. At any rate this expedition will be of the greatest advantage to me.

We hear by the newspapers and private letters, that all our success is attributed to the Commodore; I assure you he had no other hand in it, than in covering the landing and re-embarkation; which he performed with the greatest judgment. Pray undeceive people.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

P. Francis.

My compliments attend Mr. Calcraft. I really have not been able to keep any journal since we landed. What happened before was not worth sending. The 'Maidstone' yesterday took a French privateer, near Alderney. I shall share the prize-money. Our loss on shore does not amount to twenty men.[1]

The results of the further *razzias* of this expedition were not advantageous or in the end very creditable to the

[1] It would seem, from Mr. Francis sharing the prize-money, that his appointment must have been that of *Military* Secretary to the General. If so, is not this unusual? The appointment was obtained through Mr. Calcraft, as appears from a former letter omitted, in which Dr. Francis reminds his son that he owes it to him, as well as to Mr. Wood.

British arms. St. Malo was unapproachable, and the coasts of France in general better guarded than had been anticipated. Indeed the General complained sorely of want of the most ordinary information on the real state of the ports and their defences. Nor was Lord Howe much better cognisant of the pilotages and anchorages of the fleet. After the fall and destruction of Cherbourg the French troops could be spared for the protection of Normandy. They could easily move from Granville to other parts of the coast, that town being held by a large French force. The British troops landed first at St. Lunaire, but destroyed only twenty small vessels and a few inconsiderable forts on that part of the coast. In reconnaissances of other smaller ports, they found all the cannon and munitions of war wisely removed. Nevertheless, again landing in the district of St. Cas the first week in September, the troops immediately found themselves in the neighbourhood of superior French forces; Lord Howe reporting immediately afterwards the weather to be so unsettled and the sea so rough, that he deemed it dangerous for the fleet to remain longer on that part of the coast. The Admiral accordingly took the ships to St. Cas bay for safety, the troops marching for the same place. In the re-embarkation, about 700 British troops were killed or wounded; and nearly 500 made prisoners. This disaster occurred on the 11th September. The only set-off was, the usual comfort: 'the number of killed and wounded of the enemy, according to their most moderate accounts, was more than double ours.'[1]

General Bligh unjustly suffered by this subsequent ill-

[1] See the 'London Gazette,' August 13 and September 18, 1758. Also 'A Letter from the Hon. L—t-G—l B—gh to the Rt. Hon. W. P—t,' &c., 1758. Also, An Examination of a Letter,' &c. 1758. And the newspaper controversy, April 1758–9.

success. He escaped a court-martial, but was coldly received at Court. Indeed he was obliged to disclaim all participation in the publication of Mr. Pitt's instructions and of all publications in explanation of his military conduct.

The little summary of Francis' relations to this memorable expedition, is that he perused the meagre despatches of General Bligh; that he was verbally reprimanded for being in the trenches before Cherbourg as no part of his civilian duty, and that he re-embarked finally with the retreating troops, preserving a whole skin and his bones unbroken. In after life, Francis (according to his wife) always mentioned the Bligh exploit in Cherbourg as 'much like many other of our expeditions, ill-combined and worse executed, our movements often the counterpart of an unskilful game of chess;' and the 'enemy committing equal mistakes or giving us credit for deep-laid designs, and not taking advantage of our own blunders!'

His service, however, netted him much experience. It was a valuable gain of knowledge, and he found it in after life a useful preparation for the War Office, and the rule of India.

Mr. Wood had kindly left his Whitehall clerkship vacant, and he resumed his ordinary duties on his return to London. For eighteen months he plodded on in this mere clerical work, but he had always faith in himself, and applied most of his leisure and time in the study of the classics, and particularly in reading history, and the constitutional system of his own country. It does not appear that he kept any journal at this time. None is extant or mentioned by him, and no letters from this period to the close of 1759 exist.

CHAPTER II.

PORTUGUESE MISSION.—LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

[ÆT. 20–23.]

Francis goes to Portugal as Secretary to Lord Kinnoul, 1760, and returns—His Studies and Literary Compositions—Engagement and Marriage with Miss Macrabie, 1761—Under Lord Egremont as Secretary for the Northern Department, 1762—First Clerk in the War Office, 1762—Resignation of Lord Bute, and consequent Political Changes, 1763.

THE next eventful era in Francis' life, and the turning point of his official education, knowledge of the world, and proficiency in modern languages, was his appointment, in January 1760, as secretary of Lord Kinnoul's special embassy to the court of Portugal. Although his father at this time was attached to the personal interest and household of Lord Holland, that statesman had no status in the ministry, and was only Paymaster of the Forces. Philip Francis was, at this time, personally unknown to Mr. Pitt, the then Secretary of State for the Northern Department and real head of the ministry; nor had he any personal relations whatever with the Grenville section in office. Mr. Wood's estimate of his young friend and his recommendation of him to Mr. Pitt, solely obtained the preferment. Francis was indeed unknown to the entire cabinet, except Lord Holland.

Portugal at this period had long fallen in the scale of European nations. Constitutional government had been suspended since the year 1698. No civilised nation could

well have become, throughout all classes to the monarch, more debased. An oligarchy of nobles arbitrarily and venally governed the country, filling every office of the state. A host of clergy, insolent and ambitious, contributed to pauperise and misteach the laity. The Jesuits, rich and intriguing, were no longer, as in their earlier order, good teachers of learning, and examples of Christian virtues, but were degenerated usurpers of political power. Trade and commerce were decayed, and the colonial possessions of the state were grossly mismanaged. The reign of John V., a hypocritical pietist and a profligate, completed the ruin of the public finances.

A weak son of the deceased sovereign, wholly inexperienced in public affairs, succeeded to the Portuguese throne in 1750. Happily for the nation, Joseph Sebastian de Carvalho e Mello, more commonly known as the Marquis of Pombal, early obtained the confidence of the new king, and for a quarter of a century was the virtual prime minister of the new monarch. Carvalho was called the Sully of Portugal. This paramount minister was surrounded by the same accumulated and almost insuperable difficulties which beset the government and ministries of Henry IV. of France. Large and charitable allowances ought ever to be made for statesmen so placed.

On November 1, 1755, almost on the commencement of Carvalho's administration, the great earthquake of Lisbon nearly destroyed that splendid capital. At the risk of his life, the active, strong-minded minister hurried to the city of ruins, and throughout the most trying scenes of desolation was a ministering angel in help and succour of the unfortunate citizens. The Jesuit opponents of Carvalho and the bitter enemies of his liberal po-

licy, impressed the people with the idea that the earthquake 'was a divine infliction for the impiety of the minister and his supporters;' and they prophesied that a similar dreadful convulsion would be repeated on the same day of the following year.

Under this able and courageous minister, the city of Lisbon was, after several years, rebuilt and greatly beautified; the country comparatively prospered and was certainly better governed than for a century before.

In Portugal, so circumstanced, young Francis was now destined to pass some months of his further early career in life. The above brief particulars of the condition of the Portuguese nation at the period of the embassy of Lord Kinnoul, will explain the influences of this secretaryship on the mind of such a youth as Francis, and will also account for the impressions he received on the evils of despotism, and an abused Catholic system of religion.

The embassy was designed by Pitt, ostensibly, as a compliment of the British king to the sovereign and royal family of Portugal on the approaching marriage of Don Joseph. But our minister had also other purposes in view. Portugal had maintained a strict neutrality in the great continental war then raging. We were from mutual interests ancient allies. Indeed England was charged with holding Portugal in leading-strings, and of destroying the independence of the country. Our resident ambassador at Lisbon, Mr. Hay, had reported intrigues of the French envoy there, supported also by Rome, in the endeavour to tempt Portugal to join with France in the war. Pitt, of course, thought by this projected embassy to counterbalance Gallican designs. Moreover, the court of Lisbon had taken offence at Admiral Bos-

cawen's attack and capture of the French fleet of Admiral de la Clue, almost under the guns of the Portuguese fortress. A strong remonstrance had been received from Carvalho on this alleged violation of the law of nations, and the rights of neutral powers.

Two large unpublished folio volumes of MSS. in our State Papers, contain full and particular records of the Kinnoul embassy; comprising copies of all Pitt's letters and the entire of the Earl's diplomatic communications to Pitt. The latter are mostly in the hand-writing of Francis, who himself preserved copies of all the more important documents connected with the mission. Extracts of these details, and of the secondary objects of the mission, are irrelevant to a biography of Francis. His personal history as secretary, and his own private account of this embassy, are the more primary and interesting part of his 'Life and Correspondence.' These 'State Papers,' and Lord Kinnoul's letters to Pitt, show that the British Ambassador, like his secretary, was almost a tyro in diplomacy. Lord Kinnoul's first letter of eleven folio pages to Pitt, on his arrival at Lisbon (in Philip Francis' handwriting), naïvely confesses that he was 'entirely unacquainted with foreign courts.' Francis was, it may be inferred, from his aptness and general knowledge of languages, history, and European politics, not only the amanuensis, but the 'right hand,' of the Scotch ambassador. It is, however, singular that throughout the entire two volumes of the public records, no mention even of the secretary's name occurs, although almost all Lord Kinnoul's despatches are written not only in the hand, but also in the palpable style, of Francis, as appears by comparison with his known performances. Lord Kinnoul's private letters are mediocre as compositions. But for one after incidental mention of the secretaryship having

been held by Francis, the fact might never have been historically known.[1]

Fortunately an almost entire series of letters between Dr. Francis and his son, during this period, has been preserved, affording an interesting narrative of the embassy. The following is Philip's first note to his father, before embarkation :—

Portsmouth, Feb. 14, 1760.

My dear Sir,—There does not appear the least likelihood of our ever leaving this miserable place. The winds are not satisfied with detaining us here, they blow tempests against us. However, my Lord keeps me so constantly employed that the time is far from hanging on hand. I ought to tell you that I have every reason to think I shall live very happily with him. It must give you pleasure to know I am so well situated. My servant John, too, pleases me extremely. Lord Strathmore and Mr. Pitt[2] are most amiable young men, so that I cannot travel in better company. We have nothing new here, nor, indeed, could expect anything from such a kennell.

My best respects to Mr. Calcraft.

I am, dear Sir, always yours,

PHIL. FRANCIS.

Portsmouth, February 21, 1760.

Dear Sir,—We went on board the 'Windsor,' Captain Cleveland, last Sunday, as I informed you. After going through the utmost misery from calms and contrary winds, we were obliged to land again on Tuesday night. I never felt more real pleasure than in once more visiting this wretched place. The wind is fair again this morning; but I cannot think of the ship 'Windsor' without horror and detestation. Young Mr. Pitt is troubled with fits. He had one last night so terrible that it almost communicated itself to me. This morning he is so weak that he cannot be moved.

I am still strong in bank. My only expense has been in clothes

[1] 'The Monthly Mirror,' May 1810. The fact was supplied by Francis to the Editor, Mr. Dubois; and, further, that Mr. Wood recommended him to Pitt.

[2] Thomas Pitt, nephew of Lord Chatham, afterwards Lord Camelford. He and Lord Strathmore composed a MS. account of their adventures in Portugal, which is in the British Museum.

and washing; I was obliged to make two shirts serve. But I cannot thank you enough for this attention to me.

The people here are greatly interested in Lord Charles Hay's trial.

I am, dear Sir, alway yours,
P. FRANCIS.

His father's following letter, acknowledging the receipt of three letters, is undated, but endorsed by the son as written on the 15th, and received on the following day.

My dear Phil.,—I am to acknowledge and thank you for three letters. I would have answered that of the 11th, but our landfolks imagined you had probably set sail. I will not attempt, perhaps I am unable, to tell you my anxiety for you. Such a tempest on Monday! somewhat more than what seamen call a gale.

From Lord Kinnoul's universal character I never doubted your happiness in his service; neither do I doubt that your attention to please and your assiduity will continue to deserve it. You may believe I truely rejoice with you in your present situation; yet do not think me whimsical if I confess that I have greater pleasure in hearing you are pleased with your servant. It looks as if he were pleased with you; and believe me, Phil., to make our inferiors happy is a better proof of merit than to be made so by our superiors. I send you some particulars of Lord Charles Hay's trial on Wednesday, as I could bring them off upon memory: an accident has happened to the paper upon which I had written the account the day before, and I am so heartily tired that I cannot write it over again.

For *public* news, the Prince of Hesse has given you all assurances of his firmness to your interests; and as the best of all *private* news —all our friends are well.

I am ever yours,
P. FRANCIS.

For cloaths, read clothes; for kennell, read kennel; for behaves, read behaves himself; and then read Johnson. Farewell!

Dr. Francis' correction of Philip's orthography will be noticed as an early instruction in correct spelling.

Two other short notes close the correspondence of the son prior to his sailing.

A letter from the young secretary, announcing his arrival, and first impressions of Lisbon, is, unfortunately, not preserved. This hiatus, however, is supplied by two of his fellow-voyagers.

Three letters from his father followed him to Lisbon. They are interesting and curious, especially in reference to the court-martial on Lord George Sackville, whose trial Dr. Francis was then reporting for the 'Gazette.'

This letter will, I hope, find my dear Phil. safely arrived in the land of spring and sunshine, enjoying the distresses of his voyage by describing them to Mr. Allen. I should now hail your half-excellency upon your talents in negotiation, and particularly on the slow solemnity and Spanish gravity of your chariot and mules. No; though I would not discourage that ambition, to which Mr. Fox and Mr. Wood have given you such hopeful encouragement; though I could wish you should ever maintain a modest consciousness of your own merits, yet—I know not how—methinks I would much rather see you happy than great. I would endeavour to persuade you, that our true happiness consists in making others happy; and that the selfish man is, of all human wretchedness, most miserable. To be beloved, is undoubtedly to be esteemed, and indeed the noblest proof we can give of our abilities.

Giving advice you will say, is the passion of us old folks, and to relieve you, Mr. Shuckburg sends for my letter. You will see by the packet I send you, that I mean to deserve your correspondence. Let me thank you for all your letters. My best love to Mr. Allen.

Believe me ever yours,

P. Francis.

London, February 4, 1760.

You will believe, my dear Phil., by the packets I send you, that I have not been very badly employed, since you left me. Never were you so fagged in one of your weeks of victory last year. I could at this moment (for I am this moment returned from Lord George Sackville's trial) dictate more than Cæsar's secretaries, or even Calcraft's clerks. This billet must therefore be a short one. My love to Mr. Allen;[1] tell him I yesterday received a cask of wine as large, no, not quite so large, as the tun at Heydelberg. I

[1] The chaplain at Lisbon; a connection of Dr. Francis.

don't at present mean to thank him; I shall drink his health from the first piercing to the last bottle.

Ever yours,

London, March, 1760. P. F.

I gather from this (though not otherwise sure of the fact) that Mr. Francis had been employed as a clerk in the War Office after returning from his cruise with General Bligh. The phrase 'weeks of victory' must allude to some particularly busy period at the War Office, occasioned by favourable tidings of the war in Germany.

Welcome, my dear Phil., to any land from the horrors of the sea! even to that land where nature's sweets are miserably overpowered by human stinks. You will return, I presume, a perfect connoisseur in smells, from the *pié de messager* to the polite *haut goût* of garlick and assafœtida. From your account it is not gentilitious to the Jews only—according to Doctor Brown's expression—to stink and be nasty.

What an amiable character is Mr. Allen's, and how happy! 'Every body loves him.' Let my love too be added to that of all his acquaintance; and be most assured, my dear Phil., that even with regard to self-happiness, this of all other characters is most *devoutly to be wished for*. Esteem is paid, if really paid, to our abilities most grudgingly. It confesses a superiority, which mankind are very unwilling to acknowledge; it seems to give up our proper merit to others. No; my dear Phil., be generous, candid, humane, and above all, good-natured.

So wishes most sincerely the tenderness and affection of your

P. Francis.

Lord George Sackville's trial is the great object of all public attention. I send you some minutes of the trial; others I hope you have received. The French paper is authentic. It is an extract of P. Ferdinand's account of the Battle of Minden to our Ministry. Farewell!

Shoar—shore . . . more accurately *sewer*.

Mr. Shuckburg has been most civil to me; pray thank him.

London, March 25, 1760.

I shall elsewhere say a few words as to Lord G. Sackville, and the absurd claim set up for him of having

written Junius. In this place the point for remark appears to be that Dr. Francis was in the secret with regard to the influences at work against that unfortunate nobleman.

These letters Philip acknowledges as having been received by him on April 4. The following letter to his father crossed them :—

Lisbon, March 30, 1760.

My dear Sir,—A packet arrived here last Tuesday, and brought me your several letters, with the papers enclosed. I thank you most sincerely for them all. The secret extracts of Prince Ferdinand's letter, which you bid me expect, were not to be found; but I hope to receive them by the next packet.

Lord Kinnoul had his first audience of the King on the 21st; the only event of any importance that has happened since my letter of the 10th inst. Our time has hitherto been employed in making and receiving visits of ceremony, in which the secretary bears a principal and very laborious part. I have been sent to the several ministers, ambassadors, &c., to announce His Excellency's arrival. As they all live at many miles' distance, the fatigue of travelling through the sun is far from inconsiderable. However, I had the satisfaction of gratifying my curiosity to see the Condé D'Oeyras Carvalho, who governs the kingdom in a most despotic manner. His influence over the mind of a very weak prince, and his headlong resolution in the management of one great affair, have gained him a reputation in England, which people here think he by no means deserves. His preserving his authority with the King, and his making the most violent use of absolute power, are but equivocal proofs of his understanding and courage; cunning, obstinacy, and revenge *usque ad internecionem*, are qualities willingly allowed. How far this general character may be true, the event of our embassy will better show. He received me with politeness and many professions of regard for the Earl of Kinnoul. If he be what we imagine him, fair words will be probably all we shall obtain.

The King and all the Royal Family received Lord Kinnoul in the most gracious manner. They say such a reception has not been known at this court. The speech he made was accepted as an entire satisfaction for the affair off Cape Lagos. We shall proceed to other points, when the ceremonial visits are over. The weather is prodigiously hot; but, as everything here is conducted in a

manner diametrically opposite to reason, common sense, and the practice of every other country, shade is despised, and not a tree to be seen, except olives, which afford none. I had always a very bad opinion of this nation; but at present I have entirely altered it. Instead of finding them moderately execrable, I see that all our ideas of what is superlatively bad, come far short of the qualifications of a Portuguese. Imprimis, I take for granted they come into the world the wrong way; however, certain 'tis, they rock their children in the cradle heads and points, not sideways. This ingenious method seems happily calculated to prevent their sleeping by any accident. The boys go to school in heavy cloaks, which cover all but their eyes, and always march with a becoming gravity. This fashion of walking prevails so strongly, that they will even suffer themselves to be run over, rather than discompose themselves by stirring out of the way. The first day I went out, my chaise ran over a man and two boys. The postilion took no kind of notice of it, nor even turned back his head. I endeavoured to stop and get out, but could not make the driver understand me. It was happy for me he did not. The least expression of concern or humanity for the sufferers might have been fatal to me. The mob would certainly have murdered me; whereas by persisting boldly, they either think one in the right, or are intimidated.

This is a sample of the Portuguese manner of thinking. If a servant offends, we must not strike, but kill him; he will assuredly revenge a blow by assassinating his master, without running the least risk of punishment, whereas his death would be attended with no sort of inconvenience. The King is a beggar; his troops beggars; the nobility utter beggars; but no term is poor enough to express the beggary of the *Plebs* (the commons). Let it suffice to say that half a moidore would purchase every crime that even a Portuguese could commit.

This city affords most shocking and astonishing scenes of ruins. All the handsomest part of it was destroyed by the earthquake. We ride through the remains of the town with fear and trembling. The people are so perverse and dilatory, that they have left whole ranges of walls standing unsupported, which frequently fall and crush the passengers, who walk under them quite unconcerned. I think this is the dullest place I ever saw; no kind of diversion going forward, especially in Lent. We visit for ever.

I hope Mr. Adair is well, my uncle Jewell, and Nancy. When you write to Ireland, pray remember me. My best respects wait upon Mr. Calcraft, Mr. Wade, Mr. Dormer, and Mr. Chitty, and all friends. I am perfectly well, and live in great state, and am highly

considered as an appendix to his Excellency. But *respice finem. All's well that ends well.*

I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

P. FRANCIS.

Lisbon, April 14, 1760.

My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of March 25, and thank you for the very great trouble you took in writing me an account of Lord George Sackville's trial. It furnished a very interesting entertainment to many people here. I return you enclosed the remainder of Lord Charles Hay's. Prince Ferdinand's letter is most important, and shall be secret.

The character I gave you of this nation, in my last, was perhaps too harsh; to speak more favourably of them I ought to say that their abject slavery, ignorance, and beggary are their misfortunes; that pride, sloth, perverse obstinacy, ingratitude, cowardice, and revenge are the foibles of the Portuguese. As to more abominable vices, such as treachery, murder, assassination, &c., they are only unlucky in having a hundred times the natural propensity to them that any other nation can boast of.

The more ridiculous parts of their character are *exactly* described in Gulliver's account of Lagado under Laputa: 'the houses very strongly built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walk slow, look wild, their eyes fixed, and are generally in rags,' &c. (I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, &c.)

I intended to have desired you to send me a suit of silk clothes for the birthday of his Most Faithful Majesty on June 6; but my Lord Kinnoul, who sends to London for the same purpose, undertakes, of his own accord, to make his sister buy it, and send it by the same conveyance. This polite offer will save trouble; and I take for granted he means a present; but I shall not understand it so.

I am quite jaded with writing despatches. Mr. Shuckburg will give you a little narrative, which contains the only news this wretched place affords. Mr. Allen desires to be earnestly remembered to you.

I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

PHIL. FRANCIS.

My best compliments to Mr. Calcraft, Mr. Wade, and all, all friends.

Lisbon, May 3, 1760.

Dear Sir,—Since the last packet sailed on the 17th of last month, Lord Kinnoul took us all upon a party, I cannot call it of pleasure,

into the country. We were dragged in the worst carriages by the worst cattle, and over the worst roads of Europe about thirty leagues, to Cintra and Mafra. The weather was uncommonly bad, so that we *enjoyed* nothing but trouble and inconvenience. I was as much delighted to return hither, as I should be to get to London from hence. Lisbon is certainly the dullest and most stupid place I ever was in, except Portsmouth. I am greatly apprehensive we shall stay here until winter.

I am extremely sensible of the trouble you must have had in attending to Lord George's trial; it was so well taken down, and is in itself so interesting, that my title of secretary acquired no small addition of importance by my receiving and communicating such authentic intelligence from England.

The only news here is that *your old friend Ensenada* is recalled. Such a resolution in the new King of Spain does not seem very favourable to the English; everybody agrees that the French interest has had a great share in the measure.

My compliments to Mr. Calcraft and all friends.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most obliged and most affectionate
P. FRANCIS.

My Lord Kinnoul works me to death. We thought his character was economy; I can assure you he is as generous as a prince.

Lisbon, May 17, 1760.

Dear Sir,—I hope you have long since got the better of your court-martial fever. It was paying too dear a price for my gratification in reading Lord George's trial. At present I believe the whole city of Lisbon is full as hot as the horse-guards could have been; I am constantly in a warm bath. From the nature of this climate we must expect the heat to increase every day until autumn, so that our present is cool when compared to what it will be in September. I dread the thoughts of remaining here so long, but I think it seems too probable.

Last Thursday the Ambassador gave a grand entertainment to several of the first nobility. For ignorance, beggary, meanness, and pride they certainly have not their fellows in Christendom. An English tailor is a fine gentleman in appearance when compared to the first duke in this land. Baskerville's Virgil was produced after dinner, but by no means attracted their attention; very few of them knew in what language it was written. Upon being asked if I understood Latin I was unfortunate enough to say I did; but I fear it lessened my credit among them. For I had certainly won

some of their hearts by gorging them at dinner till the tears ran down their cheeks. This is literally a fact; they ate until evidently they were on the point of bursting.

Of learning, or any other accomplishment whatever, they have no idea; riding is their chief study, and in that they pretend to excel. Among this crew of wretches I must except two noblemen, with whom you are acquainted.[1] Their superior understanding and merit have produced an effect very natural in Portugal; they are feared, consequently ill used at court, and despised and hated by the rest of the nobility. You have heard that the Portuguese have a superstitious notion of their King Sebastian's returning and governing the kingdom one day or other. They are now perfectly satisfied that Sebastian José (Carvalho) was the man who fought in Africa. Some indeed are of another opinion—that it is the devil himself who has been gracious enough to honour Portugal with his presence, and governs his best beloved as devils should be governed. I am of the latter opinion.

I am, dear Sir, yours most truly,

PHIL. FRANCIS.

It is so burning hot at this moment that I can scarce wag a finger.

My best compliments to Mr. Calcraft. I hope Mr. Fox and his family are well.

Remember me to all friends.

My dear Phil.,—Had I been honoured with the commission for your clothes, how should I tremble for the glories of his most Faithful Majesty's birthday! I should be afraid of calms and storms and contrary winds; I should even be afraid of the French and their paltry six-and-thirty gun-frigates. Let me thank you for the engagement; it was a gallant one, and maintains the national superiority we have held in every action of the war, since the foul affair of the Mediterranean.

By your account, the Portuguese are the Jews of Christianity, the glory of God in His mercy and forbearance, the dishonour and reproach of human nature, if their vileness could be justly charged upon human nature. No, surely; they are the genuine produce of private education and public government. The descendants of Mr. Allen, if educated in Portugal, would be dishonest, malicious, cruel. A Portuguese colony planted in England, would send forth

[1] The Visconde de Ponte de Lima and his son.

defenders of liberty and reason. Not very distant from this subject is the extraordinary behaviour of Lord Ferrers at his execution: he was a coward by a stronger proof than that of many a thrashing; he was cruel. He yet out-died all the deaths of antiquity. He lived a Portuguese, and died an Englishman.

Thus far did I write on Tuesday in the determined dulness—for dulness is most determined—of writing to you every week. I threw by the paper, ashamed that friendship and affection could not be more entertaining. No news neither. Lord George is dead in fame, as Lord Ferrers in hemp. But perhaps next week: it will bring over the Royal Family and its Rigby from Ireland. I could send you a very curious epistle I received from that same secretary about a month ago, and my no less curious answer: but of these matters hereafter. In the mean time, I can not and will not be anxious about my own futurity, while I know you have so fair and hopeful a prospect of being happy. Let me explain my own sense of happiness—*that of making others happy*. 'Tis all I know of virtue, all of morals (and almost all of religion).

Farewell! Yours ever,

P. Francis.

My constant love to Mr. Allen.

Indeed, my dear Phil., if your Lisbon sun burns hotter than ours, he burns in vengeance for the sins of the Portuguese. The real fires of religion, if any such there be, or the artificial fires of superstition, cannot be hotter. I drink Mr. Allen to preserve me from melting and dissolution. I dine alone, and Puss, for Puss is grateful and good-natured, sings while we are eating. Believe me, Phil., the songs of Italy and your Italians are not half so sweet as Puss's purrings of gratitude and good-nature.

In return for your feast of Lisbonites, take this as a fact: the moment poor Lord Ferrers was turned off, our unfeeling City magistrates called for their hampers, drew their corks, and eat their hams, as if he hung there merely like a manikin in a kitchen, to frighten the flies from the pewters.

Do you know that I almost rejoice in your rebukings about Virgil; will you never be wiser, than to be wiser than other people? be they for ever Portuguese, with whom you converse. However, I send you a specimen of Baskerville's Bible, that will do honour to Christianity (be it said without profaneness), though published by heretics. Show it to your Visconde de Ponte de Lima and his son, and suffer me to honour them under the great, good character you gave them; cultivate your acquaintance with the young nobleman,

and gently inculcate to him, that the esteem of an English gentleman is well worthy of the proudest lord upon earth.

Send me your patterns of silks and linens; you will be able to judge by your Lord Kinnoul's birthday suit in what style he would have his secretary appear: never under-dress him. I imagine you are to be paid—a very happy circumstance—by government: but be greatly cautious of taking money from Lord Kinnoul; if possible, avoid it. Mr. Calcraft's credit is yours; yet I think you must draw, in pure delicacy, on our very excellent Mr. Wood.

What is become of Mr. Allen? No distance, I hope, but that of place, could hinder you from remembering him in every letter. . . . Colonel Sandford is come to London, mention your gratitude to him, as you ought, in your next, and pray be always mindful of your Doctor Bruce; he came to town last week. He will be pleased with every mention of him. It is not wandering to say, that all your brother clerks are greatly good to you.

And now, Phil., in the spirit of confidence, in your next ask me what is become of Mr. Fox and Mr. Rigby; why I have never mentioned them? Are not the promises of great men worth remembering, at least, worth repeating? this will be your manner—the account of the birthday, and profess your own gratitude to Mr. Fox.

. . . Farewell! be good-natured, and you will certainly be most happy.

Yours ever,

P. FRANCIS.

This letter is rather prating than writing; but I sat down to answer yours the very moment I received it.

London, June 3, 1760.

The correspondence continues: but several letters are omitted, as of inferior interest.

Lisbon, July 24, 1760.

Dear Sir,—I have two of your former letters of the 3rd and 24th of June to acknowledge and thank you for, which arrived since the last packet sailed from hence. You desire an account of the birthday. Let it suffice to tell you that nothing can be more mean and contemptible than this court, and everything that belongs to his Most Faithful Majesty. He lives in a house which an English commoner would almost despise. I assure you, take it altogether, there never was such a shabby specimen of royalty. Between

ourselves, the late marriage, which has given such joy here and in England, will probably have as little effect, as the Grand Vizier seems to have intended. The women of the Braganza family are notoriously barren, and this lady has been kept unmarried (designedly I dare say) until the age of eight-and-twenty, an age that affords little hopes of children in this country. The Prince, Don Pedro, has hitherto lived in an unviolated course of chastity, which people here are not good-natured enough to place among his moral virtues.

I see I gave you too high an idea of my clothes; I only meant comparatively. For, as lace is prohibited, and most of them use silks of their own miserable manufacture, a tolerably handsome suit is uncommon. As to clothes, for further provision, I hope I shall want none. I bought a black frock and silk waistcoat upon my arrival; and have since made a suit of camblet, which is handsome. The violent heat of the weather made it unavoidable. Everything is lined with silk here. These, with other smaller expenses, which it is needless to enumerate, have exhausted all my money; but I shall wait for your direction before I raise more. I ought to mention washing, a very dear article, and the making of the silk suit. I flatter myself with the hopes of seeing London by the 1st of November and not before.

If I have time I will certainly write to Mr. Dobson upon his new dignity. At Lisbon he would have the title of Corregidor Mor. We have a person here, who never knows whether the weather is cold or hot, but by consulting his thermometer. Let the Justice be informed that it is now at ninety in the shade—a little more, and we should breathe fire. The Portuguese women, in general, are far from being handsome enough to excite either love or jealousy; in the first place, the best of them are but pretty Jewesses, of whom some very few are really pretty; their complexions, generally very bad, are utterly destroyed by hereditary impurity of the blood. Without such radical corruption it would be difficult to account for the amazing and prodigious ugliness which prevails among them all. Sallow complexions, distorted features, blotches, cicatrices, &c. &c. in every visible part of them. But this is nothing compared to what the smell suffers in their company.

I question whether they are at present so subject to jealousy as we have imagined. Some old customs, still observed with regard to their wives, and their not appearing constantly abroad (which last may justly be attributed to poverty), I believe is all the foundation we had for this opinion; not but that I should be sorry Mr. Chitty were *dans le cas*; for he would certainly fall a sacrifice to their natural taste for assassination, though not to their jealousy. What an ample field for daggers! *Per todos os Deos!*

I should not neglect to inform you, that on the second of this month the Ambassador gave a most magnificent and splendid entertainment to the ministers and nobility belonging to the court, upon the occasion of the marriage. A noble dinner, a fine concert for the ladies, and at night some elegant fireworks exhibited in the garden, where twenty-two swivel guns were planted on an eminence to announce the healths. The house was handsomely illuminated, as were all those of the English merchants here. All Lisbon, I believe, was assembled to see us. At twelve o'clock the company sat down to a supper, prepared with a profusion and elegance equal to the rest of the day. Open house was kept, and my Lord Kinnoul was to come off for 650*l.*: it did us great honour.

On Sunday the 13th inst., I was invited by Sir Harry Frankland to see a grand bull-feast from his Barraca or Lodge. To have a true idea of the Portuguese, you should be acquainted with this their favourite diversion. I think I shall not be severe upon them when I say it is the most abominable entertainment that was ever invented; but at the same time, I confess, nothing could be better adapted to the genius and disposition of the spectators.

I hope Mr. Fox and his family are well. I hear of his having lately given a place to Mr. Powell in his office, in a manner that does him infinite honour; it was indeed a masterpiece. Mr. Calcraft always has my best wishes and thanks. [Col. Sandford, Dr. Bruce, and Mr. Adams, Mr. Wade, Mr. Dormer I wish to be constantly remembered to. How does Mr. Featherstone recover?] I have written to the Justice.

I cannot say I approve of Mr. Rigby's mode of proceeding, nor would I have you expect anything from him.

On Monday last two of the King's brothers were banished; they had hitherto been treated as Highnesses, and taken rank as Princes of the blood. I suppose this fellow will banish the King himself at last. I wish, with all my heart, he would take a fancy to banishing us from this unhappy country; I should be very well contented never to see it or him again. My Lord Marshal arrived here last Sunday from Madrid, and goes to England by this packet. He is as grave as a Spanish grandee; but extremely well bred.

I am afraid I have tired you with a very uninteresting detail; for, in fact, what is there in this country, by which you can possibly be affected? However, it will not be useless, if it proves my goodwill.

Need I say that letters from England are always joyfully received here?

Mr. Allen is well, and desires to be remembered to you.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

PHIL. FRANCIS.

Lisbon, August 22, 1760.

Dear Sir,—Since my last of the 4th inst. nothing of any consequence has happened here, except that an entire rupture with the Pope has been declared by three royal edicts, forbidding all communication between Portugal and Rome. Besides the weakness of that See, His Holiness' Ministry are by no means able to vie with Carvalho in cunning; and the low politics of Italian priests, if opposed to regularity and firmness, are easily overturned. They say this kingdom will save above two hundred thousand pounds by the rupture, which used to be sent annually to Rome to purchase bulls and dispensations. It seems that this Ministry is determined that whatever accomodation shall be hereafter concluded, such impoverishing abuses shall never be again admitted. However advantageous such disputes among the Catholic powers may appear to be for England, I very much question whether it be our real interest that Portugal should recover from the ignorance and dependence in which she is sunk.

I send you enclosed a pasquinade lately made upon Cardinal Torregiani, the Pope's Secretary of State, who is accused of having brought matters to this extremity by his rash and violent conduct.

I hear no accounts of our return, which puts me out of all patience. I shall tell you hereafter why it vexes me particularly. One would think people at home are blind, or have lost their senses, or pay no attention at all to this country. A few days ago I took up twenty-five moidores upon Mr. Wood's account, five of which I gave to John. People here set so small a value on money, that a less sum would have disgraced me in the eyes of the merchant to whom I applied. This circumstance is most true.

The silk fabric here, which since the earthquake had three hundred workmen, is so much declined that at present it has literally but three, and everything in the country seems to *flourish* in the same proportion.

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

PHIL. FRANCIS.

I beg to be remembered to Mr. Calcraft (Dr. Bruce, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Adair, Mr. Wade) and all friends, and I hope my uncle and cousin Tench, whom you never mention, are well. As to the quality of my letters I shall not dispute with you, but in quantity and number you must allow they have an evident advantage over you.

London, August 26, 1760.

Yours of the 4th I received at two o'clock, and my letter must be at your office before seven. Puss and I have just dined, and Sally

has drunk Mr. Secretary Francis in a glass of Mr. Allen's. How well I shall account for the remainder of my time I really do not know.

How rich will you be—money in the funds undoubtedly. Mr. Wood says you shall receive the salary of your office. That very excellent Mr. Wood—won't you rejoice with him when I tell you that Cope is a captain in the Blagneys, of which Calcraft is Lieutenant-Colonel. This in a great measure by Mr. Calcraft's interest with Rigby. Yet Rigby is . . . but don't be uneasy. Never was I upon such terms at Holland House. In your own language, *entirely trusted.* Cultivate the confidence, as I shall mine, by every method that is not sordid and villanous. Lord Kinnoul is, by all accounts, a good man; he may be infinitely useful to your future fortune. This is the great comfort of your continuing in Portugal. But more of this in my next.

Most affectionately yours.

Lisbon, September 9, 1760.

Dear Sir,—We continue in our usual insipid style, nor indeed is there any prospect of our ever being troubled with vanity as long as we stay in this miserable country. A pacquet arrived about ten days ago, and brought me your letter of August 12, but not the slightest intelligence about our return. The next will either determine our immediate departure, or fix us here for the winter. My heart aches at the thought of such a catastrophe.

I am very well pleased with the expectation you give me of going to the Congress, and depend entirely upon every interest that my Lord Kinnoul can possibly employ for me, but I think there is not the least probability of his going thither himself. No, I fancy he is tolerably well satisfied by this time with such expeditions. The great object I have in view is in going to Paris whenever a peace is concluded. As to courts of this rank and character, one may reside at them for ever without ever knowing anything beyond their own paltry particular intrigues. However, I do not think my time absolutely lost, as this country, though it makes so mean a figure in Europe, is closely connected by trade and political interests with England. It certainly is not the place in the world to polish one's manners.

For my own part I am not sanguine enough to expect anything from Mr. Rigby, and yet I believe I am not quite so phlegmatic as you imagine. When you have it in your power to serve him, you may expect your reward. But if that should ever be the case, it will not be amiss to stipulate beforehand.

Last Wednesday his Most Faithful Majesty laid the foundation stone of the high altar of a church to be erected on the very spot where he was wounded; it is dedicated 'Beatæ Virgini Mariæ Liberatrici et Sancto Josepho Protectori.' I believe this is all the news that Portugal affords. We are literally placed in the tag end of the world, where it is scarce possible anything should happen of importance to the rest of it.

I hope Mr. Fox and his family are well. My best respects to Mr. Calcraft.

I am in great hopes of seeing you this day six months.

Yours most affectionately,

P. FRANCIS.

My compliments wait on Mrs. Sally.

From Dr. Francis.

My last, of last Tuesday, was a conversation between Mr. Wood and Mr. Dobson, to whom you are really much obliged. He is a good man, and loves you. Some few days since, I saw Mr. Wood. He said a great many handsome things of you, for I think you may now begin to be trusted with your own merit. He recommends to you with great earnestness, the collecting of all possible anecdotes of the present reign of Portugal, the earthquake, the conspiracy, and even the horrors of the execution, &c. A work of this kind would not only be extremely valuable in itself, but might possibly introduce you personally to Mr. Pitt. Everything is within hope for a young man in your situation. Mr. Pitt himself, no offence to his present greatness, is a proof of it. I promised to send you a paragraph of news in every letter, you must be contented with one single article at present. We have taken the island of Dumat, I believe near Quiberon Bay. It commands the harbour of Croisic. Sir Edward Hawke says he can winter the fleet there, if it be necessary.

I dined last Sunday for the first time this summer at Hampstead, and with your friends Mr. Gorman, Mr. FitzPatrick, Mr. Butler; you are obliged to them, they said a thousand kind things of you, and you will believe I heard them with pleasure.

Farewell! I am ever your affectionate

P. FRANCIS.

September 16, 1760.

By your office, you should understand paper. Is not this delicately fine? It is the first trial of Mr. Baskerville's writing-paper.

The last letter of Philip Francis joyfully announces to his father the speedy return of the mission.

Lisbon, October 29, 1760.

Dear Sir,—A packet arrived on the 18th inst. with five mails full of glorious news for the public, and agreeable news for us in particular. I need not answer your several kind letters at present, as I hope to have the happiness of seeing you within a few days after this reaches London. My Lord Kinnoul has made such expedition in preparing for his departure, that we shall go on board the 'Isis' next Saturday evening, and, if the wind proves favourable, proceed early next morning. We had our audience of leave yesterday. His Excellency was received, as usual, most graciously. After all the formal audiences were finished the Condé d'Oeyras went to him, and told him that his Majesty desired to speak to the Earl of Kinnoul in private; when he went in, the King began by saying in Portuguese, 'My Lord, the British Ambassador has left my court, but I would not let the Earl of Kinnoul depart without informing him of the particular esteem I have for his person, and how greatly I am pleased with his conduct. My Lord, no man knows better than you do, how intimately the interests of the two nations are connected, and I believe no man is better disposed to support the harmony and union, which is for their mutual advantage. I know what an esteem the King, my brother, has for you, and the confidence he places in you, and I am persuaded you will employ your best offices in cultivating the friendship that subsists so happily between us.' His Majesty pronounced all this in an open, easy, and very friendly manner. In concluding, he said, 'Although the etiquette of the two courts does not permit the giving presents to the ministers of each other, yet I cannot avoid giving my Lord Kinnoul a particular mark of my private regard for him, which I beg he will accept and wear for my sake.' So saying he presented him with a gold box, containing an immense brilliant, which the jewellers here value at thirteen hundred pounds. As my Lord will choose to tell this most handsome story himself, I would not have made it too public. The Portuguese call this compliment a grand *fineza*. It is with difficulty I can find time to write, for literally I am almost fagged to death. No wine can be brought. Mr. Adair's is ready at Oporto, and only waits for a convoy.

I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

PHIL. FRANCIS.

Lord Kinnoul, with his secretary and suite, embarked on board H. M. ship the 'Isis' on November 1, 1760. Their arrival at Plymouth was reported on the 19th.[1] Thus safely and instructively terminated the initiation of Philip Francis into the mysteries of diplomacy and foreign courts.

The political experience and knowledge of men's customs and manners, gained by a youth of such talents and industry, must have been invaluable to him in after life. Notwithstanding his severe and mechanical labours as secretary to the mission, he acquired considerable proficiency in the French, Portuguese, and Spanish languages, and at the same time also applied himself to the study of Italian, &c. He kept no journal, but such was his interest in his public duties that he transcribed for his own record and use, an entire MS. folio volume of several hundred pages of political, commercial, and statistical documents connected with the embassy, and the modern history of Portugal. Eighty-eight pages contain a digest of the British embassy transactions in Lisbon, from 1746 to 1752 inclusive. Further, from the correspondence, particularly of Pitt with Lord Kinnoul, Francis must have been thus early interested in the study of the laws of nations, Pitt frequently treating international questions. The Kinnoul embassy, of course, used a particular cipher, and Francis thus became versed in that diplomatic art, and in the various clandestine modes of obtaining secret foreign papers then common to all courts. Many of the Kinnoul despatches to Pitt are headed, 'private,' 'confidential,' 'secret,' 'most secret;' 'a copy of a letter from a spy;' &c., &c. Francis, moreover, became deeply interested in the trade and commerce of his own countrymen. The resident

[1] Admiralty Papers and Log Book.

British merchants were perpetual complainants against heavy import duties, and in conflict with the Oporto Wine Company and the foreign courts of law. The embassy at this time was also continually occupied by memorials from home merchants, and Anglo-Portuguese residents, for redress of alleged grievances. The wine duties were a prominent subject of complaint, as also the adulteration of 'generous' port. The wine growers and the exporting merchants retorted accusations. Both classes accused each other of 'loading,' and 'spiritualising' the fluid. The vineyard owners alleged an increasing demand for *red* wine, far exceeding any possible genuine supply; accusing the English and Scotch merchants with 'manufacturing' the excess exported to foreign markets. Probably Lord Kinnoul and Francis left the trade much in the same condition as to pure port in which they found it—a superior vintage, age, a good price, and an honest wine-merchant alone ever supplying consumers with 'good old port' or any other wines or liquors.

No subject appears to have interested Francis more than the contest then raging between the Portuguese and Vatican courts and the Jesuits. He has copied all the papers and correspondence in that memorable conflict, in which Carvalho was the victor. In one letter of Lord Kinnoul to Pitt (in Francis's handwriting), the Scotch earl narrates almost with glee the arrival in the Tagus of the cargo of 300 Jesuit priests expelled from the Portuguese colonies, and the active reshipment of them on the 23rd July for Civita Vecchia; the Pope's Portuguese Nuncio in vain protesting. Our ambassador narrates how the bold Minister of the King gave the Nuncio notice that if compelled to send *him* back to his holy master in Rome, no other papal ambassador should ever again be

received in Portugal, otherwise than in the same secular character as the representatives of England and France. Carvalho warned the Nuncio, that the year 1760 was an era past the fifteenth century, and that new limits existed of temporal and spiritual rights. There can be no doubt that at this juncture Carvalho would have fully played out the part of Lord Thomas Cromwell had his royal master been possessed with the spirit and motives of our Henry VIII. Lord Kinnoul wrote Pitt that the apparent near approach of a Catholic reformation astounded the Nuncio and the ultramontane party of Lisbon. This particular despatch (in the handwriting also of Francis, marked 'private') was specially seen by George III., and probably no little gratified our Protestant sovereign. Many of the works of the Jesuits at this period were prohibited volumes, all known to Francis; and in after years he procured and bound a printed copy of the Portuguese decree of 1770 prohibitory of numerous liberal and free-thinking English, French, and other continental publications—Fénelon not excepted—when the stream of religious bigotry and intolerance had turned the tables against all liberty of thought and the freedom of the press.

Francis, on his return to London, was presented at court by Lord Kinnoul and 'graciously received,' but his lordship had no interest to do more than make known to the government the merits of his secretary. The earl gave him the highest character for his ability and industry as secretary to the embassy, and they were friends and correspondents during life. The secretary was doomed to the disappointment of returning to the mere drudgery of his old clerkship. This was a hard and humiliating descent, but he was far from being downcast, preserving the conviction of his own powers of

ascent in life. He was just entering the year of his majority. Such a mind could not lay fallow. He applied himself with ardour not only to perfect and extend his classical attainments but to master the works of Bacon, Locke, Montesquieu, the best Greek and Roman authors; and combining with his studies the volumes of the best historians of modern nations, and particularly studying the laws and constitution of his own country. Some works he abstracted, others he partially translated. One folio manuscript volume of nearly 300 pages, wholly in his youthful hand, attests his extraordinary powers of application and the solidity of his studies. It commences with a short view of the principles and method of Lord Bacon's 'Instauratio Magna,' being 61 closely written folio pages. Nor is it a simple epitome of the contents and philosophy of Bacon. The digest shows the remarkable reach and independence of Francis's own mind, and how deeply he must have studied the principles of British law and equity. He contrasts and criticises the opinions of Bacon and Lord Kaimes on the two systems of common law and equity, summing up his own opinion as to 'the best law being that which leaves least to the judge, and the best judge who leaves least to himself.' Two of his own commentaries on points upon which he sets himself up in opposition to Bacon, exhibit remarkable freedom of thought and logical power. The subjects are the 'Soul,' and the foundations of the Christian religion, as stated in the 'Instauratio.' On both arguments he differs with Bacon. Indeed, at this period Francis was clearly a materialist, and unsatisfied on the external evidence of Revelation. A second article of thirteen pages forms an abstract of Locke on interest of money and on coin. The third article consists of 'Heads of Mr. Yorke's Treatise on the law of Forfeiture and Treason.' Seventeen pages comprise

an abstract of 'the principal arguments advanced by Molineux in the case of Ireland being bound by Acts of Parliament in England.' The last sentence is as follows: 'When we see this noble Gothic Constitution surviving but in three kingdoms, shall an English Parliament destroy it in one of them? Should they not for their own sakes extend rather than contract the barriers of liberty? Let them consider how nearly the temper of Tyrant is allied to that of Slave, and whether the spirit of invading the liberties of others be the fittest for defending our own.'

Another paper is a translation of the 52nd book of Dion Cassius, containing the famous argument of Mæcenas and Agrippa to Augustus against the abdication of imperial power. The last pages are a careful and excellent translation of the first of the Annals of Tacitus, Francis's most favourite Latin writer. This particular manuscript volume is the more remarkable from a note in the front fly leaf, dated 1769, in which he says, 'N.B. I was only three-and-twenty when I read all these books and made these abstracts.'

Besides the above proof of his resolution to educate himself thoroughly, various other early volumes of his manuscripts and notes contain extracts and private observations on political economy (such as the science was at that period) and on the examples in history illustrating the principles of political science. He abridged Gee's 'Treatise on Trade and Commerce,' a work once of some reputation, and he noted and extracted the volumes of Davenant; and he had possessed himself of and read all the standard works on the laws of nations and public treaties, copying many of the latter not in print, especially when 'secret.' He kept manuscript tables and notes of the public revenues and taxation systems of most European countries, and a mass of home and colonial accounts of

exports and imports. The collection of secret memoirs of eminent public men and women of political influence appears to have been an early passion. He further kept manuscript notes of the qualities of all the contemporary European statesmen, ministers, and diplomatists; and a manuscript vellum-bound quarto volume contains the names of the entire civil servants of Great Britain and her colonies, with a list also of our chief military and naval commanders. None of these characters are here extracted, as of course the large majority could not be his own original observation of characteristics, but were doubtless an *omnium gatherum* he had obtained from the private despatches of our own embassies, and from private information obtained from others. In another manuscript of this period he has entered the accurate public Latin titles of addresses of European sovereigns, with the concluding forms of subscription by the British monarch, noting also precisely what 'adieus' should be in the proper handwriting of our sovereign—amusing variations and grades of address and valediction partly retained in our own times. Not only did Francis thus labour to qualify himself for the highest home or diplomatic employments, but to inform himself in the knowledge of men. But his most singular pursuit was his study of the English constitution and laws. Another manuscript consists of his 'observations upon the constitution, laws, parliaments, and governments of Great Britain and Ireland, collected from the best authors, in the course of my reading, which I have set down as they occurred, without any respect to order or method, with some loose reflections of my own upon public conduct and political prudence.' Many of his notes show him to have been early familiar even with the nomenclature and technical forms of our Equity and Common law practice. In constitutional history, he had

noted Prynne, Milton's prose works, Selden, Spelman, Samuel Johnson, Filmer and Locke, Sidney, De Foe, and many volumes on the Saxon and Norman institutions, and on the earlier principles of Teutonic government. Thus he could truly say, half a century afterwards, 'I stand on the constitution of my country, which I have studied as long, and I believe as carefully, as anyone in it.'[1]

It has been erroneously stated and asserted by Lady Francis that before the Lisbon embassy Francis was *private* secretary to the Great Commoner; but such was not the fact. His father's correspondence, in 1760, proves that the son could not have been personally known to Pitt till after the close of that mission. But on his return home, on Mr. Wood's introduction, between January 7, 1761, and the advent of Lord Bute's ministry in May 1762 Francis acted as an occasional amanuensis to the great minister, sometimes writing to the minister's dictation despatches in Latin and French. His perfect knowledge of those languages and his fine and correct penmanship were his chief recommendation. During Pitt's attacks of gout Francis occasionally executed this duty at the premier's private house in St. James's Square. Lady Francis has preserved an anecdote of the amanuensis on one occasion of this employment. Pitt was in high debate on some cabinet question with two of his colleagues, the premier suffering acute pain, and Francis sitting at the end of the table. The colleagues were urging some project on Pitt which the latter disapproved. The former requesting his reasons, Pitt passionately replied, 'My lords, the reasons why I consider the measure injudicious are so obvious that I wonder you should be required to be told them. I will venture to assert they will occur to that youth' (pointing to

[1] 'Monthly Mirror,' January 1811.

Francis). 'Speak, Francis, have you heard the question?' Francis answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' said Pitt, 'tell their lordships why I object to their proposals.' It was an awful moment, but Francis assigned instant reasons, so much to the minister's satisfaction, that Pitt exclaimed, 'I told you how it would be; you cannot answer a boy!' On another occasion, in St. James's Square, a question arose on the gender of some Latin word. Pitt said, 'Ask the St. Paul's boy,' who at once gave the correct Latin.

This brief and temporary relation to the great minister was the only personal connection of Francis at any period of life with the first Pitt. Lady Francis most absurdly states, in some MS. reminiscences of her husband, that Pitt dictated speeches he had made in Parliament for Francis's copy and publication. But this error is a confusion of fact. At an after period, when Pitt went to the Upper House, Francis certainly did for his own sole purpose and interest in politics report from memory, and unknown by Lord Chatham, several of the earl's speeches, of which mention will be made hereafter. Indeed, in a speech of Francis in the House of Commons, on April 19, 1787, in alluding to his clerkship in the Secretary of State's office, Francis simply states that he 'was favoured and protected there by Lord Chatham.' This brief confidential employment under Pitt imbued Francis with fresh hopes of higher political and pecuniary office; and he felt disappointed that the Great Commoner left office in 1762, without advancing him to some place more worthy his merit. But he never asserted any personal claim on the minister, and imputed no blame for the non-realisation of his natural expectation of rise. It is unlikely that in such a short amanuensiship, Pitt became acquainted with the full merits and intellectual powers of the young scribe. Mr.

Wood, however, exhorted Francis to be patient, and to trust in his constant good services.

In the middle of 1761, Francis fell in love with his first wife; which ended in a marriage without the consent of, and opposed by, his own father, and at first by the lady's father. Miss Elizabeth Mackrabie was the object of his passion, and permanent affections. Her parents lived at Fulham. Her father is believed to have been in a city business, and to have afterwards retired on very small means. He had one son and two other daughters, Elizabeth being the eldest and somewhat older than her lover. It has been said in a scandalous publication that Francis married 'a singer,' and that Miss Mackrabie had an equivocal relation to Mr. Calcraft. The latter assertion is a gross calumny, nor were the Mackrabies, as alleged, relatives of Calcraft. Miss Mackrabie was a well educated and fairly accomplished, attractive girl, always resident with her own family—an accomplished musician and vocalist, and who in aid of the means of her family may have sung at private concerts. As she was without fortune, Dr. Francis was of course sorely opposed to the union. The attachment between the young people had subsisted some time, Francis frequently meeting Miss Mackrabie at Mrs. Chandler's and Mr. Chitty's, opulent friends of the Francis and Mackrabie families. One of his father's letters to him at Lisbon mentions the young lady's Syren song at a Hampstead party; and after Philip's return from Portugal he made her presents of flowers. An extant correspondence on his offer and ultimate acceptance, leaves no doubt that it was no sudden engagement. It had been so far put an end to in the spring of that year by the fathers of both as to remain over *sine die*. A non-intercourse parental decree prohibited the further meeting and correspondence of the lovers for the period

of three calendar months, and after the expiration of that time no engagement was to be entered into until Philip Francis possessed an income and means sufficient for the maintenance of a wife. But 'lovers break not hours, except it be to come before their time.' Francis could not control such a passion. He reopened, within the prohibited time, epistolary communication with Miss Mackrabie, her own mother and sister Harriet being sometimes the 'conveyancers' of the contraband correspondence. One evening Francis, at their house at Fulham, was nearly discovered by Mr. Mackrabie in a stolen interview with the daughter. His own love-letters have not been preserved; but Miss Cholmondeley, a granddaughter of Sir Philip, possesses five of Miss Mackrabie's. They are highly honourable to the writer. On the 10th of July she urges patience on her suitor, expressing deep pain lest she should be the cause of any estrangement between Philip and his father. She tells him that her own father appears to consider the attachment at an end, as she herself put on an air of 'ease' she ill felt. They had, it appears, a meeting at Fulham the week before by the connivance of Mrs. Mackrabie. But although her mother, fearing her daughter's health and depth of affection for Francis, thus encouraged the suit, yet the daughter with true feeling and better sense urged her suitor not to exchange irrecoverable pledges. Philip had, it appears, by letter, pressed her to set their fathers at defiance and to marry at all risks. He had entertained hopes of accompanying Mr. Hans Stanley to Paris, on his mission there to negotiate peace in 1761. Miss Mackrabie reminds him of his disappointment. She plainly told him that he had not the means of marriage; that she was herself without fortune; that Dr. Francis had told her father he was opposed to Philip marrying at such an early age; that

even had Elizabeth possessed 10,000*l.* he would not have given his consent to their union. She adds, that as Philip had told her Mr. Wood had procured him two former foreign appointments,[1] and promised him continued patronage, he ought to wait awhile and better his fortune. She also said, she gave this earnest advice as the older of the two. At all events she pressed upon him to wait 'till the expiration of the three months, and when you are your own master.' She even proposes that in the worst event, of early insufficient means of livelihood, she would herself willingly wait two years; and as after that period Philip told her he should probably have a rise in his present office.

Francis's passion would, however, bear no restraint, and in vain Miss Mackrabie gave him wiser advice than he adopted. She was for some weeks after this letter seriously ill. A succeeding letter from her, of August 22, apprises him of her recovery.

By another of her letters to her lover their secret meetings appear to have been again in much risk of discovery by her father. Its date is September 11, endorsed by Philip as received at Hampstead on the 14th. One of the Miss Chittys acted as the post-mistress. Constant in his love, he persistently continued his addresses. It can be no wonder that they were more and more acceptable to and favoured by a warm-hearted girl, whose mother, brother, and sisters, whether wisely or unwisely, thus encouraged or sanctioned Francis's attentions.

In June 1761, his father was presented with the vicarage of Chilham in Kent. A letter of acknowledgment from the Doctor of the 26th tells his son of his possession of his new vicarage, and inviting Philip to

[1] This must have been after Francis's visit to St. Malo with the English squadron; but the date is not given by Mr. Parkes.

meet him at Margate for a week's holiday. He tells him he need send him no other newspaper than the *Gazetteer*. Another parental letter, of July 23, appears to be an answer to one from Philip which expressed his regret that his affair with Miss Mackrabie had given his father great pain. A reply from the old father, on July 23, tells the son, 'You never one moment lost the affections I owe you, yet my esteem is infinitely more in your power than in my own.' Dr. Francis believed that he had prevented an engagement he not unreasonably objected to, and that probably his son would this time escape from the darts of Cupid.

The quarantine term of three months soon expired, but still the courtship appears to have continued, if not covertly, at least still without the sanction of the two fathers. In the following spring (1762) the lovers were united. The marriage does not appear to have been clandestine, but whether or not with the knowledge of Dr. Francis or the consent of Mr. Mackrabie is unknown. It took place at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Middlesex, on February 27, 1762. It was evidently a marriage opposed to the wishes of some of the parents. The young couple were both of age. They were entitled to form their own plans in life; and there could have been nothing discreditable in the conduct of either, as directly after the marriage they were received by her own family and all their mutual friends. Dr. Francis of course was grievously pained by a connection he deemed most imprudent for his only child, and one likely to involve cost to himself. He might reasonably have expected such an only and talented son to have made 'a better marriage.' The event apparently caused a temporary estrangement between the father and son. Their correspondence was less frequent and intermittent. After the middle of June

1761 the volume of their early letters only comprises one of the son's of that year. And a similar hiatus in their epistolary intercourse appears to have taken place after the marriage in the spring of 1762.

An undated letter of that year alludes to the 'unhappy terms' on which they then lived, but which the Doctor begs may not become known to their friends.

But perhaps it was one of the son's wisest steps in life. Philip was a youth of strong inflammable passions, and he might have married far worse. His father's house was no good home to him. The Doctor was constantly absent in his country parish duties, and when in London he was a general 'diner out;' the son all the day long engaged in his own public duties. Young Philip's wit and social spirit and gay manners made him a universal favourite. Many connections his father had formed, of the press and the theatre, were not such as would have preserved the son altogether from some 'bad company.' Marriage not only virtuously fixed his affection for woman, but it brought with it a deeper sense of moral responsibility. The duties of a husband and a parent were added to those of a son.

Dr. Francis long resented the marriage, and he thought it encouraged and really promoted by the Mackrabies. Indeed, though he was soon so far reconciled to his son as to see him and exchange letters, he retained a mortal aversion to his daughter-in-law's family. Nor was he cordially reunited to Philip till 1766, their epistolary intercourse being intermittent and brief. In political opinions also the father and son at this time differed. The Doctor was an old party-writer, long attached to Lord Holland, and afterwards for a time to Lord Bute. He was always seeking, expecting, and being promised higher Church preferment than he ever obtained. Till the later years

of his life he was doomed to disappointment, and, as he thought, met with great ingratitude. Though a nominal Whig, he attached himself more to men than measures. Party-leaders rather than principles usually guided his pen. His income for a long period of life was precarious, and he was always 'poor Philip.' His son had a mind of more ardour and independence.

On the formation of Lord Bute's second ministry, in May 1762, soon after Philip's marriage, partial but considerable official changes occurred. Lord Egremont ultimately, *vice* Pitt, became the Secretary for the Northern department, in which office Francis then was. Lord Holland continued paymaster of the forces. Young Francis must have been behind the scenes on the formation of this administration, and on the changes occurring in the latter end of the year. He has preserved a long rough list in the handwriting of Lord Holland, noting many determined and some for reconsideration; and also a much longer list of five folio pages, copied out in his own hand, but in various parts corrected by Lord Holland. Therefore he must have acted as Lord Holland's confidential amanuensis in the proposed completion of the new ministry. In these lists Rigby is first placed as vice-treasurer of Ireland, *vice* Ellis. The provisions for Dyson and Whateley appear to have been of difficult determination. A receivership-general is entered as 'a good employment for Vernon.' A collectorship is to be filled up, 'not to lose a borough.' Mr. Bagot is to be provided for, 'and, if he presses, Admiralty or Trade.' Lord Orwell, the noble lord notes, 'perhaps may (as I should) prefer the Green Cloth.' In regard to the Navy and Victualling departments, the noble lord writes, 'I cannot pick out anything in the Navy or Victualling department: Mr. Grenville must do that, but perhaps Sir Charles Mordant

may find out for his son something desirable among the following removals.' Then follow removals to be forced, and some vacancies of offices the incumbents might feel disposed voluntarily to vacate. Some partisans out of office are set down for certain secondary offices, or to have 'equivalents.' The noble lord enters, specially, that 'Sir Samuel Fludyer has my promise' for something; and that 'Mr. Stephenson has hopes of some share in contracts or remittances that remain after peace.' These skeleton lists of the new *dramatis personæ* and ministerial programme are not always intelligible now, however they would have been to Bubb Doddington, and others of the age. Thus Francis by this time must have informed himself of all the *arcana* of the statecraft by which his country was then governed. He received no rise himself. But he states that Lord Egremont had promised him preferment if he would continue in the Secretary of State's office. One of the counterbalancing disadvantages of an experienced superior public servant is that his capacity and official aptitude too often make his superiors unwilling to lose him, as a valued officer, not easily replaced.

But Francis was not long doomed to be stationary. The new ministry was formed, if possible, to avoid Pitt's pressure of a war with Spain, which was not avoided; and to effect a general peace with the continental powers. The latter was eventually and soon accomplished in the treaty ably negotiated by the Duke of Bedford. Francis, we have seen, hoped to have been the secretary to the previous Stanley embassy, but was disappointed. He was, nevertheless, in Lord Egremont's office, acquainted with all the private details of the negotiations, and was the copyist of part of the confidential correspondence between Lord Egremont and the Duke of Bedford. In a quarto volume he has preserved official copies of the pre-

liminaries of the treaty itself and of the secret articles. He naturally attached himself to the policy of the 'Great Commoner,' and thought we ought to and could have dictated better terms of peace instead of apparently suing for an indifferent treaty. These views apparently caused him to dislike the Duke of Bedford as a minister, and his dislikes were generally much akin to aversions.

A peace, as well as a war, often breaks up or changes a ministry. The treaty, as a matter of course, provided a powerful opposition with ample stores of party warfare against public men, the ministry and the court. Lord Bute, as the old 'favourite' of George III. and the head of the administration, was the minister most unpopular. Accordingly, an unceasing and virulent war was waged against the noble earl by all the respectable opposition party pamphleteers, by the correspondents of the anti-ministerial newspapers, by the political poets, and the lower libellers and caricaturists. Wilkes and Churchill were ringleaders of this literary rebellion. All men of wit and talent in every department of the press took sides. Johnson, Hogarth, every mind of mark, were involved in the whirlpool of passion and interest.[1] Lord Bute had very naturally promoted his Scotch countrymen, for the first time, to offices of rank, power, and emolument. Before the union of the two parts of our little island, few men from across the Tweed had tasted the sweets of British official power. A natural prejudice against Scotland and Scotchmen illiberally prevailed in England. The noble earl broke the spell of exclusiveness, and is at least entitled to the everlasting gratitude of his

[1] 'Smollet, Mallett, Francis (Dr.), Holme, Murphy, Mauduit, and many others, were the instruments employed upon this occasion. It has been said that the sum paid to these and other hired writers during the first three years of the reign of George III. exceeded 30,000*l*.'—*Anecdotes of Chatham*, vol. i. p. 291, ed. 1792.

Northern countrymen. He enlarged the circle of eligibility to places of honour and profit in the common government of the two sections of the British people, and much to their common advantage. But Lord Bute was the reputed lover of the widowed mother of the sovereign. He had been the royal tutor, and he was the modern Mordecai sitting at the king's gate. Lord Bute had, it was believed, turned out the Great Commoner. In the eyes of the people he was a minion and a *Scot*. Perhaps no public minister had ever been so fiercely or continuously denounced by the press. Every real or imaginary grievance was laid at his door. His person even was not safe, and the libels against him individually were beyond all precedent virulent and wounding. The noble premier yielded to the storm. He suddenly resigned office in April (1763). Various reasons have been assigned for his retirement, not necessary to be here discussed. It may perhaps have been principally caused by Wilkes's establishment of the 'North Briton,' a weekly political periodical, commenced June 5, 1762, avowedly to abuse and run down the minister. No public man could successfully have long contended against the systematic and bitter libels of that celebrated paper, aided also by the majority of the journalists. Moreover, Lord Bute must have known, as the head of the government, of the ministerial design of a crusade against the growing freedom of the press. Although he had sent in his resignation before the seizure of the famous No. 45 of the 'North Briton,' he must have known and approved of the coming seizure and intended unconstitutional proceedings of the government against the proprietors, printers, and distributers of the 'libels.' Lord Bute may have lacked resolution to share the responsibility of the policy, or he may have thought that his own retirement might tend to the better success of

the meditated *coup d'état*. At all events, Saturday, April 30, 1763, was a memorable day in the history of the British press. Early in the forenoon of that day, three of his Majesty's messengers, by virtue of a warrant signed by Lords Egremont and Halifax, seized the person of Wilkes (then a member of Parliament), held him in custody, and took forcible possession of his house. Mr. Wood, the Deputy-secretary of State, had instructions to justify the acts of the government and to support them. From this moment commenced a crusade against our public press which lasted for several years, and of which memorable contest John Wilkes was the popular hero —certainly in his own person, whatever his personal vices or political insincerity, a bold, able, and zealous advocate of public rights. It is unnecessary here to detail all the legal proceedings on the *Habeas Corpus* in our courts of law, or which raised and decided the great constitutional question on the illegality of these unwarrantable seizures of persons and papers. It may, however, be noticed as singular, that young Francis should happen to have been a clerk in Lord Egremont's office, and the *protégé* of Mr. Under-secretary Wood, principal actors in the great struggle of arbitrary power with the press. The false position of the government was at once apparent to his liberal and well educated mind. Although he was no *Wilkite*, his individual political opinions were most adverse to Lord Bute and the policy of that nobleman's ministry. His private correspondence also shows his participation in the popular prejudice against the Scotch. But he was in a subordinate office under the leading public men, whose policy his common sense and knowledge of the British constitution knew to be as dangerous and prospectively abortive as it was utterly unjustifiable. He had, however, at this time no position to take part in the great question of the times,

nor the temptation to try his pen. Further, a young married man, he was seeking better preferment, and Mr. Wood had been, and continued to be, his most valued and indeed his sole patron. Lord Holland practically retired from the ministry with Lord Bute, though he retained for awhile the office of paymaster. Mr. Calcraft also, in the following December, was removed from his office of Deputy-Commissary General of Musters. He and his former patron and friend, Lord Holland, irreconcilably quarrelled. Calcraft from this period to his death attached himself personally and politically to Pitt and Lord Temple. Thus was the earlier political connection of Dr. Francis and his son broken up and severed by party and personal disunion. We are now about to witness the commencement of the period when young Francis himself became a busy, though subordinate, actor in the political dramas of these times of changed ministries and party cabals.

Philip Francis at this period, in common with the mass of the public, idolised the 'Great Commoner' Pitt, and his disappointment on the retirement of that great minister was poignant; though not shared by his father. The son's early relations to Pitt must have been of no long duration, and have terminated on May 29, 1762, when Lord Bute became prime minister. George Grenville had previously severed from his family and early political colleagues, and in the spring of 1763 had new formed the administration in conjunction with the Duke of Bedford, on the retirement of Lord Bute. Charles Townsend had temporarily replaced Lord Barrington as Secretary at War. It is generally erroneously stated that Mr. Welbore Ellis did not succeed Townsend at that office till May 1763. But the War Office letter books contain no letter signed by Townsend of later date than November 26, 1762. Philip

Francis (by the good offices of his old friend Mr. Wood) was appointed by Mr. Ellis first clerk of that department probably a month later. No exact record of such an appointment is traceable in the War Office or Treasury records; but the copy book of the private letters of the former office contains the following communication to the publisher of the 'Gazette:'

Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary at War to desire you will insert the following letter in the Gazette this evening.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

PHILIP FRANCIS.

The paragraph for the 'Gazette' enclosed is, 'The Right Honourable Welbore Ellis, his Majesty's Secretary at War, has appointed Christopher D'Oyly, Esq. to be his Deputy.'[1] From this fact it appears that Francis and D'Oyly, afterwards through great part of life warm friends, entered the War Office at the same time.

In relation to the state of parties, and in preface to the next chapter in the life of Francis, it need only be stated that the public press was at this time the arena of the most violent conflict between the various sections of political party. The resignation of Pitt had inflamed the public mind. On the day he quitted office, May 29, 1762, the first number of the 'Briton' periodical, a paper conducted by Smollett, was issued to abuse Pitt, and in praise of Bute and his new ministry. It was immediately afterwards that the 'North Briton,' conducted by Wilkes and Churchill, was established in defence of the opposition. In the following year the government prosecution and unconstitutional persecution of Wilkes was commenced; which ended eventually in the establishment of a free

[1] War Office Papers. Of D'Oyly's antecedents little seems to be known. In a volume of *Characters* (1770, anonymous) he is said to have been a charity-school boy at Northampton.

press, and in the publicity of the debates in Parliament. This memorable contest called forth the singular intellectual powers and bold mind of young Francis, whose early labours in the cause of true liberty, hitherto unknown and unacknowledged, will constitute the revelation of the following chapters of this biography.

The year 1763 opened with the birth of his first child, Sarah, born May 29. This daughter being baptised at St. Anne's church, Soho, on the following day, probably fixes Francis's first marriage residence in Nassau Street, where Dr. Francis had previously lived. Thus Francis improved his sources of happiness as a husband and a parent. The pecuniary value of his new War Office appointment is unascertainable. The salary was no doubt trifling, but the secretary, the deputy-secretary and chief clerk, had fees and perquisites—considerable in time of war.

The War Office adjoined the Treasury, and at that period the department included the chief military affairs of the kingdom and the colonies. The office of the commander-in-chief was then a secondary, and in connection with his own. Francis and D'Oyly immediately formed an intimate friendship. The latter, though his superior officer, was not gifted with powers of composition, and was a bad 'penman.' D'Oyly willingly committed to Francis the almost exclusive drafting of the official correspondence. The great majority of the drafts of letters in answer to those received, are still extant in the handwriting of Francis, rarely altered by the Secretary at War, and never by Deputy D'Oyly. The two latter 'received' on public days, when officers, contractors, and others presented themselves at the office. But the 'working man' was during the whole period the first clerk Philip Francis.

Francis had now completed the first of the three ages Plutarch assigns to a statesman, viz. that of learning the principles of government. His early initiation in diplomacy, war, and military and naval real life, his acquirement of both the dead and the living tongues, and his deep study of ancient and modern history and jurisprudence and of the constitution of his own country, far superior to the education of the second Pitt, of Charles Fox, and his other contemporaries, gave him obvious comparative advantages. The product of a mind so richly cultivated, and of such untiring habits of industry, will now become manifest in their remarkable action on his times. His ardent mind easily found a vent in the public press of London. Lady Francis states that she once asked him when he first began to write in the journals; his answer was, 'I scarcely remember when I did not write.'

CHAPTER III.

FRANCIS AND THE PRESS.

[ÆT. 23-24.]

Francis's early writings for the newspaper press—Becomes a correspondent (anonymous) of the 'Public Advertiser,' 1764—Embraces the cause of Wilkes—The 'Candor' pamphlets—Domestic affairs—'Enquiry into the Doctrine of Libels,' Rex v. Almon.

THE first ascertained appearance of Francis in print was on the occasion of an O. P. contest between the play-going public and the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres owing to the temporary suspension of half prices. He has preserved among his papers a printed handbill, dated January 25, 1763, addressed to the frequenters of the theatres. It exhorts the public to a stout resistance of the 'innovation,' and concludes that 'one way only is left to us to obtain redress, which is to assemble at the play-houses, and demand, with decency and temper, an explanation on this grievance, which I am certain cannot be supported, and owes its establishment to an opinion that every imposition, not openly opposed, acquires the sanction of prescription.' This manifesto is signed 'An Enemy to Imposition.' A postscript states that 'The reason of addressing the town in this manner is that all communication with the public by the channel of the newspapers is cut off through the influence of one of the theatrical managers, who has found means to lay that restraint upon the liberty of the press, which no minister of state has hitherto been able to effect in this country.' Garrick was the offending

proprietor thus personally branded. Garrick was a shareholder in the 'Public Advertiser' (then conducted by Henry Sampson Woodfall), and was accustomed to 'charm' the press, and engage it in the interest of the theatre proprietors. A month after this contest, a fearful riot occurred at the Covent Garden house in consequence of 'full prices' being again exacted on the performance of 'Artaxerxes,' an opera got up with unusual cost; and after Drury Lane had returned to the old scale. In the outbreak, on February 24, the door-keepers of the Covent Garden theatre were driven from their posts, the pit seats torn up, and the performances put an end to by the tumult. An intimate friend of Francis, Thaddeus Fitzpatrick, an officer of the Custom house, was a principal ringleader of this last tumultuous revel, and narrowly escaped getting 'into trouble.' A newspaper controversy again commenced; and, some of the daily journals discovering that the best side for their interests was that of the public, Francis took part as the champion of the popular party. At the end of the folio volume containing his early manuscript abstracts of books, he has pasted the printed slip of a letter, a column in length, addressed to the editor of the 'Public Ledger,' dated March 2, and in the margin of the book leaf he states that the letter (signed *One of the People*) was 'written by me at the Shakespeare Tavern in 1763, to help my friend Thady Fitzpatrick out of a scrape.—P. F.' This letter, in answer to the manager Beard's case, is sensible and temperate. Francis admitted that 'nothing certainly can be less justifiable than the violence and riot which ensued. Such proceedings are equally contrary to the laws of this country, and to all good sense and moderation;' but he charges the manager with having aggravated and prolonged the riot by refusing to return the money of all

those of the audience desirous of retiring and not participating in the outrages committed. A spirit of satire pervades the entire letter. He ridicules Mr. Beard's apprehension that the disturbance was only the prelude to future violence, and that too easy an acquiescence in the public demands might possibly prove rather encouragement than prevention, Francis contending that the manager's fears 'evidently contradict both reason and experience.' The most curious sentence in the letter is its moral—a conviction Francis retained throughout after life, viz. 'I must beg leave to inform Mr. Beard that the public are indeed often imposed upon by individuals, but are never the aggressors; and that if ever they take the alarm, it is only upon occasions where their privileges are invaded, or their liberties are attacked.'

This letter is not quoted for its intrinsic value and talent, but as proof of his earliest communication with the press, and the adoption of his first known anonymous signature. A single correction also in the slip, by the pen and ink insertion of a comma omitted by the compositor, thus early shows his minute attention to punctuation.

It is almost needless to state that 'Artaxerxes' was resumed on the old prices, the public succeeding in a just cause.

In the 'Public Ledger' he may in this or the following year have written other letters or articles, but unfortunately no file of that paper exists in the Museum or any known public or private library. The Burney Collection contains some numbers of the year 1765, in which year will be hereafter shown other probable communications from the pen of Francis. In 1764 he appears to have become one of the correspondents of the 'Public Advertiser.'

The 'Public Ledger,' so far as can be ascertained, had been heretofore the receiver of the first of Francis's 'mis-

cellaneous letters.' This morning daily paper, as numbered, must have been first established about the year 1760. Unfortunately no perfect files of its first four years' issue are to be found in our public libraries, the British Museum Burney collection only containing some imperfect numbers for 1765. Otherwise the pen of Francis, in further communications to that paper might not improbably be traced during the years 1763 and 1764. Miller and Hooper, the booksellers of Dr. Francis, were at that period both connected with the 'Public Ledger,' and which may explain the son's selection of the journal for his early lucubrations. But, chronologically, Francis must now be traced in the columns of another London journal—the 'Public Advertiser.'

Henry Sampson Woodfall, a Pauline, and schoolfellow of Philip Francis, was a shareholder, and (in combination with his father) manager, printer, and publisher of the latter journal. Woodfall entered the school nearly eighteen months before Francis, according to the Mercers' Hall registers. The exact date of entry is March 22, 1751; and a year after Francis's entry they were for a time classfellows. Woodfall, the elder of the two boys, left school some time in 1754—about two years before Francis quitted. The last joint record of them was in 1754, as then the last two boys in the eighth or upper class. When parting they little imagined what would be their future political and literary relations. Woodfall's natural talents were of an average character, but he became a fair scholar, and was early entrusted with the conduct of the 'Public Advertiser.' He was a man of integrity and common sense, well qualified for his vocation in the general editorship of a journal of the period. Francis must have known the reliability of Woodfall and his moral courage and prudence as an editor; but for reasons which will soon become

transparent he kept up with his old schoolfellow in after life only the forms of acquaintance, and occasionally meeting together at annual Pauline dinners.

The political circumstances of the times which led to the first remarkable contribution of Francis to Woodfall's paper must now be stated, as introductory to Francis's hitherto unknown authorship of some political pamphlets in assertion of the right of a free press and the law of libel, of singular power, wit, and legal acumen. His great acquirements in constitutional law and history have been already traced in the ample records of his reading and abstracts of our best English works.

The great public event which appears in 1763 and 1764 to have engaged his whole mind, was the illegal arrest of Wilkes and the seizure of Wilkes's private papers under the warrants signed consequent on the publication of No. 45 of the 'North Briton.' English history scarcely records any violation of constitutional rights which so immediately and furiously excited the public mind. Wilkes may have been in personal conduct a profligate man—his writings even for his times were libellous and coarse, and his political opinions of an ultra-liberal caste. Still he was a man of letters, a clever writer, and one who when called to account for personalities had the courage to avow anonymous writings, and to accept duel challenges in defence of his 'honour.' From the position of a demagogue, Wilkes was now elevated by ministerial persecution to the pedestal of a martyr; and he skilfully played the latter part, defying his ministerial prosecutors with signal courage, temper, endurance, and good sense. The ministry 'caught a Tartar,' and at leisure repented their persecution of a popular leader who, had he been left to find his own level, would probably have been bought over to their side or have early vanished from the political stage.

Philip Francis took an intense interest in this memorable contest between Wilkes and despotic power. His instructed and sagacious mind saw the deep present and future public interests involved in the issue. The daring and flagrant act of the government was a revival of the worst Stuart and Star Chamber policy. If Wilkes's person and private papers might be seized with impunity under the written order and fiat of two Privy Councillors, and the sanctuary of a gentleman's private dwelling might legally be violated, every Englishman was subject to the like outrage. It was an impolitic and intolerable act of the executive, and might have befallen Dr. Francis or Philip Francis. But the young office clerk could not openly profess his indignation or political sympathy with the cause of Wilkes. Lord Egremont had been only lately his chief in office, and had only lately promised him preferment had he continued in the Secretary of State's office. Mr. Wood, the under Secretary of the Treasury, the secondary but principal instrument of the seizure of Wilkes, was his early and constant patron, and to whom he was indebted for his new position in the War Office. Mr. Welbore Ellis, the Secretary of War, was the member of the administration by whom the clerkship was nominally given him; his own father was a leading partisan writer, in the interest of Lord Bute and the existing ministry. The clerk of the War Office had therefore every conceivable motive to keep his opinions to himself. He would obviously conceal any use of his pen on the side of Wilkes. Moreover, it will hereafter be seen, from later private letters of Francis, that he shared the prevalent disrespect for Wilkes's private character—an incubus on the 'Wilkites'—desiring to separate the man from the momentous cause involved in the question of general warrants. But although thus justly discriminating, and

notwithstanding his dislike of Wilkes's extreme Whig professions, Francis honestly and naturally shared in the public indignation against the ministerial acts. Francis, from his knowledge of human character, had learnt that bad men were often at the head of good institutions, and that principles ought not to be abandoned because some professors were vicious characters. He could distinguish between a cause and those who take a cause in hand.

The press of course forthwith teemed with articles on general warrants. The subject was indeed for awhile the almost exclusive topic of party discussion and pamphleteering controversy. Francis, initiated in newspaper correspondence, had read a letter in the 'Public Advertiser' of July 29, 1764, under the anonymous signature of *Crito*, justifying verdicts obtained by the government against the printers of the 'North Briton' for libels in No. 45; and he entered the lists in the same journal against this writer under the anonymous signature of *Candor*, in an answer rapidly prepared, as it was published in the 'Advertiser' of August 2. *Candor* was unknown to Woodfall, because the latter, on August 7, declined to accept a second letter unless his correspondent complied with the conditions stated in the following notice to correspondents:—

> If our correspondent C. will make himself known to us, we shall perhaps be induced to comply with his request; but if he is unwilling to step forth and avow himself the author, or indemnify us for any charge whenever we are called upon by *authority*, the printer does not choose to run the risk of an expensive prosecution, and perhaps a personal trouble into the bargain. No one certainly can blame him for this caution, who avails himself of the same by being concealed. C. will understand our meaning when we hint to him that *enough* has been said already. We wish for a continuance of his correspondence on any future occasion.

The reader will notice that the initial C. for the first time here appears as the *nom de guerre* of Woodfall's new correspondent, and probably was the alphabetical letter under which the editor of the 'Public Advertiser' for years communicated with the same writer. How it happened that Woodfall preserved *Candor's* note and enclosure can only be matter of speculation. It may have been from fear of a prosecution of the publisher of this first *Candor* letter. The Woodfall MSS. contain bonds of indemnity to the proprietors from writers in the event of expenses of prosecution.[1] *Candor* must have declined to reveal his name; and discontinuing his correspondence with the 'Public Advertiser,' he transferred the remainder of his manuscript to Almon the bookseller for pamphlet publication; who printed it without delay, as it was published on September 22 following. Almon evidently did not then, or indeed apparently at any period of his life, know the name of the writer. The author was as little or less likely to have made himself known to Almon as to Woodfall. His object in non-compliance with the requirement of the former was the preservation of his incognito. *Candor* remained equally unknown to the public men of the day. This publication was only the first of a series of political pamphlets on the liberty of the press, doubtlessly from the same pen continued to the termination of the Junius Letters, now designated as the 'Candor Pamphlets.' The authorship has continued as great a mystery as that of Junius; the Candor letters being variously (on utterly insufficient grounds) assigned to Lord Camden, Pratt his relative, Dunning, Lord Temple, and others. But all these subsequent Candor productions will be hereafter noticed in their chronological

[1] See Appendix.

and proper periods of publication. This first Candor pamphlet has very great merit. The original Almon title was simply, 'A letter to the "Public Advertiser;"' with the motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.'

The entire pamphlet of fifty-one octavo pages must, therefore, by the above date, have been written within a month. No explanation can be given of 'Gray's Inn' as the place of its superscription. An inspection of the names of the members, students, and chamber renters of that Inn affords no clue to the author. No bencher, member, or chambers renter of Gray's Inn had any known qualifications for the authorship. Francis's brother-in-law, Alexander Mackrabie, had about this period chambers in the Inn. But obviously, as *Candor* took such pains to conceal his name, he would never have placed himself in danger by any hint. Probably the adoption of 'Gray's Inn' was casual only; or perhaps fictitious adoption, and to give an air of professional authorship. It is most unlikely that the writer would give any clue to an identity so studiously and long concealed; least of all, that, if a lawyer, he would have dated his letter from his own Inn or place of business. Moreover, an attentive perusal of Candor must convince every lawyer that the writer was no practised or practical lawyer, however learned in constitutional lore. The phraseology is untechnical; the few cases cited are not quoted from original authorities, or as a professional man adduces cases. An affectation of a legal education without pursuit of the law as a profession pervades the pages. Old age is pretended, and therefore a younger writer may, *per contra*, be reasonably suspected. An anonymous writer so carefully concealing his real character was not likely to confess the number of his years.

But what facts and evidence bring the authorship home

to Philip Francis? They are as follows: A large collection of political pamphlets of the period, acquired and bound by him, contain every tract and record of this great constitutional question and of the public life of Wilkes. Many of the tracts Francis has manuscript noted. He preserved also a copy of the government short-hand writer's notes of the arguments and speeches of counsel and judges in the Court of Common Pleas, in May 1763, which resulted in the maintenance of Wilkes's privilege as a member of Parliament, and when he was discharged from custody. This copy consists of 106 MS. folio pages. It was evidently one of the Treasury Solicitor's copies, because in the legal records of that department other copies exist, evidently from the same stationer's office. Probably Francis would readily obtain this copy through his friend Mr. Wood, or through other official channels he had access to. He has bound it also with a MS. folio copy of the celebrated speech of Lord Mansfield, on the discharge of the rule *nisi* against Woodfall for a new trial in the Junius prosecution. And his own notes in several of the printed octavo volumes show his partiality for Lord Camden, as contrasted with Lord Mansfield, in these several political trials. Francis had also copies of almost every edition of the Candor pamphlets. Why should he thus have collected so many, most of them varied in the text by some omissions, additions, or other alterations? Further, Francis's library contained *all* the historical books from which Candor (at second-hand generally) cited his legal cases and authorities. The first Candor publication satirises Hume's history, and Warburton's Divine Legation, both authors known to Francis, and estimated by him in the sense which Candor states. Every sentiment of the pamphlet in question is consistent with Francis's courses of study and manuscript notes on books.

Bacon, Algernon Sydney, and Lord Clarendon are cited —his favourite writers. Candor particularly disclaims being a paid or a party writer. He praises Mr. Pitt's administrations for their non-use of general warrants and their abstinence from 'odious crown prosecutions.' In espousing the cause of Wilkes, he does not conceal his personal dislike of the man. There is a dash also of levity as regards remarks on priestcraft. Eulogising the style of Hume, he describes it as 'not inferior to that of the Jesuit Father Orleans,' a book of which the translation by Echard was in Francis's possession, and had been studied by him. So far, without anticipating conclusive arguments from after pamphlets of *Candor* (to 1774 inclusive), Francis from the internal evidence was the natural and sole author of the first of these celebrated productions. Its quaint style, wit, and irony were his individual qualifications; and commentators have been unable to assign the authorship on any reasonable grounds to any other individual. No proof whatever has been given in favour of Lord Camden, his relative Mr. Pratt, or Dunning. Perhaps the only colourable suggestion is the name of Lord Temple. But the two lords in no instance, by pamphleteering or speeches, gave proof of the peculiar wit, quaintness, and biting satire of Candor. Nor do the family papers of either contain a document or letter rendering either even open to suspicion as the writer. Mr. Pratt's name was a mere guess.

Thus far the ascription of authorship depends on probabilities; but accident, some years since, identified Francis with Candor. Mr. Henry D. Woodfall, who had before communicated, as he believed, all his grandfather's papers for aid of this biography, found a bundle of his grandfather's papers, in which was an undated penny posted note from Candor to the editor of the 'Advertiser,'

suggesting a reprint of the Candor letter, and enclosing a list of *errata* and *corrigenda*. The note is written cross-ways on half a sheet of folio paper, and signed Candor. The errata are on a full folio sheet of a different paper. Both the papers bear different water marks, both papers so water-marked having been in use at the War Office in 1764. The size of the handwriting of the two documents somewhat varies, as also does the ink; probably being penned at different places or at different times. The hand-writing is indifferently but palpably disguised, particularly in varied form of the capital letters. It is unquestion-ably that of Francis—the 'St. Paul's school hand' the basis. Further, the numeral figures, and the arbitrary marks in the peculiar modes of erasures, scoring, and punctuation (the latter evidently perfected after the completion of the copy), all exactly tally with his calli-graphical habits and manuscripts of 1764. The postage stamp does not contain the date of post office receipt or delivery, nor the local receiving office in London, where the letter was posted. The seal was wafer, stamped by an oval seal, apparently the head of some Roman, now not perfectly visible.

The note is a suggestion to Woodfall to reprint his Candor letter, and then follow a list of errata and corrigenda. The former is as follows :—

Sir,—Excuse this second trouble. In the additions which I sent this morning to Candor's Letter, I recollect inadvertently to have thrown in, speaking of Perjury, the words *wilful &* corrupt Per-jury; now I beg the favour of your not forgetting to strike out *wilful &*, as slipping under my pen by mistake. And if you re-print the Letter with the additions and alterations alluded to, I beg you to transpose the addition last mentioned in the following manner 'were words of course like *corrupt in an Indictment for Perjury* or like those in an Indictment for Murder, &c.'

Nothing but haste made me do otherwise at first. I have nothing

further to add, unless it be that it was Sir Samuel Bernardiston, and not Barnardiston; And that you may if you please instead of plain *your humble servant* conclude the Letter by saying,

I am Sir, &c.,

CANDOR.

The 'errata and corrigenda' are in the same handwriting, as follows:—

For the Public Advertiser.

At the desire of some of our customers who complain of their not being able to get a sight of the following letter, by the scarcity of our last Thursday's paper, we have reprinted it.

1. at first interrupted the Council, and informed them, and afterwards

2. or in Perjury that it was corrupt Perjury.

3. His Lordship's summing up was long and pathetick, and commanding, and seemed to express the sentiments of the Heart. It would, I think, have affected any unprejudiced People.

×. for two Hours,

4. and altered.

5. This is a cause of publick example and consequence. And afterwards in summing up to the Jury the same great man repeated and enforced the same arguments, and added, among other things, 'If then, Gentlemen, you believe the Defendant did write and publish these letters, that is proof enough of the words maliciously, seditiously, and factiously laid in the Information. It is high time, for all mankind, to rid the nation of such caterpillars, such monsters of villainy as these are. I hope I shall never lose my heart nor spirit to serve the Government, nor forbear to use my utmost diligence to see that such persons as these offenders, that entertain principles so destructive to the government, be brought to condign punishment. Gentlemen, The Question before you is whether the Defendant be guilty of writing these malitious, seditious letters: they tread very near upon the borders of High Treason itself. I am sure I may venture to call it Cozen German to High Treason. They are Traitors in their minds, whatsoever they are in their outward pretenses.'

6. and both of them are remarkable for their abilities. But, indeed, there is this striking difference in their characters, that the former was a bold, and insolent lawyer, whereas no man could ever apply either of these words to the latter, for nothing can be more conciliating or winning than the manners of the present Chief Justice. His Lordship is, I presume, naturally of a different temper,

has had a very different education, and possesses many refinements and accomplishments of art and eloquence that the other wanted, and has withal had the advantage of having always practised in Courts of Equity, which alone surprizingly softens the rigour of the Common Law, renders it more pliant, and accommodates it more to the circumstances of the Time.

This first Almon edition contained nearly all the errata corrected, and the alterations refused by Woodfall. It sold rapidly, and was immediately noticed in most of the periodical reviews as a remarkable pamphlet. A second edition was advertised in a few weeks. Almon's advertisement of the latter in the 'Public Advertiser,' of October 19, contained the following foot-note, evidence of the author being unknown to his publisher :—

The letter dated October 17 was received yesterday. Every request is complied with, and an answer is ready; *where shall it be sent?*

The title of this edition was slightly altered,[1] some few passages in the first edition being omitted, a little new matter added, and further errata corrected.

Francis preserved no record of any correspondence with his father in this year. Not only had the marriage with Miss Mackrabie deeply offended the Doctor, but the political opinions of the parent and son were diametrically opposed. Dr. Francis in 1764 was writing against the Bedford and Grenville ministry, in support of Lord Bute and the opposition, satirising Pitt as the modern Cleon, and abusing Wilkes. An anonymous quarto pamphlet of thirty-eight pages (many passages of which are repetitions of the letter of a Brigadier-General pam-

[1] The title substituted was 'A Letter from Candor to the "Public Advertiser." Containing a Series of Constitutional Remarks on some late Interesting Trials.' Price 1*s*. A third edition was issued by Almon in 1770, entitled 'A Letter from Candor to the "Public Advertiser." Printed from a more legible copy.' This is its title also in vol. i. of 'Almon's Collection of Interesting Tracts,' from 1764 to 1773, being the first article in vol. i.

phlet of 1760) is noted in the son's hand as written by his father, entitled 'The Political Theatre,' with a MS. key to the public characters attached. Thus the two were arrayed on different party sides, besides the causes of family difference. The fact of this temporary alienation is patent in a letter from Philip Francis to his wife in August, in which the son tells her, 'My father's housekeeper calls sometimes, but I have never seen her, nor the Doctor himself.' The elder Francis, however, obtained a pension and good Church preferment from Lord Bute's influence; the younger using his pen from disinterested and exclusively patriotic impulses.

Sometime early in this year, or at the close of 1763, Francis changed his residence to Duke Street, Westminster; a record in his own hand of the birth of his second child, Elizabeth, stating her to have been there born on March 2, 1764, and the girl being baptised in St. Margaret's church. Mrs. Francis, in ill health, accompanied by her mother, went to Brighton, continuing there from June to the end of August. Francis therefore, it is observable, had undisturbed leisure at home during that period. His letters to his wife during her long absence were frequent and most affectionate. Twelve of them have been preserved, but they contain no matters of interest as regards public or literary topics. The two children remained with the father. Francis writes his wife, on June 30, 'I had little Betsy in my arms this morning, which made Sarah so jealous, that she roared with vexation. But I am very good to them both.' In this letter occurs Francis's first mention of his old schoolfellow and friend Rosenhagen as probably coming to London the following Monday to visit him for a week. In a note to Mrs. Francis, July 10, he says, 'The two children and I played together this morning

above half an hour on the carpet; it amuses me vastly to see how fond Sally is of her sister, and what efforts she makes to speak to her; Fi-ta-to-tu.' In acknowledging Mrs. Francis's reply, he compliments her by observing, 'You really improve much in your stile.'

Tuesday, August 14, 1764.

My dearest Betsy,—I thank you for your letter of Friday last; it was one of the most agreeable I have received from you, for two reasons—because you talk of your return, and because you give me hopes that you will return in health. The bed will be sufficiently aired for your mother, as Rosenhagen has been lying in it for this month past, and will continue to do so till Saturday next. We are but just returned from an expedition to Blackwall, where we have been to pay a visit to honest Gravier: the poor fellow is amazingly pulled down, and looks so thin you could hardly know him, but is in good spirits. I have commissioned him to buy a complete set of table and tea china, and I propose laying out about 20*l.* in it. The children are perfectly well.

The time till Monday seems long, but it will come.

Yours ever,

P. F.

The correspondence shows that Francis allowed his wife a fixed allowance, and that although he counselled her to be frugal in her expenditure, he several times urged her not to debar herself any extra outlay essential for her comfort and restoration to health, and that he would make good any excess of her allowance. In one of his last notes he tells her to take the four inside places of the Bath coach, though she only required two. His letters, in fact, prove his strong affection and solicitude for her recovery. Almost all the letters are dated from the War Office, franked by D'Oyly.

His last letter, before Mrs. Francis's return, was written on the night of the 16th, when, though not tipsy, he was the worse for claret. Singularly, his inebriety affected his handwriting in this letter, and it is mentioned because several years afterwards it will be shown that one of his

political letters in a feigned hand similarly varied from the accident of an over-indulgence in wine.

Thursday, August 16, 1764.

My dearest Betsy,—Besides thanking you for your letter, I have nothing to say but that Rosenhagen set out yesterday with Gravier for Dunkirk. The latter was obliged to go thither upon business, and the parson[1] thought he could not have a better opportunity of seeing France than that which offered yesterday. The scheme was proposed at five o'clock yesterday, and at six they were in the post-chaise. This is what you may call a sudden resolution. Words cannot express my impatience to have you in my arms. At seven on Monday I expect you. Will the machine bring you to the door, or where shall I order James to wait for you? Remember to ask for my handkerchief at the Cat Inn at East Grinstead. To say the truth, my dear girl, I have been dining with honest Fitz & Co., and am not in my perfect mind; but you see that, even while I forget myself, I still remember you. It is true I am endowed with a most capricious humour, but I am always wise enough to know that I am possessed of the best girl in the world, and that I never could be happy without her. Adieu. P. F.

It is singular that a young man of such untiring habits of writing should throughout life continually complain of the labour of penmanship. In a letter of this period, July 5, to Mrs. Francis, he says, 'If I had any news to send you my letter should be longer. You know how mortally I detest writing; nothing could possibly make me so punctual but that I believe it gives you a pleasure, and I hope contributes to keep up your spirits.'

No marvel Francis should feel the mechanical labour of writing private letters, when, besides his daily War Office avocations, he wrote so much for the public press. 'Candor' was no sooner published than he produced a still more able and elaborate essay on the unconstitutionality of general warrants. A majority in the Commons had justified the seizure outrage on Wilkes. Charles Townsend had anonymously published a clever, but not

[1] Rosenhagen.

a full, defence of the minority published by Almon. This pamphlet was forthwith answered in a ministerial brochure, entitled 'A Defence of the Majority,' by Charles Lloyd, the private secretary of Mr. George Grenville, and supposed to have been 'perused and settled' by that minister. 'Candor' also was hostilely criticised in the government newspapers. Francis in the meanwhile was adding to his armoury and filling his quiver with new and barbed arrows. Late in the autumn of this year appeared his most remarkable tract on the question, first entitled 'An Enquiry into the Doctrine of Libels, Warrants, and Seizures of Papers.' It was in fact an elaborate treatise on these subjects; a volume rather than a pamphlet.[1] This justly celebrated vindication of a free press and the constitutional liberties of the British people was of equally mysterious authorship, and has continued so to the present day. As in the case of 'Candor,' it has been variously ascribed to Lord Camden, Dunning, Lord Temple, and others, on no better grounds. Almon certainly was ignorant even of the authorship. Had he received the manuscript from Lord Temple, he would probably have intrusted the secret to his lordship, their relations being most confidential. This last publication had a still greater success than the letter of Candor. Indeed its arguments were considered conclusive, and it virtually closed the political controversy. No tolerable critic of composition, unity of style, 'manner,' and argument can reasonably doubt the common origin of the two productions if carefully examined. The same vein of wit, irony, satire, and quaintness, and affected carelessness of

[1] The first exact title was 'An Enquiry into the Doctrine, lately propagated, concerning Libels, Warrants, and the Seizure of Papers; with a view to some Proceedings and the Defence of them by the Majority; upon the Principles of Law and the Constitution; in a Letter to Mr. Almon from the Father of Candor.' London, Almon, 1764. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* Pp. 135.

composition runs through every page. It affords to every lawyer further and conclusive proof that no member of the legal profession could have written it, or fallen into its unprofessional errors. Walpole calls it a 'masterly tract,' as 'bitter,' and as having much 'unaffected wit,' and 'as the only tract that ever made me understand law.'[1] Gray, in a letter to Walpole, enquires, 'Is the old man and the lawyer put on, or is it real? Or has some real lawyer furnished a good part of the materials, and another person employed them? This I guess.' Walpole himself had been suspected, and, as he stated, much to the gratification of his vanity, although he felt himself honourably obliged to repudiate the parentage.

The work was probably published on November 29, pursuant to advertisement in the 'Public Advertiser' of the day previous. It ran through several editions, receiving enlargements and improvements by the author. It was coarsely and violently attacked in the ministerial newspapers, but ineffectively. Many opponents asserted that unmistakably the author was no practising lawyer. Lord Mansfield felt the sting acutely, as did the ministry and the court. His lordship instituted a prosecution against Almon, the publisher; not in the ordinary procedure by indictment or information, but by motion in the Court of King's Bench for a writ of attachment for contempt. The passage selected for prosecution was from the third edition; a paragraph in p. 215, imputing to the Lord Chief Justice the arbitrary and illegal alteration of the information or record in the prosecution of Wilkes for No. 45 of the 'North Briton.' A rule *nisi*, to show cause why a writ of attachment should not issue against Almon, was granted by the court on the motion of the Attorney-

[1] Walpole's 'Memoirs of George III.,' vol. i. p. 37, and vol. iii. p. 165. Excellently edited by Sir Denis Le Marchant.

General, January 25, 1765. When the day arrived for showing cause, Lord Mansfield left the court; Sir J. E. Wilmot became the only judge present, Denison and Yates being absent from illness. Wilmot refused to hear the matter singly, postponing it till the next term and a full bench. On May 1 following (Easter Term), Sir Richard Aston (appointed a puisne judge on Denison's resignation) with Wilmot and Yates, heard the arguments on showing cause why the writ should not issue. Dunning and Sergeant Glynn ably argued the case on behalf of Almon, the Attorney and Solicitor-General (Norton and De Grey) with Moreton and Wallace, on behalf of the Crown. The defendant's counsel contended that the paragraph in question was no libel properly applicable or personal to Lord Mansfield; that if a libel the publisher was only amenable to a trial by jury, and that an attachment was in illegal mode of procedure. Lord Ferrers' case against his countess was cited, and a then recent case against the publisher of the 'Moderator,' in which latter case, Lord Chief Justice Pratt, C.P., being libelled, a rule for an attachment was not made absolute. In the same volume containing the MS. report of the Wilkes K.B. argument Francis has bound up a copy of the 'Moderator,' No. 1, with a manuscript note in his own hand—'The second number was never published, the author being threatened with a prosecution.' The 'Moderator' was projected as a weekly paper, price twopence halfpenny. This first and only number was published November 19, 1763.[1] The Crown advocates of course contended for the perfect legality of the motion, and denounced the heinousness of Almon's offence. The Attorney-General said the prose-

[1] The number consists of six pages, printed by J. Wilkie, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. It is in favour of Wilkes, so far as regards the law of his case, but condemnatory to Wilkes's personal character.

cution would have been abandoned had Almon, when served with the rule *nisi*, 'made some kind of submission and stopped the circulation of the book;' but instead of such penitence 'he had printed the libel several times since, and had circulated it all over Europe.' Lord Mansfield had again left the court when the argument commenced. On the conclusion of the argument, Sir J. E. Wilmot, who presided, said the cases were so conflicting, and the issue so important, the court would take time to consider its decision. No judgment was given in that term. A most ludicrous error in the original proceedings liberated Almon from the fangs of his prosecutors. A report had been prevalent early in Trinity Term that a 'flaw' had been discovered. The fact had reached Almon's ears, and he had told his counsel of it; but they, not having themselves discovered the error, gave no credit to their client's communication. But on the following day, as the court was about to rise, and Lord Mansfield having again suddenly left, Sir J. E. Wilmot called for Almon's counsel. Dunning was in court, and Glynn, having just left, was recalled at the hall door. The judge informed them that there was found to be a material mistake in the January rule; it was entitled *The King against John Wilkes*, instead of *The King against John Almon*. The judge then intimated that the bench desired the defendant's counsel would consent to an amendment of the misnomer. Dunning and Glynn both stoutly refused to forego their advantage. Judge Yates said that the mistake had only come to his knowledge a day or two previously; and though it was not the practice of the court to make corrections, yet in this particular case he thought a rectification would be perfectly right and necessary. Sir R. Aston agreed with his brother judge, saying it 'was a very particular issue, in which the

honour of the court was deeply concerned.' Sir J. E. Wilmot, with much warmth and earnestness, in vain repeated the pressure on Almon's counsel. Sergeant Glynn moved the discharge of the rule. The court refused. The Attorney-General offered to consent to the discharge of the rule, but on terms inadmissible to the defendant's counsel. Finally Sir J. E. Wilmot asked Sergeant Glynn as a *gentleman* to give his consent. The judge and counsel were socially intimate friends, and Glynn was piqued by such an appeal. He replied, with warmth, 'that as *a man of honour* he could *not* consent, for that his client had been with him the day before and told him of the error and the intention of a proposed amendment, which at that time he did not give credit to; and that Almon had instructed him particularly not to consent to any amendment proposed.' This extraordinary scene lasted two hours, another subterfuge being also suggested by the Crown counsel, and as peremptorily refused.

The Treasury solicitors prepared a new and much enlarged accusation with new affidavits, charging fresh matter of libel, and on which they obtained another rule *nisi*. But in the meantime Almon had 'retired' into the country and could not be served. The officers unable personally to serve the absentee publisher, application for a third rule was made, when the court, on the complaint that Almon was avoiding service, granted a rule with the unusual order 'that leaving a copy of this rule with, and showing the original to any of the family of the said John Almon, shall be deemed good service of this rule;' and the defendant was ordered to show cause on the following Tuesday why an attachment should not issue. On the day appointed, Dunning applied to the court for an extension of time, as the defendant could not

possibly prepare a defence in so important an issue of law and facts, and alluding specially to 'the great length of fresh matter.' The court in its 'indulgence' enlarged the time for showing cause until the next term. Fortunately for Almon, and perhaps for the honour of a political bench of judges, in July the Rockingham administration discontinued the prosecution; or rather the new Crown officers were instructed to let it 'drop.'

The Law Reports contain no record of this memorable attempt to pervert the law by the suppression of an admirable and perfectly legitimate defence of the liberty of the press. Indeed we have but scanty notices of the gallant contest maintained by writers, printers, and publishers against the political Crown prosecutions of the first twelve years of the reign of George III., except of the numerous legal proceedings against Wilkes. The Crown did not usually chronicle its failures, and defendants were too glad to escape from the toils of persecution without tempting the hands of power to repeat them.[1]

It is scarcely worth while here to state the external and internal evidence of both pamphlets being by the same author. Ample reasons have been lately given for the belief, and many more might be added. In a future chapter further proof will be given. The original assumed name of the second publication is the 'Father of Candor.' The place of date is 'Westminster, October 17, 1764.' Francis, it will have been observed, had removed into Duke Street, Westminster. Probably he desired that his second publication should appear under another signature as a second and distinct advocate of the cause. But the latter pamphlet abounds in incidents which bring

[1] A meagre report of this case of Almon was published in 1788, in Almon and Debrett's 'Collection of Scarce and Interesting Tracts' (vol. i. p. 260). It contains the original rule and affidavits.

the authorship home to his pen. The motto on the title-page is from 'Chevy Chace'—

> The child may rue, that is unborn,
> The hunting of that day.

This same motto is one of two which appeared on the title-page of 'A Genuine Account of the late Grand Expedition to the Coast of France under Admiral Hawke Knowles Broderick and General Mordaunt, by a Volunteer in the said Expedition, 1759.' This was an expedition preceding that of General Bligh, to whom Francis was private secretary. Francis had a copy of that pamphlet in his collection of contemporary tracts, and he probably adopted such motto seven years afterwards; at least it is a fair presumption that the verses would thus occur to him. He had also the first edition of Lloyd's pamphlet, the 'Majority Defended,' noticed in the title-page of the 'Enquiry,' and which pamphlet of Lloyd's was a principal subject of the Father of Candor's animadversion and reply. In his first page the alliteration of the preposition *to*,[1] in the two first sentences, occurs *eight* times, and frequently and uneuphoniously throughout the work; besides many peculiarities in the use of words common to Francis and Candor. The first law author quoted is Hawles's treatise

[1] Mr. Parkes frequently alludes to the redundancy of the preposition 'to,' which, in his opinion, marked the style of Junius. I have made a comparison of the frequency of its occurrence in various writers. I have selected passages (several) averaging 300 words; and the following results are obtained, which are perhaps a little curious. Their value of course depends on the wideness of the induction: readers, if they please, can compare for themselves.

In Mill's 'British India,' the word 'to' occurs on the average six times in 300 words.

In Johnson (Rambler)	7
Macaulay (Essays)	7
Goldwin Smith (Lectures)	7
Junius	10
Burke (various works)	10
Francis (various works)	10

[EDITOR.]

on petty juries, called 'The Englishman's Right;' Fitzherbert's 'Natura Brevium,' Selden, Hall, Burn's 'Justice,' Clarendon (the extremely rare edition edited by Shebbeare, suppressed by injunction), Somers, Fortescue, Locke, Zenger's 'Trial,' the State Tracts, Grey's Parliamentary Debates, the old Parliamentary History—nearly all the volumes quoted from the original. All, also, were editions of dates anterior to 1764. The printed votes and journals of Parliament he would have access to in the public offices. At this period the British Museum had a most imperfect library, little resorted to; and there was scarcely a public or circulating library in London used by men writing for the press, or possessing works on constitutional law. Again, passages in the 'Father of Candor' show a marked knowledge not only of the government offices and departments, but of diplomacy; and specially an acquaintance with the habits of *clerks*. One singular instance may be quoted. In denouncing the infamy of the seizure of all the private papers of a man suspected or accused of seditious writings, the author says, 'These papers are immediately to be thrown into the hands of some clerks, of much curiosity, and *of very little business in times of peace*, who will, upon being bid to sort and select those that relate to such and such a particular thing, naturally amuse themselves with the perusal of all the private letters, memorandums, secrets, and intrigues of the gentleman himself, and of all his friends and acquaintance of both sexes.' (Page 56, first ed.) In the second edition, a copy of which Francis also had, the Father of Candor adds a curious new note (p. 60), particularising circumstances relating to the seizure of Wilkes's papers, in which the Father states, 'And I will add, *from my own knowledge*, that those who had the searching of his papers divulged the contents of some

private letters, which might have been prejudicial to the writer of them, and have hurt his interest and his friendship with other friends.'[1] This information was probably public office gossip, or derived by Francis from the office of Lord Egremont or Mr. Wood, or from the same quarter in which he obtained a copy of the MS. report of the proceedings in Wilkes's case. Further, the Candor Tracts contain peculiar commentaries on Lord Mansfield's judicial observations during the arguments on the case of Wilkes, and on the spirit and manner of the Chief Justice. Now Francis's manuscript report is pencil-marked for observation in his peculiar marks, and the manuscript was clearly the text of Candor and the Father of Candor. The writer also betrays a knowledge of the Egremont family, in the note on the Wyndham case at the end of the 'Enquiry,' and which case the Candors therein state 'was the great case urged in favour of Mr. Wilkes.' ('Enquiry,' p. 133.) Now Francis, it will be recollected, had held a clerkship in Lord Egremont's office; Sir William Wyndham, his Lordship's father, having been committed to the Tower in 1715, and discharged in 1716 by habeas corpus in the Common Pleas. In fact the legal cases cited by the Father of Candor are chiefly paraphrases of the arguments of counsel and the judgment of the bench in the above MS. report. Francis certainly may have had the help of some lawyer, a confidential friend, who may have looked over his pamphlet previous to publication; but with such full materials as he himself had, and versed in constitutional law, there could be no reasons why he should have been assisted in the legal parts of the pamphlets. In what mode Francis anonymously communicated with Almon, or by what channels he 'conveyed' to that publisher his manuscripts, remains a mystery. Probably if proof-sheets found their

[1] 'A little chink lets in much light.'—*Old Saying.*

way to Francis, he would retain his manuscript. Undoubtedly the author succeeded in concealing his identity from Almon; and secresy being evidently the writer's particular care, Francis would adopt such modes of communication and conveyance as secured his object. Rosenhagen was personally known to Almon, who four years afterwards published a political pamphlet for that eccentric clergyman; and possibly Rosenhagen may have been the conveyancing medium. The parson was a strong Wilkite, and, as we know, a confidential friend of Francis.

Again, the pages of the Candors attack Lord Mansfield specially for his preference of the principles of civil law, imputing the design of the Chief Justice to be their substitution for our ancient common law. This suspicion particularly filled the mind of Francis, and he well knew the conflict of decisions involving this difference between Lord Camden and Lord Mansfield. In a quarto volume of legal and political pamphlets he has preserved examples of this difference between those two eminent judges. His special manuscript note on the first fly leaf of the collection notes, 'This volume contains a curious and valuable collection of the transactions and principles of the period they relate to, especially 1769 and 1770.' Lord Camden's great judgment in Doe *v.* Kersey, delivered in Easter Term, 1735, forming part of this volume, had evidently been read by Francis, some typographical errors being corrected by him. The last sentence in that judgment was palpably aimed at Lord Mansfield:—

I am not wise enough to determine which of the two laws is most perfect, the *Roman* or the *English*. This I know (which is enough for a judge), that although almost every country in Europe hath received that body of laws, yet they have been with a most stubborn constancy at all times disclaimed and rejected by *England*. For which reason (and not through any disrespect to the argument I have been endeavouring to answer), I choose to lay aside all that learning as not being relevant in Westminster Hall.

In a volume of pamphlets, chiefly of 1765, Francis has bound up the January numbers of the 'Critical Review' and the 'Monthly Review' for that year. Both appear to have been preserved on account of articles on the legality of general warrants, in reviews of writers against the Candors; possibly notices of opponents by himself. The article in the former review concludes, 'Nor can five millions of Cokes and Hobarts persuade us that it is not material whether a libel is true or false; that a libel is not to be justified though the contents be true; nay, that if true, it is the more provoking, and consequently the more libellous.' The 'Monthly Review' notice of the opponent of the Candors says, 'A writer who undertakes the defence of general warrants ought to be Œdipus or Non Davus. As well might he attempt to make an Ethiopian white; nay, as well might he attempt to communicate patriotism to a prime minister, or candour to the leader of a faction. But if we judge aright, all that this considerer means, is to prove himself the most obsequious humble servant of the ruling powers.' In the third edition of the Father of Candor's pamphlet published in 1766 (a copy of which Francis also had), a postscript is added in reply to the above-mentioned adversaries. This postscript bears the date of January 24, 1765. The edition also reprints in an appendix a letter to the 'Public Advertiser,' dated Gray's Inn, November 11, 1765, signed with the initial 'C.' A sixth edition issued in 1766. From numerous errata at the end this reprint seems to have received less correction by the author. Some weeks in that year Francis was on the continent. In an after part of this biography further proofs will be given of the Francis authorship of these celebrated and popular Candor essays, which were resumed and continued for several years after 1764.

One observation only needs here be added—the fact that although Mr. Wood, the secretary of the Treasury, was the principal official directing the issue and execution of the seizure warrants, and also the defendant in Wilkes's action for damages, no single offensive word or personal observation throughout the Candors are made on that gentleman. The reason is obvious; he was the patron and friend of Francis. Mr. Grenville's name is only once mentioned, and Lord Egremont, one of the signers of the warrant, is tenderly treated. The 'Gazetteer,' a ministerial daily paper, Francis rarely attacked or quoted. Dr. Francis had been long connected with that journal, and his son would therefore naturally avoid any conflict with his father; nor do the Candors in a single instance cite or animadvert on the Doctor's political pamphlets.

His father's cultivation of the son's early study of philology, and a minute observance of correct grammar, orthography, and punctuation, directed the attention of Francis to the art of composition. On the fly-leaf of the folio MS. volume in which he preserved copies of the Kinnoul Lisbon papers and correspondence, and which volume contains the copy of his 1763 'Public Ledger' letter, he has copied the well-known Latin definition of a perfect style by Cicero, paraphrasing it as follows: 'Whoever can avoid these faults, so as not to transpose a word so that it may be perceived to be done on purpose; not to stuff in words, as if to fill up chinks, not to cut down and enervate his sentences in pursuit of short periods, nor always employ periods of the same cadence and measure without variety: such a man will have avoided almost every fault.' And throughout his earlier collections are extracts from different authors on the principles of composition and on the formation of style.

Francis has not preserved a single letter received by

him in 1765, except three from his wife in the summer of that year. These attest the warmth of his conjugal and parental affections, and may interest the reader as evidence that his passion for politics did not diminish his devoted love of his wife and his children.

June 4, 1765.

My dearest Betsy,—Although I have two letters from you since I wrote last, yet I have so little to say at present that I question whether I shall fill more than one side. Everything here is so much the same that if I would be new I must be obliged to invent; and this, I think, is hardly worth while. Mrs. Sneyd is brought to bed of a boy; not much to the satisfaction of the father, who begins to be of opinion that it is possible to be plagued with too great a number of children. It was owing to your brother's disappointing me, and changing a plan he had proposed himself that I did not go to Mr. Ch—r's. I cannot think of going to Paris before the beginning of next month at soonest, if at all. So I hope there is no doubt of seeing you long before that time. But pray, madam, now we are upon the subject, when is it you propose to come home again? You have now been gone near three weeks. For my own part, I shall be happy to have you with me, yet do not wish you to return, as long as you can stay with *convenience* and satisfaction to yourself. But pray be pleased to let [sic] what your plan is.

The want of a library, I should think, must be very disagreeable, and what is worse it shews Margate to be a wretched, ill-provided place. Pray how do you live, and what sort of provisions do you get? Have you got the hammercloth? Remember for the future to seal your letters to me a little better, as the outside cover is sometimes opened by other hands. I send you the newspapers regularly three times a week, and hope they answer the purpose of some little amusement, but I take for granted that what with your bathing, your riding, and your children, the time does not hang too heavy upon your hands.

I have never seen anything of the Gordons or Pownals, nor indeed inquired at all about them. I went to Chitty's on Saturday evening and staid till Monday morning: my horse kept me company, and contributed to make my time pass agreeable enough. Old F. has, I believe, certainly got this place at last; and the young one will, I verily believe, go with me to Paris, in spite of his wife and Jack Clark. Yours, my dearest love, eternally,

P. F.

I forgot to tell you that I paid a visit this morning to Gorman for

the first time, and introduced myself to his new wife. She appears to me to be a very agreeable young woman, and has much the air of being well bred. I promised that you should wait on her when you returned.

[Left half direction torn off.]

June 8, 1765.

Indeed, my dearest Betsy, I am very serious when I say I think your absence long, and the prospect of three weeks more appears almost an age. However, if you and the children are benefitted by it, I shall be satisfied, and leave it to your own judgement. I suppose all moderate exercise must be of service to you, therefore have no objection to your dancing a little. All I apprehend is that the company may not be such as you ought to dance with. Doctor Macnamara, with whom I am to dine at his house in the country to-morrow, tells me he cannot set out in less than a fortnight, so I suppose you will see but little of him and his family. I supped last night at Vauxhall with your brother, Fitz, and Clark. This scoundrell, I suppose, has not yet sent you the hammercloth, but I shall make a deduction for it. I hope you have not only a good appetite but also good provisions to pacify it withal. I am told you may have excellent fish of all sorts. As your letters for the future will be franked, I shall make no scruple of writing as little as I please, and to as little purpose.

I dine [sic] at Gordon's yesterday—they enquired properly about you and desire their compliments. Mine to your mother, and kisses to the children.

Yours, my sweetest love, always and with the greatest truth,

P. F.

June 11th, 1765.

This post is very convenient, for though we are above seventy miles off, I hear this morning how you did yesterday. This is so great a pleasure to me that I wait with impatience for the hour of the post, and woe be to you if you disappoint me. I am perfectly satisfied that you will not dance with any but a proper person, but that was not what I meant; I am apt to suspect that the general run of the company is not of the best, therefore would wish you not to make yourself too cheap among them. Who did you dance with? The time till my dearest Betsy returns seems full as tedious to me as it can do to you. I wish it were possible for me to take a trip to Margate, but that would make it impossible for me to execute my Paris scheme. Your brother and Fitz and I went to Foote's last night, and afterwards they supped upon bread and butter with

me. Mr. D'Oyly desires me to tell you he is determined to frank for nobody but *you*. I wonder the Chandler people have never invited me to their country house, for it seems that what he said to your brother hardly amounted to an invitation. I shall certainly not think of going untill they ask me in form; and indeed it is full as well as it is; I had much rather have you there at the same time.

My sweetest Betsy, I hope you think of me, and that you really wish to be with me again; if you do not you are ungrateful to the last degree. Haven't you fixed the day yet for your return? As you are such a constant bather, I should imagine your stay might be shortened. But all this I leave to yourself. As I write constantly twice a week, you ought to be contented, though I don't complain of your wishing to hear oftener from me. I wish Sally would do me the favour to say a few words; can't you persuade her to write a line or two to me?

Yours, my dearest Betsy, for ever,

P. F.

A chapter in Francis's life has now to be unfolded, when, discovering and thus first exercising the power of his pen, he commenced a series of contributions to the 'Public Advertiser' which will ever identify his name with the political history of Great Britain.

I here subjoin a very imperfect, but valuable, note, which I find in the handwriting of Mr. Parkes, containing apparently the suggestions which gradually occurred to his own mind as to the identity of 'Candor' with Junius, and the 'Irenarch' pamphlet. [EDITOR.]

MEMORANDUM BY MR. PARKES ON THE CANDOR PAMPHLETS.

I never had a doubt that these remarkable pamphlets, which may be truly said to have paved the way for the Libel Act of Mr. Fox, were the sole production of Junius, as the editor of the Grenville correspondence truly said, 'whoever he was.' The letters of the latter show the powers of the same writer ripened by experience and

the use of the press: the same double-eyed satire, the same palpable signs of a non-professional lawyer, but versed in constitutional knowledge; the same familiarity with classical learning; the same cautious concealment of the authorship; the same affectation that he was old, not young, a resident in the country, not in London; the same opinions on all extraneous subjects incidentally mentioned; the same *animus* throughout; the same opening exordium; the same object, a free press; and the same practice of hinting yet concealing his identity. His motives of concealment were doubtless the same, that he was in a public office, while writing, though cautiously and temperately, against the ministry of the day, as well as against Lord Mansfield. Such was Francis's then position in life. And it is observable that his enmity as *Candor* to Lord Mansfield was far less bitter than as *Junius*. In Francis's letter to Mr. Allen (to Lisbon) at that time (1764), he agreed much with Lord Mansfield on the American colonial question, though diametrically opposed to that eminent judge on Libel Law. Hence his general eulogy of the chief-justice. *Candor* could not afford to avow himself. When I found the '*Irenarch*' pamphlet among Sir P. Francis's books, and bound up with the third edition of the 'Letter on Libels, Warrants, &c.' by the 'Father of Candor,' I could not doubt that *Irenarch* was not only a justification of *Junius*, but of *Candor*, and as certainly by Francis before he left England for India. The *Irenarch* is one of, and the last of, the *Candor* and *Junius* pamphlets.

Then, when in August 1860, I accidentally found an autograph letter and errata of *Candor* in Mr. Woodfall's papers I could no longer doubt—they being in Francis's hand.[1]

The *Irenarch* appears to me on the whole the most remarkable of all the *Candor* and *Junius* productions. It is evidently the thoughtful and matured production of the common writer on a calmer review of his passionate productions as *Candor* and *Junius*. The pamphlet (*Irenarch*) must be by the same writer, as any other writer would have made admissions of error, whereas the *Irenarch* makes no atonement, but elects to vindicate only the defensible positions of *Candor* and *Junius*. The *Irenarch* also betrays (A.D. 1773–4) association with recent travel on the continent, and also singularly states the accident of the writer having no pecuniary interest in his pamphlet, 'being accidentally' independent pecuniarily of its success, or failure of profitable circulation—Francis having in hand his

[1] *Candor's* errata are on War Office folio paper, and his private letter to Woodfall written across a folio half sheet both on half sheets; the habit of Junius.

India appointment! All these circumstances are ample circumstantial evidence. *Irenarch* has a familiarity with the *Junius* letters inexplicable except as *Junius* himself. Nor could any other individual have been minded to write or incur the cost of such a vindication of *Junius*. His errors were a by-gone question with all but the author. There is no publisher's name. It is not entered at Stationer's Hall. No copy hitherto has yet come to light, except Francis's own copy. Was it ever published, or was Francis afloat to India before its publication?

Note.—All Sir P. Francis's private letters of the *Candor* period destroyed. None preserved.

His fragment of autobiography records his coffee-house accident of acquisition of law doctrines and cases; which source of information *Candor* admits and distinctly asserts. Indeed no barrister or attorney could but detect that *Candor* was no lawyer, but a simple layman: and such is *Candor's* own distinct and repeated avowal, with constant apologies for ignorance of legal lore and legal phraseology.

Junius constantly plagiarises *Candor*, and as often evinces the same scant knowledge of law; citing cases rarely originally, but usually at second hand from the old Parliamentary history, Grey's Debates, from Clarendon, and second hand authorities. Francis *may* have been assisted by Tilghman and other friends in the legal profession—not probably, but possibly. The blemishes of style, the singular use of *to* and *but*, are the same in both writers; the same 'irreligion,' the same cant phraseology of diplomatists, the same punctuation, the same peculiar spellings, &c., errata, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANCIS AND THE PRESS—*continued.*

[ÆT. 24—28.]

Contributions to the 'Public Advertiser,' 1765–1766—Anti-Sejanus—Francis's habit of attending the debates in Parliament—His variations of opinion respecting the policy and character of Pitt—Effect on him of Pitt's acceptance of a peerage, 1766—The Chatham ministry—The embargo on the exportation of grain—Supposed contributions of 1767—Visit to the Continent that year—Attacks on Lord Townsend—The 'Grand Council'—Supports George Grenville's American policy—Lord Barrington Secretary at War.

FRANCIS having occupied his leisure hours in 1764–5 in the great and important controversy of general warrants, such a mind could not long rest fallow. His motives for the concealment of his authorship of the *Candor* pamphlets have already been explained. Moreover he was a political admirer of the financial and colonial policy of Mr. George Grenville, the first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Bedford and Grenville ministry; and although George Grenville, as head of the administration, was principally responsible for the persecution of Wilkes, it is remarkable that Candor spared the virtual prime minister; but it does not appear that Francis had the slightest personal acquaintance with that statesman. It was purely a political preference, as the successor of Lord Bute. Francis at the same time retained a natural admiration of Pitt. When, therefore, Lord Rockingham's government replaced that of Grenville, in July 1765, excluding Pitt and Grenville, Francis was a malcontent.

Several of his letters found admission into the 'Public Advertiser.' The proprietors of that journal prided themselves on never paying political writers, but inserted contributions from partisan writers (paid or unpaid by their employers) of all parties, the paper itself professing neutrality. Francis soon entered the lists in favour of Grenville's American policy; Lord Bute, who was still believed to be the back-stairs influence at St. James's palace, being of course assailed with all his powers of sarcasm and argument.

It may be thought difficult to trace Francis's subsequent occasional and unavowed communications to the press, or to penetrate all his 'labyrinth-like turns.' But the clue once obtained to 'the circle's intricate and mystic maze,' the perplexity is overcome. Clearly he had in 1765 resumed his correspondence with the 'Public Advertiser,' and therefore in the columns of that paper, the then leading journal of politics, might be sought a continuance of his political letters. Accordingly in that mine the ore is found. His style, its peculiar force, metaphors and irony, and the quotation of his favourite Latin authors, are almost unfailing tests of the vigour and wit of Candor. It would be obviously impossible to discover with any certainty his minor contributions of secondary ability, such inferior articles being often common to two or more individuals. But throughout a series of superior and marked political letters the necessary quantum of proof of identity may be discovered through due research and perseverance. Such evidence may not amount to absolute demonstration, but circumstantial proofs may nevertheless yield sufficiently ample moral conviction.

The files of Woodfall's journal of 1766 glaringly reflect the mind and methods of Francis. On New Year's day commenced a series of sixteen letters, between January 1

and February 26, under the anonymous signature of Anti-Sejanus, which, critically examined, the most sceptical mind cannot doubt emanated from his pen. The articles are more or less a condemnation of the American policy of the Rockingham ministry. Woodfall always inserted them first in the correspondence. Within the same period, an able letter also appeared on February 4, under the old signature of C., to which was assigned the same place of honour; followed on the 26th by a letter signed Candor. It is unlikely that the editor would have admitted letters pirating such old and respected signatures. When letters bearing a common signature proceeded from different individuals, it was usual for the editor to put a foot note stating the fact. However, the letters of Anti-Sejanus bear internal evidence of their authorship. The Latin mottoes prefixed are from Francis's favourite Roman authors—Horace, Juvenal, Plautus, Lucan, Persius, Cicero, Virgil, Terence, Sallust, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Livy.[1] Thuanus is also quoted, an author little known to most writers. Francis had the work in his possession, and had also a good collection of the Byzantine authors. No writer of the day so much varied his mottoes; and no one of them appears to have been so generally learned in the Latin classics. One of the opponents of Anti-Sejanus accused him of pedantry, and an ostentatious display of his acquirements. Of Francis's opinion of the American questions then pending there can be no question. He was an advocate of the abstract right of Great Britain to tax her Transatlantic colonies. In theory he was perhaps not mistaken. But his philosophy was at fault. Plantations take time to grow up into trees. Dr. Johnson, whose pen had been hired to prove that 'taxation

[1] Of all these classics Francis's library contained editions *prior* to 1766.

was no tyranny' over the unrepresented, in his great dictionary had defined colonies to be bodies of people drawn from the mother country to inhabit distant places. But the great lexicographer and Francis did not perceive that, like infants till their majority, they are dependent on and subject to parents. When of age the dependence is determined. The new colonial community, in growing intelligence, numbers, and wealth, becomes able to govern itself; like young eagles of the nest they grow to be full feathered and able to fly. He however thought the ministerial policy of a repeal of the Stamp Act an evil, backwater course. The War Office at this period was the department receiving all the American military and government despatches. Almost all these documents relating to the New England and other Transatlantic states passed through the hands of Francis. They are almost all docketed in his handwriting, and the answers of Lord Barrington were nearly all drafted by Francis. His intimate knowledge therefore of the disputes with our North American colonies is patent, and it was natural that he should have received such a bias. Further, his collection of pamphlets of the period contains copies of all the principal pamphlets on the controversy of the Stamp Act, and our quarrels with the colonies from 1764 to the commencement of the War of Independence. The constitutional points involved must have greatly interested him; and it was not till after-life that he retracted his opinion, and admitted the Americans had right on their side. On the title page of a later and the ablest defence of the government measures to tax the colonies, he has made a manuscript note, 'I never saw an answer to this pamphlet.'[1] No man

[1] 'The Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies Reviewed, &c. upon the Evidence of Historical Facts and Authentic Records.' 8vo. pp. 207. London, Almon, 1769.

therefore was better qualified for advocacy of the home policy. Moreover, he attended the debates in parliament when American and other questions were discussed. By the following curious letter to his old Lisbon friend, the Rev. Mr. Allen, formerly chaplain of the English Church in Portugal, Francis was present in the House of Lords, and heard the celebrated debate on the colonial question, when a minority of five peers only formed the forlorn hope of our Transatlantic colonists.

London, February 4, 1766.

Dear Allen,—I have but a very few moments to spare, but I will not omit letting you know the event of one of the most important questions ever agitated in Parliament. No less than whether the British legislature had a right to tax the British colonies. You have undoubtedly heard to what a dangerous height disputes have been carried here upon this point, especially since Mr. Pitt thought fit to declare himself so strongly in favour of the claims of the Americans: it is true that his opinion and his manner of declaring it were universally condemned by every Englishman above the rank of a blacksmith; yet it did not fail, as might well be expected, to increase the ferment the nation was in already. Yesterday the point was solemnly argued by both Houses and decided in the Upper House. In the House of Lords, where I attended (for not a single stranger was admitted in the other House) the debate lay between the two great pillars of the law, Lords Chief Justice Cambden and Mansfield. The parties were all prepared. The known anxiety of the public, the fullness of the House, and the profound attention with which these great men were heard, made it a most solemn scene, and seemed to add something to the real importance of the question. The debate took its rise from a motion made by the Duke of Grafton, as follows: 'That the King's Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient tone and validity to bind the colonies and people of America subjects to the Crown of Great Britain in all cases whatsoever.'

I did not get into the House time enough to hear Lord Cambden, who opposed the motion; but I understand that his whole discourse

was rather oratorical than argumentative; that he seemed to have adopted the declamatory stile altogether, with the principles of Mr. Pitt; resting his cause more upon natural rights of humanity and the general doctrine of natural liberty, than upon the laws and true Constitution of England. I need not go through the common train of arguments in favour of freedom, virtual representation, trade, &c., which I dare say were urged with all the force they could possibly admit of. But to very little effect. For when Lord Mansfield had made his reply, it was so full, so learned, so logical, and in every respect so true, that not an atom of doubt remained in the breasts of his hearers. He traced the colonies from their origin—their charters and history—the impossibility of supposing two supreme legislatures—how impracticable to draw a line for bounding the authority of the British legislature; the absurdity of attempting to distinguish between the one act of legislation and another; as if a greater degree of power were required to lay taxes than to make any other kind of law—proved by a multitude of examples that such an idea was equally false in fact as in reason. Expressed the greatest tenderness for the Americans, and his firm belief that these commotions might be appeased without violence or bloodshed. That to give up the act, in order to save our trade, would be in effect incurring—and the surest way of incurring—the mischief we endeavoured to avoid—it would be *ne moriare mori*; and ended thus: 'I shall conclude with saying from my inmost heart *amen* to a prayer once made by Maurice Prince of Orange for his native country, That it may please God to open the understandings and better inform the minds of this poor, innocent, industrious, loyal, brave, but wickedly misled and deluded people.' A long pause between every epithet, and a most pathetic delivery, accompanied this sentence and had an effect which I cannot easily describe. Lord Cambden then made a short reply to one particular point which did not at all affect the whole question, and seemed to give up the argument.

The House then divided, 125 content, 5 not content. The names of the latter were: Lord Cambden, Earl of Shelburne, Earl Paulet, Earl Cornwallis, Viscount Torrington.

You may be sure that this intelligence was soon carried to the House of Commons. They sat till past three, but without dividing, and the consideration of the above motion was adjourned till Wednesday. But it seems Mr. Pitt has himself perceived how much the turn of the House is against him, and we make no doubt the motion will be agreed to *nemine contradicente*.

Tout le monde est d'accord que Monsieur P. est ce qu'on appelle perdu sans retour. Le ministère aussi, à ce que l'on dit, doit se

changer entièrement et bientôt. My account of the debate is wretchedly imperfect, but I really have not time to make it more complete, though I have matter enough in my head to fill a volume.

An Anti-Sejanus letter, of February 15, against the repeal of the Stamp Act, confesses that the vacillating policy of the Rockingham ministry would make it more difficult and dangerous to coerce or 'reduce' the Americans into submission to taxation, 'since the Great Commoner threw everything into confusion.' This fling against Pitt doubtless was an allusion to his speech early in the session. This letter is only remarkable for its justification of the free play of a constitutional system of representative government. 'In every government like this of ours, divisions and factions are most unavoidable; and perhaps, under certain limits and restrictions, they are so far from being productive of evil, that they are even desirable and salutary. The greatest misfortune that can possibly befall a nation, is that of a *political lethargy*; when all the social and patriotic affections are lulled into a trance; and the pure ethereal flame of liberty, that like another soul ought to pervade the whole system, is damped and extinguished. In such a state our faculties are benumbed and stupefied. We are deaf to the voice of honour; patient under the heaviest burthens; unmoved at the grossest indignities; and insensible of the most imminent dangers.'

Anti-Sejanus, on February 26, in an affected leave-taking address to his readers, pretended a severe illness, and the approaching close of his earthly career. He informed them that his medical advisers recommended him 'to take the benefit of the Bath waters, and that he was going to that city immediately. The American subject had become threadbare, and A.-S. evidently desired to terminate his letters under that signature as the best mode

of ending a fatiguing and exhausted controversy.' But he promises future communications to the 'Public Advertiser' from the country, if his life was spared.

The cause of this fulmination against his old idol was most probably the memorable speech of Pitt on January 14, 1766, on the American question, the principal topic of the King's speech on the opening of the session. Pitt had not attended Parliament for some time owing to severe gout. Indeed, he was ill in the country when the resolution in the House of Commons to tax America was proposed, and it was on the later occasion that, ill and only just risen from a sick bed, he pronounced the memorable words, 'America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted.' Such a doctrine at that period was tantamount to treason in the view of the young War Office clerk. Nevertheless, America was only *one* subject of political difference; and it did not blind the eyes of Francis to the former public services of Pitt, nor extinguish his admiration of that great statesman's genius and eloquence. Francis, residing close to St. Stephen's, frequently attended the debates of both houses, and he has left many records of his personal experience of the power and effect of the Great Commoner's speeches. Some, it will hereafter be proved, he reported from memory and made public. The coarseness of Anti-Sejanus in his caricature of Pitt's physical infirmities may now occasion our surprise and regret; but readers familiar with the political controversies and parliamentary personalities of the times know that it was the habit of the highest debaters and the lowest writers in both houses of Parliament to use the most unwarrantable and vulgar terms of vituperation and libel. Pitt himself was no exception; and during the family quarrel with the Grenvilles he is believed by one of his own biographers

to have suggested an attack on his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, in these words: 'But this I will be bold to say, that had he (Lord T.) not fastened himself unto Mr. Pitt's train and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in; and gone off with no other degree of credit, than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality.'[1]

But though Francis would raise or lower his own estimate of the Great Commoner, as the policy and opinions of the illustrious statesman changed, it will now be seen that he would not in his controversies allow opponents to deny the merits of Pitt or denounce his old idol as a political impostor. Anti-Sejanus was not ill, and had not retired to Bath in search of health. He was only, chameleon-like, changing his anonymous signature. His object in this metamorphosis appears to have been, under a fresh name, to defend Pitt against the assaults of the Rockingham press. Pitt was at this time the most popular and formidable public man *out* of office, considered by the opposition as a most necessary ally; and that whatever their differences on the American questions he was deemed an essential member of any new Whig cabinet whenever the Rockingham administration should break down. The latter party of course made the most of Pitt's bold and unpopular advocacy of the rights of the Transatlantic colonists, contrasting his isolation on that question with the different views of Lord Temple and Grenville. The Great Commoner was denounced as unpatriotic, disingenuous and half mad. Francis discerned the breach which was being made in the opposition ranks, and though occa-

[1] Thackeray's 'History of the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham,' &c. 1827, vol. ii. p. 83, and this only a few weeks before he had written a most affectionate letter to his noble brother-in-law.

sionally having attacked Pitt himself, nevertheless he would not allow him to be run down by common enemies. Such changes are not unusual among modern political writers. If the modern press has been condemning a particular act or special policy of an eminent public man, yet, on discovering a design unjustly to destroy a general reputation and past services, it will often forthwith stay its animadversion on the particular subject-matter of disagreement, and will again uphold the falling man. Such only was the apparent inconsistency of Francis in his treatment of Pitt. And writing under an assumed name, he had the advantage of not betraying his identity and occasional disagreement with himself.

Francis's new *nom de plume* was that of *Cato Redivivus*. The wearer of the mask of Anti-Sejanus is easily detected, and the change of signature fails to conceal him. The visor raised discovers the champion of Pitt. The day following the last mentioned letter under the latter name the new one is assumed. The first of the series of eighteen letters of 'Cato Redivivus' appeared on February 27, 1766. It is only a new part of the same actor on the public stage, but he plays his new character in the habit of his old one. The letter opens with Francis's pretences of age, his usual disclaimer of fine writing, and the assertion of his disinterestedness as a voluntary and not a paid writer; and that he did not seek to acquire a character or to establish a fortune; asserting 'my reputation is superior to the attacks of the whole herd of party scribblers, my fortune to the necessities, my philosophy to the superfluities of life. But when the liberty of the press, that just prerogative of the people, that great *palladium* of the *British* constitution, is prostituted to the meanest acrimony, scurrility, and contemptible ribaldry, to serve the infamous and pernicious purposes of envy the

child of ambition, and of detraction the concomitant of envy, it cannot but raise in the breast of every honest man the utmost indignation against such foul mouthed advocates for power, such servile and corrupt prostitutes of their pen.' *Cato Redivivus* then instances the recent 'virulent invectives and odious epithets' of three anonymous writers in the 'Public Advertiser' against Pitt.[1] The letter in substance is an able defence of the war policy of Pitt's first and second ministries, when the British arms were triumphant throughout the world. He closes with an apology for the length of his letter (two columns), postponing an answer to other charges of the calumniators for future communications.

It is very singular, that the same number of the 'Public Advertiser' contains also a short letter signed Atticus; a witty and caustic attack on the Rockingham ministry, the members of which Atticus likens to the Sea Cats described in a recently published work on Kamskatcha, the cats having two bloody quarrels; 'one about their mistresses, which through jealousy they will not suffer another to come near; the other about their places, which they will not allow any other to come into.' 'Atticus' closely reflects the style and satire of Francis, and, under the auxiliary name, was probably a *pendant* to the article of Cato Redivivus. In a second letter of March 5, Cato Redivivus resumes his review and defence of Pitt. On the 7th one of his old ministerial antagonists, under the fictitious signature of 'J. Freeman,' congratulated the readers of the 'Public Advertiser' on the great gun Anti-Sejanus having been spiked; and that 'whether his journey to Bath be real or pretended, is quite immaterial.' Free-

[1] Is it not possible that Francis in the last letter of Anti-Sejanus may have used his own offensive expression against the Great Commoner in order not to be detected as the writer of the Cato Redivivus Letters?

man does not appear at first to have identified the two signatures as those of one individual. On the 10th and 12th Cato Redivivus again takes the field, principally against the financial policy of the ministry, and condemning a repeal of the Stamp Act. On the same day Mr. Anti-Sejanus reappears in a letter dated Bath, the 6th! Probably seeing the taunt of J. Freeman, he desired to show that the intended discontinuance of his letters under his old signature was no confession of defeat, and perhaps he further wished to have it believed that Cato Redivivus was a different person. On the 14th the paper contains an amusing monody on the supposed suicide of Anti-Sejanus, a verdict being brought in of *felo de se*, signed *A Juryman*. The last paragraph of this squib concludes: 'Thus has it pleased Providence to remove (or suffered to remove himself) from us, the most audacious party scribbler that any age or nation ever produced, who being himself possessed with the most malignant poison, endeavoured to infect the whole kingdom by his baneful influence. Let future hireling authors profit by his fate, and ever remember the dreadful exit of Anti-Sejanus.' The ministerial defenders were evidently aware that a new and powerful opposition writer had appeared on the stage of journalism.

On the 12th, a second indignant defence of Pitt appeared under his later signature. In the latter he observes that, 'Without freedom of thought there can be no such thing as wisdom. Without freedom of speech in Parliament there can be no such thing as liberty. Freedom of speech in Parliament is the greatest bulwark of liberty, the brightest jewel that can adorn government; the sacred privilege of a *free*, and the *symptom* as well as *effect* of a *good* government.'

His old opponents, however, seem to have suspected the

change of feathers. J. Freeman, on the 15th, in a defence of the ministry, promises an exposure. 'I shall, by and by, make some cursory observations on the more than Protean changes Anti-Sejanus has undergone and the various disguises and appearances he has assumed, as I think I have a clue which will trace him through all his labyrinths.' Cato Redivivus, on the 18th, continued his defence of the foreign policy of Pitt, concluding a masterly vindication with a graphic portrait of the great orator.

His speeches were not a summary and dry representation of his meaning, uttered in an unaffecting tone, and with an unanimating gesture; but they were orations, and orations pronounced with all the lightning figures and thunder of an orator. He made the most of the weight of all his sentiments, and the force of all his expressions, adapting, to the point for which he was contending, words which have the happiest effect upon the ear, and were best suited to make his cause probable. His action was suited to his subject, full of life, full of spirit, full of emotion, yet full of nature; as if he was directing an engine, he applied it sometimes to severity, sometimes to gentleness; sometimes to damp, sometimes to delight and ridicule; by all the methods of good sense accommodating the persons who were to decide the affair to the occasion, by all the powers of eloquence inclining them to the cause he espoused. His sentiments appeared to be nature, his description a picture, and his language music. All the arguments of his opponents seemed to be made up of plausibility and imposition, and faded away like artificial lights before the sun. Carrying away the understanding by the weight of conviction, he was a mighty torrent that pours along with a resistless flood, and sweeps all things in its course.

'Cato Redivivus' continued his occasional letters; but on April 3, Anti-Sejanus again appears on the boards, dating his letter from Bath, after nearly a month's silence, during which interval he has been almost daily abused. It was his last letter under that first signature, farther vindicating Pitt, and eulogising him for his opposition to general warrants. In the last paragraph he facetiously says he shall leave Bath 'in a few days,' when the

'Public Advertiser' would find him to be a more frequent correspondent than he had been for some weeks past. On the 4th, Cato Redivivus accordingly resumed his pen. The following day the paper inserted a poetical squib by Anti-Sejanus Secundus against the ministerial writers for profane abuse of a sacred name. It had not been acknowledged, and therefore it was probably enclosed in the cover of Cato Redivivus.

In the thirteenth letter of Cato Redivivus, April 26, in answer to one of his opponents, he again alluded to Pitt's eloquence: 'Not even the eloquence of the Great Commoner could seduce me from these principles, though I acknowledge that his eloquence may not improperly be compared to lightning: it is divinely beautiful, and yet powerfully strong; it gilds and adorns everything it shines upon, but yet generally strikes down everything that opposes it.'

All his old opponents being silenced, a sixteenth letter, June 16, was intended to conclude his review of Pitt in the character of a statesman; but a paper appearing in the 'North Briton' against his hero, Cato Redivivus resumed his pen in some further articles in reply to the new antagonist. A final and twentieth letter, July 21, concluded the series, although its postscript promised a continuation on the following Monday, the 28th. In the meantime, however, a public event happened equally astounding and unforeseen. Cato Redivivus appears subsequently to his letter to have had some inkling of the unlooked for step about to be taken by the Great Commoner. For a fortnight past, indeed, it had been whispered to all politicians behind the scenes that the days of the Rockingham cabinet were numbered, and that the King was in secret communication with the leaders of the opposition for 'packing' a new administration. But no man had dreamed

that Pitt would become a political dummy in any cabinet; much less that he would accept the Privy Seal and a peerage. On Saturday, July 27, 1766, the 'Public Advertiser' contained the following paragraph in its notes to correspondents: 'We are much obliged to Cato Redivivus for his timely notice, as otherwise we might have been under some embarrassment.' Doubtless this 'notice' was the suspension by Cato Redivivus of his promised further defence of the Commoner. It is curious how late and scanty was the news of the press on coming ministerial changes. The first announcement of the 'shakiness' of the ill-fated administration in the 'Public Advertiser' was on January 14, when that journal stated it was 'assured' that 'the long talked of changes were at length settled;' and the list of the principal succeeding ministers was very correctly given as afterwards formed: viz. Mr. Pitt, Lord Privy Seal, in the room of the Duke of Newcastle; the Duke of Grafton, First Lord of the Treasury, *vice* the Marquis of Rockingham; the Hon. Charles Townsend, Chancellor of the Exchequer, *vice* Mr. Dowdeswell; Lord Shelburne, Secretary of State for the Southern Department, *vice* the Duke of Richmond; the Hon. John Grenville, Paymaster-General of the Forces, *vice* the Hon. Charles Townsend; the Hon. Mr. Conway continuing Secretary of State for the Northern Department; 'besides other lesser changes.' The 'Public Advertiser' of the next day only contained the following reference to these changes, viz.—'We are assured that Mr. Pitt has accepted of a peerage, and that he will be created Earl of Bath.'[1] On the succeeding day the same journal contradicted itself, as follows: 'There is no necessity for the Lord Privy Seal to be a peer of Great Britain, as has been reported, which suggestion is

[1] This must have been merely a satirical insinuation, comparing his conduct to that of Pulteney.

supposed to have occasioned the report of Mr. Pitt being to be made a peer; for no one can suppose that Mr. Pitt could expect to preserve his popularity and power to serve his country so effectually in the House of Lords, as he can in the House of Commons, unless he means to act like Lord Bath.' Next day, the 28th, the same journal has a further paragraph: 'We are assured that Mr. Pitt, though he be made Lord Privy Seal, will not accept of a *peerage*.' But this paragraph was followed by another: 'It is said that the reason of the post of Lord Privy Seal being pitched upon for Mr. Pitt, in preference to that of Secretary of State, was, that the former does not make him responsible for measures which he may not be allowed to guide, this high and lucrative office being almost a sinecure one; however, his holding any post in the administration will be sufficient to gain it respect both at home and abroad, and to give it stability and importance.' Some minor paragraphs in the same number announced that Lord Lyttleton would 'not succeed to any share of the administration;' that there would be 'some material changes in the first civil offices in Scotland;' and that 'the intended changes in the ministry will occasion a very early meeting of parliament.' In the 'Public Advertiser' of the 31st, the actual appointment of Lord Camden to the Great Seal was announced, and some probable minor changes not before rumoured; but no mention was made of Mr. Pitt's eventual office. At last it became public that the 'Great Commoner' had accepted the 'side-place' of Privy Seal, and a peerage.

As a public writer, Francis appears to have been temporarily paralysed by the Great Commoner's subsidence into the Upper House of Parliament. No contemporary political correspondence by Francis or his friends has been discovered; but after chapters will show his maturer

judgment on Chatham's acceptance at this juncture of the peerage and pension. He vehemently condemned, and was never reconciled to, that great statesman's conduct in 1766. There can be no doubt that these sincere and natural feelings will account for the occasional withering sarcasm and extreme abuse which Francis afterwards, and apparently inconsistently, lavished on his lordship—in reality such alternate attacks and laudations being not so incongruous. It will be soon observed that after Chatham's retirement from his ignoble position in the cabinet—a ministry whose American policy was in diametrical opposition to that of William Pitt—Francis's early admiration of his first idol flowed again, after it had thus ebbed so low. Substantially, it was not the fickleness of Francis, but the devious changes of the minister, which occasioned Francis's alternate approval and condemnation of Chatham. When that powerful public man resumed his position and again headed the popular cause, his former eulogist returned to his earlier predilection, and his homage towards his juvenile idol. Moreover, political writers often use public men for the occasion of the day. In these changes Francis was not single. Many party and personal allies of Lord Chatham were alike true to themselves; at times his followers, at other periods in opposition to the noble lord. Thus, Chatham's nearest relatives and oldest former colleagues in office honestly stood aloof or severed from him, and sometimes when he most sought and needed their aid.

Down to the close of this year, 1766, Francis's papers and the file of the 'Public Advertiser' afford little material certain evidence of a continuation of his contributions to the political press. But he was not altogether idle. In one of his folio volumes of manuscript he has inserted, under

the date of May, 1766, a long and able paper on the political and commercial relations of England and Portugal. It occupies twenty-nine closely written pages. This is followed by a letter of thirty-three folio pages addressed to the Duke of Richmond. At this time his grace was temporarily one of the principal secretaries of state, and Francis sent his paper for his grace's enlightenment and consideration. But the fall of the Rockingham cabinet occurring in August, the duke returned it unused, and with the following note:—

The Duke of Richmond presents his compliments to Mr. Francis. He returns him his observations on the state and trade of Portugal, which he has read with great attention and pleasure. And although the Duke of Richmond has not now the care of these affairs under his directions, he shall be very happy at his return from France (where he is going for a few months) to see Mr. Francis, and to learn from him more facts in regard to Portugal, of which it appears Mr. Francis has so perfect a knowledge.

Whitehall, August 2, 1766.

There is a circumstance extremely curious in relation to Francis's communication and the Duke of Richmond's acknowledgment and return of it on August 2. It will be observed by the note of his grace that Lord Kinnoul's secretary's laborious and valuable papers remained unacknowledged till the duke was in August *out* of office—an interval probably between its receipt and return of two months or more. Now probably the ex-minister's politeness was quickened by a letter which appeared in the 'Public Advertiser' of August 1, under the signature of Tantum—given, as usual with Francis's letters to that journal, the first place in its correspondence. It occupies a column and a half of space.[1] The substance is a sarcastic indignant

[1] The motto is from Juvenal:—

——Virtutem tollimus ipsam,
Præmia si tollas.

protest against the discouragement of the under grades of the English public civil service. It alludes to the constant dissolutions of cabinets and to the cabals of the great families, changes seldom or never boding any good to the nation, because promotions of the really working men are matters of favour—many of no talent or desert being placed over the heads of others better entitled to advancement. The writer then instances Portugal, notwithstanding its ill-government and the inferiority of the people, as a country in which official ability and industry were always recognised and rewarded; and says that Portuguese ministers even acknowledged the letters, and adopted the plans of inferior men of public departments, and never appropriated 'another man's labour and ingenuity, leaving him to starve for his pains.' Tantum admits that although there is 'no liberty of the press and very little liberty of the tongue in Portugal,' yet men of real deserts and large families are not left to starve in the Lisbon public offices and to be lost to the world,' while 'a herd of worthless insignificant creatures fill their places.' Tantum further archly calls public attention to a custom in Portugal worthy of imitation, where the sovereign himself received all private communications from his subjects, and all plans for the advantage of the nation, and all representations by public officers or others of their past services and claims to advancement. No Portuguese minister, he says, 'dares to throw papers aside with a contemptuous neglect.' He adds that after a first address to the king every individual 'sees his name stuck up in the great hall of the royal palace, with that of the particular minister subjoined, to whom he is to apply for the despatch of his business, and has the satisfaction of finding it brought to a short issue.' Probably Francis had unsuccessfully applied to the Duke for the return of his papers;

and nothing could have been more mortifying to such a mind than that his experience and meritorious suggestion for his country's benefit (the labour probably of many nights) should not only have been even unacknowledged but might probably pass unknown to the succeeding ministry. The pungent letter of Tantum, however, palpably gained its object. The Duke of Richmond, by his note on the following day, made a late *amende honorable* so far as concerned good breeding at least; and within twenty-four hours his grace returned the papers of the wounded War Office clerk, with empty compliments, but with a polite expression of a desire to make his future acquaintance. The Duke's oversight may have been unintentional. Charles, the third Duke of Richmond, who in after life was personally known to Francis, was a nobleman esteemed in private life, of polite and distinguished manners, and of independent and patriotic principles. Although he carried the sceptre with the dove at the coronation of George III., his grace never lent himself to the intrigues of the court. His ultra radical creed of parliamentary reform, it is well known, became far in advance of the maturer faith of Francis.

Two of Woodfall's notices to correspondents in this week indicate the telegraph of communications to Francis. A severe and caustic parody—a parallel of Pulteney on his acceptance of the Earldom of Bath with Pitt sinking into the Earldom of Chatham—appeared in the 'Public Advertiser' of August 2. It was entitled, 'A Letter from the Shades;' superscribed, 'From the Habitations of Spirits separated from terrestrial Bodies, July 29.' This *jeu d'esprit* is signed 'William Pulteney. Called Earl of Bath, when on Earth.' It had, as usual, *la première place* in the 'Public Advertiser' correspondence, and had not been acknowledged the previous day; but on publication

Woodfall inserted the following notice: 'To retain and oblige an old and steady correspondent, he will find we have departed from our general rule, by inserting his favour.' The rule of the editor was never to publish communications the morning following their receipt. They had necessarily to be read, for the security of the journal from state prosecution. The parody is a cutting satire, after the usual manner of Francis, on the fall of the Great Commoner. The identity of the writer is of course not certain, but it may be pronounced as more than probable.[1] On the 4th, under the head of 'Intelligence Extraordinary,' the 'Public Advertiser' inserted from 'a correspondent, who has the wonderful faculty of knowing what is in embryo,' a long extract by anticipation of Lord Chatham's well-known letter to Beckford, exculpatory of his place and title. On the 13th, the 'Public Advertiser' contained another special notice: 'We are glad to recognise the handwriting of an old correspondent in a letter from Isleworth, and hope as he has resumed the pen we shall frequently hear from him.' Francis had an old friend and schoolfellow of fortune, Mr. David Godfrey, resident at Isleworth, near London, whom he occasionally visited; but no particular communication can be identified, unless it is one of four epigrams against Chatham. But, on August 28, Woodfall acknowledged the receipt of two letters addressed to Lord Chatham, signed A. B., promising to insert the first on the following day, and the second on the Monday or Tuesday succeeding, 'according to the writer's request.' No other writer appears to have been treated with so much deference. The editor also requested the author will inform him, 'how a line may come to his hands.' Not only was such a favour unusual,

[1] A second letter, under the same designation, also appeared in the 'Public Advertiser' of August 6, 1766.

but the spirit of the two letters against the new peer bear the impress of the pen of Francis. It is, however, proper to state that the same initials of correspondents in the 'Public Advertiser' and several contemporary journals were not uncommon, and that the 'Public Advertiser' contained several letters on different topics at this period so signed, all of which could not be the production of Francis.

The fourth and last letter to Lord Chatham under the signature of A. B.[1] also indicates its origin; containing advice that his lordship, in the disposition of the government patronage, would reward personal merit by the promotion of the most deserving officers in each department, and so promote the public welfare. On the day of publication of this last letter, Woodfall notices in a paragraph at the end of the day's correspondence, 'An *old correspondent* will observe his request complied with in this day's paper.' Utis also is almost certainly another signature of Francis. The same number of the 'Public Advertiser,' September 24, contains a short and pithy letter in reply to another correspondent Syndic, advocating the promotion of 'episcopising in our American colonies.' The 'Utis' letter is a satire on Church and State co-establishments. He warns Syndic against the liberties and privileges of a state priesthood by the example of the Jesuits. D'Alembert's History of the Order of Jesus is cited (a volume which Francis possessed with the Paris imprint of 1766), and Suarez and four other Jesuit authors are quoted for the sanction of immoral acts—ironically lauding the 'under-written Jesuits, to whom the world is indebted for these and many other admirable improvements in morals, and for widening the way to Heaven, which a book called the Gospel had most unconscionably narrowed.' Syndic having replied by a further argument

[1] The four are by one writer, being respectively numbered 1, 2, 3, 4.

really in favour of a forced religious conformity or union, Utis, in a second letter,[1] again cauterises his opponent. This second letter of Utis betrays the associations of Francis. It ridicules the chimera of any State plan of conformity by possibility preventing honest and harmless differences of religious opinion; though Utis contends that if Christians would only agree to differ, they would exhibit a much more genuine faith than they commonly do in worldly practice. He cites an opposite example of the Portuguese Jesuits in Paraguay—he contends that Louis XIV. exemplified his plan for a like 'union in religious matters' by the infamous Edict of Nantes—that Louis's consciencemaker, Father La Chaise, and Coleman, the Duke of York's secretary, influenced our James II. to attempt the same trick, which Protestant Britons defeated by 'turning' that sovereign 'out;' and that the English Tories when uppermost in Queen Anne's reign brought in the *Conventicle*, *Occasional*, and *Schism* Acts 'with the mobbing and destruction of Dissenters' places of worship, for which those times were so famous.' His brief but admirable letter thus ends: 'And thus it is that hypocrites and men—selfish politicians who have no honesty or conscience of their own, and are desirous to extinguish the light of both in others—have been, in all ages, the great declaimers for and promoters of uniformity and union in religious matters.'

One other letter is noticeable in the same journal of October 25, as bearing the signature of Atticus. It might be mistaken for a eulogy on Lord Chatham; but it is in fact a sarcastic citation of a former speech of the 'illustrious' minister, on the American Stamp Act, when Pitt was in opposition, and when the Great Commoner had rebuked the Commons for their *modesty* towards ministers,

[1] 'Public Advertiser,' October 26, 1766.

Pitt having exhorted members 'to get the better of this modesty,' or that 'the collective body may begin to abate of its respect for the representatives.' The point of Atticus is, his 'concern' to remark that 'the collective body of the nation have begun already not only to abate, but even to renounce, all its respect for their representatives, having been too long and too often convinced of their corruption, pusillanimity, and dependence on ministers.'[1] This speech Francis may probably have heard, and the particular words may be quoted.

Such are the fair circumstantial evidences for the early contributions of Francis to the public press. As in the instance of his Candor pamphlets, they are all on the side of civil liberty, constitutional law, and freedom of religious thought and profession. They are, with reference to the political controversies of the times, singularly free from personalities and coarseness, even though lavish of sarcastic irony and wit. Nor is there discernible a single instance of any infidelity in his honourable duties as a confidential clerk in the War Office. The examples have not been partially cited; and several other letters variously signed, apparently in aid of his principal newspaper controversies, have not been extracted, because they do not afford adequate proofs of the identity of authorship. His sensible ideas on the advent of the new and motley Chatham ministry appear to have been to tolerate that administration till its acts proclaimed its character and spirit; at the same time to mark Lord Chatham's inconsistencies and errors. But when he saw the Great Commoner and the Lord Chancellor Camden completely stultify their former American policy by remaining passive and consenting

[1] Sir William Draper at this early time was a contributor to the 'Public Advertiser,' which on the previous day (Oct. 24) contained a letter under the initials W. D. on Indian military affairs.

members of a cabinet reversal of that policy, and when by an unconstitutional order in council they prohibited the exportation of grain, and violated recent Acts of Parliament, Francis was honestly indignant and ashamed of his former idolatry of Pitt. His passions must have boiled over as he heard Lord Mansfield chastise the ex-Lord Chancellor Northington (Chatham's President of the Council), and demonstrate in the Upper House that the dispensing power of the Crown was unconstitutional, and against the letter and spirit of the Bill of rights.[1] Francis possessed all the principal pamphlets on this question, having significantly noted on some of them his indignant sense of the illegality of the order in council, and the danger of the precedent. Chatham, though approving by letter this indefensible measure, had the excuse of absence from the cabinet through illness. But Lord Camden's concurrence in and strange justification of the council order as 'at most but a forty days' tyranny' was a reading of the British constitution which such a mind as that of Francis scorned, and language the utterance of which he could scarcely have believed, unless present in the Lords a listener to the Lord Chancellor's inadvertent but disgraceful speech. Lord Campbell is at a loss, in his life of this eminent judge, to account for conduct respecting so plain a principle of constitutional law; nor was it excused, but aggravated, when Lord Camden, after the resignation of the Great Seal, made the confession that in the cabinet he had long beheld with silent indignation the arbitrary measures of ministers, and had often 'drooped and held down his head in council, and disapproved by my looks those steps which I knew my avowed opposition could not prevent.' Lord Mansfield's masterly

[1] 16 Parl. Hist. 245–312. Lord Campbell's 'Life of Lord Northington,' vol. v. p. 21.

speech against ministers on this order in Council was published by Almon; by whom reported is unknown. Francis possessed a copy of the printed speech, on the title page of which he has written (as the title does not mention the name of the peer who delivered it), 'By Lord Mansfield against Lord Camden.' He corrected in this copy some typographical and other errors, and he may have been the reporter, Almon being a very improbable publisher for Lord Mansfield's own selection. The fly-leaf in this copy opposite the title[1] also contains a characteristic note in the handwriting of Francis: 'Here he (Lord Mansfield) had his revenge against Chatham and Camden. The latter was a sniveling[2] lawyer, and a poor creature at heart. He *would* make the proclamation lawful, and Chatham was forced to follow him against his character, temper, and genius.' In this stretch of the prerogative, Lord Chatham was in truth equally culpable, because he penned his approval of the order before the measure was proposed to the cabinet. Still less could Francis tolerate the colonial policy of this most disreputable ministry. His own opinions, it has been stated, were in favour of the legal *right* of the mother country to tax the colonies. But his common sense disapproved of the absurd repeal of the Stamp Act, and the imposition of the equally obnoxious tea tax, and the duties on imported goods. It was only a short period before, in 1766, that Pitt had received the thanks of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; and that a colossal statue of the Great Commoner in a Ciceronian character and habiliment was erected in Charlestown, South Carolina, with an inscription on the

[1] The title is 'A Speech on behalf of the Constitution against the Suspending and Dispensing Prerogative,' &c. Almon, London, 1767. 8vo. pp. 145.

[2] The term 'snivelling' is used by our best writers—Dryden, Swift, and Cowper among others. Of Teutonic derivation, it has a signification different from the vulgar use of the appellative.

pedestal 'in grateful memory of his services' in 'defending the freedom of America.' The after acts of Lord Chatham's cabinet in truth produced the War of Independence. A mother country right may exist which at certain periods of the growth of a colony ought not to be enforced. Thus are great statesmen occasionally at variance with themselves in the advocacy of antagonistic principles and opposite policies. Biographers commonly either keep the errors of their subjects in the background, or, magnifying errors, overlook comparative superior merits, in their lives of public men.

This divergence from the subject of the personal life of Francis is justified by the necessity of showing all the true bearings and ultimate formation of his political opinions, and as a vindication of his changing estimates of the characters and acts of the leading public men of the times. He had no intimate relations with any of the ministers or members of the opposition of the period, but occasionally met many public men and literary characters at the town house of Mr. Calcraft; and through his father he gained much knowledge of the retrospective history and current politics of the Whigs and the 'Court Party.' It is clear that for three years he had maintained a strict incognito in his own contributions to the press, as his domestic and other correspondence with relatives and family friends proves; politics never being a topic. His official position was doubtless one principal motive for his keeping his opinions and his writing a profound secret within his own breast. And excepting his brother-in-law, Alexander Mackrabie, and his schoolfellow Godfrey, Philip Rosenhagen and Mr. David Gravier, and one of the Fitzpatrick family in the Custom House, he does not appear to have had any intimate associates interested in politics. But he was a frequenter of coffee-houses, at that time the party

clubs of London. The latter fact his familiar letters and papers prove. His occasional tours in the country were then chiefly confined to Isleworth, the residence of Godfrey, and to Fulham where Mrs. Francis's parents resided. And he annually or oftener visited his father and Mr. Calcraft, the country seat of the latter being at Ingress in the county of Kent. It is a tradition in his family that he first visited Paris in 1766, but there is no epistolary record or proof of the fact.[1] But it is not improbable, as his library contained several French books bearing the imprint of that year; and he wrote to Gravier, promising to join him in that metropolis of the Continent, if he could contrive an office furlough. By the letters, however, of Gravier which Francis has preserved, the latter would appear certainly not to have kept his provisional engagement. His private volume of letters from friends in this year, and the War Office records showing his handwriting, except in a few days of interval, would lead to the conclusion that he had not been in Paris this year; nor is there any evidence that he had visited any other countries up to this time since his return from Lisbon in 1760.

In 1766, Mrs. Francis gave birth to a third child, their daughter Harriet, born on February 19. Thus the cares and expenses of an infant and increasing family came fast upon him; and no marvel that he should anxiously desire an increase of means for their support, together with a growing disappointment that his conscious talents should so long be kept under a bushel. In one of Gravier's letters to him from the ship Essex in the Downs, July 16, 1766, his friend writes to him a singular prediction of

[1] Lady Francis, who draws romantic pictures of her husband's personal beauty, says that he was called there 'Le Bel Anglais.'

Francis's future rise in life: 'As to the mutations in the ministry, I am sure you are too much a philosopher to let them affect you. Leave to fate the care of your future fortune and enjoy the present in perfection. Think not that merit like yours was ever calculated to be buried, or to shine according to the whim of a set of —— in place (Lord B—— is excepted). No, my friend; inspired with the spirit of prophecy, I tell you you will never have occasion to murmur at your destiny.' Unfortunately every man who makes a prediction has not the power to make it true. Godfrey,[1] although rich, was a man of no political influence. He was, however, the godfather of Francis's third daughter Harriet. There is often an uncertainty in the time of the accomplishment of prophecies. Francis had been four years in his secondary clerkship of the War Office, and it will be hereafter shown that he continued in the same subordinate, ill-recompensed employment for eight years longer, his wife biennially presenting him an increase of their family, to 1772. But notwithstanding an excitable, sensitive, and occasionally a morbid temperament, his severe industry and dominant resolution to labour for his proper place in life never failed.

ANTI-SEJANUS.

I have thought it best to allow Mr. Parkes's ingenious reasoning to prove by internal evidence the almost sole authorship of Francis both of the papers thus signed, and other allied compositions, to stand as in his original manuscript. Nevertheless, the result affords a somewhat curious indication of the uncertainty of the conclusions deduced from such evidence. Among the original Woodfall papers is the following MS. note, ostensibly from *Anti-Sejanus*, to Woodfall.

[1] *Sic* in Mr. Parkes's original. There is a confusion between 'Gravier' and 'Godfrey' which my materials do not enable me to set right.—Editor.

Sir,—I am alarmed to see in yours of yesterday the acknowledgment of the receipt of a letter signed 'A Friend to Anti-Sejanus,' of which neither myself nor *any of my friends*, are acquainted with the writer. As it is one of *our signatures*, I hope your candour will suppress it, if there is anything in it that may discredit any of the party. I am, very sincerely,

Your friend and most humble servant,

ANTI-SEJANUS.

This letter, as if to add to the intricacy of the question, is in a handwriting, in the opinion of Mr. Parkes himself, as well as of others to whom he showed it, certainly not that of Francis.

'Before the discovery of this MS. note,' he says, in a memorandum, dated May 17, 1814, 'I had a strong opinion that *Anti-Sejanus* was one of Philip Francis's many 1765 assumed anonymous signatures, though I was perplexed by apparently inconsistent parts of that writer's public political writings. But if this MS. note be the real handwriting of that writer, it bears no similarity to Francis's natural or fictitious handwriting. Also, by the contents of the note, *Anti-Sejanus* would appear to be one of a junto of party writers acting in concert and confidence, whereas Francis always worked *per se* without connection with other writers. But then *Junius*, in a private note to H. S. Woodfall, No. 8, September 10, 1769, pretends that 'there are people about me' prompting imprudent letters.

'To re-examine 1765 newspaper "Public Advertiser" file, and reconsider this enigma. Certain contemporary writers believed *Anti-Sejanus* and *Cato Redivivus* to be the same individual.'

Undoubtedly the curious note to Woodfall may be a 'blind.' But it remains a probable conclusion to be drawn from this and other portions of the evidence, first, that in much of the correspondence previous to the letters signed Junius, Francis had colleagues; secondly, that the Woodfalls, or H. S. Woodfall at least, were not wholly unacquainted with the combination of clever party writers to whom they owed so much of their continued reputation and success.—[EDITOR.]

Francis has thus far been traced as an active voluntary and unpaid contributor to the London press on political and other subjects, from 1763 to 1766, and never, in any

instance, under his proper name. It may therefore be presumed that he would continue his vocation in 1767. A progressive improvement in style and higher aims might be expected, and that such a young writer's peculiarities in composition would accumulate and become more manifest. A perfect file of the 'Public Advertiser' of this year,[1] with the aid of Francis's manuscripts and correspondence, and the catalogue of his library, afford 'scents' which, patiently followed up, render the probable if not certain identification attainable. The clue, though interwoven, serves for a guide.

It has been seen that our Portuguese policy was naturally a subject of Francis's interest. He had formed acquaintance with some English mercantile firms in Lisbon, and with some of their London partners he became intimate on his return home. Among his papers are copies of many of their memorials to our government, and of several printed pamphlets on our commercial grievances in Portugal, between 1760 and 1766. In the 'Public Advertiser' of the last day of 1766, Woodfall announced in his notices to correspondents that a *Lusitanicus* packet was come to hand. On New Year's day (1767) there is a further announcement, '*Lusitanicus* in our next.' Accordingly, a letter under that signature appeared on January 2. It was editorially headed by the announcement that 'for a curious anecdote of Oliver Cromwell, see the last page.' The perusal of 'Lusitanicus' scarcely leaves room for a doubt that it is from the pen of Lord Kinnoul's ex-private secretary. The letter, occupying two columns, is written with all the force and satire of Francis's later effusions, and repeats

[1] This file, from 1766 to 1784, had been fortunately preserved, for three generations, in the printing office of Mr. H. D. Woodfall. It is the only known perfect set of that journal.

some of his favourite ideas, scarcely concealing his former official relations in Lisbon. Though carefully avoiding any allusion to Lord Kinnoul's particular embassy, the writer substantially recites its objects and their failure, so far as concerns any considerable redress of mercantile grievances. At the end, the editor in italics adds, 'to be continued,' thus designating it only as the first portion of the communication. Probably such was the fact, or that a continuation had been privately promised. None, however, appeared under the same signature until ten days afterwards. The conclusive part may have been withdrawn, or if not enclosed with the first part, the completion might have been postponed by the writer. But the former reason was the most likely, as in the 'Public Advertiser' of the next day (January 3) the editor inserted the following paragraph among the notices to correspondents, 'An old correspondent shall be obliged.' Doubtless the obligation was the insertion of a news paragraph in that day's 'Public Advertiser,' to the effect that Lord Chatham had just despatched a messenger to the court of Portugal demanding an immediate redress of our grievances, and a stricter fulfilment of the British treaties with Portugal. This paragraph, in lieu of the promised continuation of Lusitanicus, clearly denotes the writer's access to official sources of information; the paragraph stating that Lord Chatham *had* made 'a positive and distinct communication' to the Portuguese government to that effect. The paragraph is highly complimentary to Lord Chatham, and stating that the new minister was exhibiting his ancient bold policy and spirit, and that the ministry of Lord Chatham might eclipse that of Mr. Pitt; for that in the event of the Portuguese government not replacing British commerce on its original footing, and unless ample justice was done to our merchants, it 'was determined to open a trade

directly with the Brazils, in conformity to specific stipulations of treaty.' This paragraph may have been sent to the newspaper with the privity of Francis's old friend, Mr. Wood, from whom the writer would probably derive his information. The War Office rooms then adjoined and communicated with those of the Treasury and Commissariat. The article is signed *Craftsman*. The identity of Francis as Lusitanicus is further proved by the Cromwell anecdote published with the letter. It is in substance the well-known anecdote from Lord Orrery's State papers, of the project, in the interregnum between Cromwell's acceptance of the protectorate or the title of king, of a negotiation for a marriage between his youngest daughter Frances and Charles II. Not only had Philip Francis noted this anecdote in one of his early volumes of manuscript notes of his readings, but his library contained a copy of Carte's Ormonde Papers;[1] and in one of his acknowledged pamphlets, forty years afterwards, the same historical anecdote is repeated.

On Jan. 10, appeared, under notices to correspondents, an acknowledgment of the receipt of 'A. B. to the Earl of Chatham.' This probably was enclosed with a further letter of Lusitanicus, because Woodfall's receipt of the latter was not acknowledged, and also as both letters were published in the 'Public Advertiser' of the same day, January 13.

The second letter of Lusitanicus appears as a distinct communication; and it of course was framed on the new state of circumstances in the intervening week.

The letter of A. B. bears also strong assay marks of Francis's authorship. It is addressed to Lord Chatham, with a motto from St. Augustine, *non magna loqui sed vivere*. Francis possessed the Latin works of St. Augustine, and appreciated some of the Saint's admirable though Catho-

[1] Edition 1739, lot 307 in the Francis Library Sale Catalogue.

lic writings. He commences this second letter by stating that he had addressed 'several letters' to his lordship, 'in the "Public Advertiser" of August and September last, wherein I ventured to foretell that the unnatural ferment which had been raised by the malevolent insinuations and shameless assertions of your enemies would shortly subside;' and he then proceeded to congratulate himself on being no 'false prophet,' his exact predictions having been fulfilled. He then eulogises the earl, contrasting his statesmanlike qualities with those of the minister's chief opponents; the latter of whom A. B. describes as the faction 'of a few private families' seeking office from the lust of power, and for the enrichment and aggrandisement of themselves, at the expense of the nation, and at the sacrifice of rewards due 'to men of real merit.' In many of his preceding letters he had harped on the unrequited deserts of the secondary and junior officials of our public civil departments. He recites the glories of Chatham's earlier administrations, and assures him of the love and '*veneration*' of the people, if the 'Earl' will continue to be the 'Commoner' he was. A. B. then lauds the 'irresistible eloquence' of the peer (in Francis's old terms) as affecting the heart, and at the same time convincing the understanding and entitling Chatham to the just name of the 'British Cicero.' He concludes by denouncing hireling writers, averring himself to be unpaid and unknown to the earl; and expresses his confidence, that in the conduct of the foreign policy of the country, the 'Earl of Chatham' will be no more intimidated than was the 'Great Commoner.' It will be hereafter seen that this latter was almost in spirit and letter repeated by Francis in a private anonymous letter to Lord Chatham himself.[1]

[1] Letter of Junius to Lord Chatham, January 2, 1768, 'Chatham Correspondence,' iii. 302.

Thus under two different signatures on the same day Francis again resorted to his old plan of multiplying himself, the variety of his signatures adding to his action on public opinion, and also abridging the chances of his personal discovery.

In the 'Public Advertiser' of March 3, appeared another letter on the subject of Portuguese oppression of our merchants, under the fresh signature of *Ulissipo Britannicus*. This is palpably another disguise of Francis. It was written to press the question again on the attention of ministers, who, 'in the multiplicity of business,' the writer fears may overlook a pressing wrong. He calls public attention to a pamphlet just published, 'Authentic Memorials of the British Consul and Factory at Lisbon,' detailing the old grievances. The perusal of the pages, he ironically says, made him admire the calm patience of his countrymen, long suffering under so oppressive a load. He says that the facts, with vouchers, had been delivered to Lord Kinnoul, when ambassador in Portugal, and were 'afterwards transmitted to the late Great Commoner and the Earl of Halifax, while they managed the affairs of State.' The latter facts of course must have been known to Francis. Further, among his collection of pamphlets is a copy of the one in question; and it will be hereafter seen that 'Ulissipo' was a signature in divers combinations subsequently used by him.

These letters appear to be his only political contributions to the 'Public Advertiser' in the first three months of this year. There are three or four intervening letters and paragraphs on miscellaneous and literary subjects, one of which especially, on Rousseau's quarrel with Hume, might reasonably be assigned to him; but the internal and external evidence of their authorship is insufficient positively to identify them as by Francis. In one of

these doubtful papers, signed *Pictor*, Francis would seem to have been trying a dramatic style of lampooning, which, in the course of this year, it will be soon seen, he successfully practised. Pictor satirises Lord Mansfield under the character of Frosty, Dr. Johnson under the name of Pension, and some third public man as Antique. The letter is in answer to one inserted in the 'Gazetteer,' then partly edited by his own father, and has Francis's peculiar irony.

In this month he appears to have become disgusted with the acts of the new cabinet, who certainly disappointed the expectations of the entire liberal public. An announcement in the 'Public Advertiser' of March 4, that 'An old correspondent may be assured that we shall with pleasure insert his favours as hertofore,' soon indicated Francis under the signature of *Onustus* in the paper of that day. The letter compares Chatham to Balaam, and truly complains of the useless places created, and the undeserved pensions conferred; speaking of the 'late Great Commoner, and now little Earl of C.' Francis had not changed; but Chatham had surrendered himself to his colleagues, and in the American policy had turned his coat. On the 7th, Onustus continues his Balaam parody. On the 9th, the same writer reflects on the earl's sulky absence in the country, and represents him as only suffering from *political* gout. A fourth letter, on the 10th, attacks the minister with increased severity. Onustus was not inconsistent, he only echoed the opinion of the public. In political parties there are no reactions so sudden, no animosities so bitter, as those excited by men in office, who violate pledges given in opposition. Consistency was the quality he respected in George Grenville. In this last letter of Onustus, Francis specially shows his partiality for that statesman, referring to him as 'Mr. Grenville,

that able and honest minister, who fell a sacrifice to the restlessness, jealousy, and revenge of an ambitious favourite.'

In the preceding month, Lord Chatham's continued illness and absence from London had completely paralysed the government, and fostered cabals. Charles Townsend and Conway were notoriously negotiating with the Rockingham party, with the object of ousting the Duke of Grafton, and many resignations of office were threatened. All was chaos in the King's councils. Still Chatham showed no intention of retirement. The bright hopes on his entry into office were now changed into gloom and every disappointment.

The year 1767, and the four subsequent years, of the volumes of Woodfall's journal, critically and attentively studied, clearly show the distinctive penmarks of Francis, the progressive formation of his style, and the growing power of his political writings. The earlier writings of few celebrated *political* authors are comparable to their after productions. Experience of public life and knowledge of human nature are essential attainments before maturity. The works of Swift, Cobbet, Paine, and of almost all the eminent political writers of the Georgian era, might be cited in proof of the fact. Shakespeare published his exquisite 'Venus and Adonis' when only twenty-one years old. Milton had produced his 'Lycidas' and 'Comus' before his majority; but years only create the skill of the literary politician, who treats of social science, or embarks in party controversy.

It is plain that Woodfall constantly, though intermittently, received from his old and 'valued' correspondent fresh communications, because they are always specially acknowledged and almost invariably inserted at the head of the columns appropriated to the correspondence of the

journal. One fact is remarkable throughout these singular contributions of Francis—that Woodfall, from the terms of his several and varied acknowledgments of them, certainly did not know from what individual they came. The handwriting of the contributor was clearly the editor's mode of recognition as the 'favours' of one and the same writer. Whether at this time Francis wrote in a natural or a feigned hand can only be subject of speculation. But as his handwriting in the *Candor* first letter of August 2, 1764, was disguised, though indifferently, and as Woodfall probably knew the hand of his schoolfellow, it is a fair presumption that all the subsequent communications were penned in the same artificial manner; and this probability will be heightened by after circumstances.

But to pass through, and out of such a labyrinth, the reader must now be carried forward.

Close on the heels of Onustus followed on April 27, 1767, two short satirical letters in the 'Public Advertiser,' bearing the signatures of *Consistens* and *A Real Cook en Culotte*. On the 24th inst. a list of a pending new administration, 'now handed about,' had appeared in the 'Public Advertiser.' It assigned a coming new premiership to the Duke of Bedford, the Treasury to Lord Rockingham, the Great Seal to Lord Mansfield, &c.; the cast of parts being a most unlikely amalgamation of political sections. It was probably 'a feeler' from the pen of some writer who sought a place in the cabinet, or some subordinate officer. It seems to have excited the ire of Francis and his sense of the ridiculous. The two letters demolishing the spurious list palpably exhibit his style and personal associations. He stamps as counterfeits some of the names in the list as those of 'notorious stigmatised men who violently *supported general warrants*.'

The political burglary in Wilkes's dwelling-house con-

tinued to be an inexpiable crime in the eyes of Francis; and it was more or less constantly referred to and indignantly denounced in his after political productions; even to the close of life. It was the *bête noire* of his mind; but it was a past evil, rarely, if ever, alluded to by any other contemporary correspondent of the 'Public Advertiser.' It was naturally the ghost which haunted Candor. Further, the letter of the *Cook* refers to a similar prose *jeu d'esprit* in the 'Public Advertiser' of February 4, published with the *Britannicus* Portuguese letter.[1] Again, the *Real Cook* betrays his own calling by the statement that so scandalous were the jobs, and the bestowal of the best places on the least deserving men, that he himself had been nineteen years in a second class office 'without experience of dismission or resignation.' In this paper he states that he then had expectations of benefit through one patron, after attaching himself in vain to and receiving empty promises from five heads of office. He described Chatham as the cat's-paw of all the self-seekers and place-hunters of the kingdom, and suggests that a public house or 'eating house' should be opened in London with the sign of 'A Pensioner on Crutches.'

From this period Francis, apparently having discovered the force, value, and power of his pen, commenced a more serious and masculine style of writing. On the day following the publication of the two last-mentioned letters, appeared a letter of heavier calibre and with a peculiar assumption of dignity and gravity. It bore the signature of *Poplicola*, the name of one of the first Roman Consuls. It is singular that, contrary to Woodfall's almost invariable

[1] This former squib was evidently by Francis, as the *Cook* terms it 'my *quaint* but very honest letter of the 4th of February last.' This *jeu d'esprit* was a pretended advertisement of a procurer of places in public offices for men seeking patronage.

habit to his correspondents, this letter was unacknowledged when received. It therefore in all probability was enclosed in the same envelope as the preceding printed letters, and needed no notice. The authorship of Poplicola has been attributed by a late American writer to Horne Tooke—a simple guess—it being *assumed* that Francis's known admiration of Chatham made *his* authorship of it not only inconsistent but impossible. This fallacious objection to Francis's identity as the author, has been already fully shown in this chapter of his life, and indeed the continued attack on Chatham is one of the proofs that Poplicola was Francis. This letter is throughout stamped with the spirit of Francis's style and sentiments. In the first three sentences his authorship is denoted by his repeated use of the preposition *to* six times. The expression of 'so black a villain' was the peculiar and coarse language of vituperation used by Francis years afterwards. It might have been wished that so eloquent and powerful a writer was not the author of some vituperative passages in this and a following second letter of Poplicola; but truth compels the admission. The hypothesis that Horne Tooke was the author is absurd; his style, in the few early political articles written by the Parson of Brentford, will on comparison be found to be widely different. The writers who raised the suspicion of Tooke's authorship of Poplicola did so partly on the assertion that 'about' this period Tooke had returned from a tour in Italy, passing previously some weeks with Wilkes in Paris. But not only was Tooke abroad during the entire year and previous autumn of 1766, but by one of his letters he was in Paris so late as May 25, 1767.

On May 23 the 'Public Advertiser' contained a witty, quaint, and ironical letter against cant and hypocrisy in politics and religion, under Francis's old anonym of *One of*

the People. This was almost certainly his, by its allusion to the communications under the signature of *Margery the Cook.* It is a clever satire on the English observance of the Sabbath, in one law for the rich and another for the poor. Bolingbroke, one of his favourite authors, is also quoted. The first and the last sentences bear unmistakeable marks of Francis's hand. It opens in the following manner: 'The negroes have a notion that when God Almighty made man, the devil tried his hand at creation too; but not being able to complete his purpose, instead of a perfect man he made a monkey.' He closes by stating that the magistrates' fine inflicted for swearing is a punishment proportionate to the rank of the swearer; that a man of fashion pays five shillings for his lordship's oath, whereas his footman may swear for a shilling;' he avers that the reason is good, because swearing is a vulgar custom, and a man of quality should not demean himself by doing anything vulgar.' He adds, that 'Margery the Cook must not think herself authorised to play at all fours with the footman in the kitchen because her lady is at *picquet* with a fine gentleman in her dressing-room; nor must she allow herself to sell the coals because her mistress slips a guinea out of the quadrille pool. She must be sober, though her lady loves liquors. She must read her Bible and go to church, though her ladyship studies Hoyle and plays cards of Sundays. She must keep the commandments though her lady don't know one from t'other; and she must love and fear God though her lady never thinks at all about Him.' This style of contrast or antithesis was his peculiar vein of humour and illustration of an argument.

Curiously, he early came into collision with Sir William Draper; perhaps without being aware that they were antagonists. Sir William was a resident at Clifton and an

occasional contributor to the 'Public Advertiser;' signing his initials, only without any address. Wilkes, in a well-known pamphlet addressed to the Duke of Grafton, had made some strong reflections on Chatham, and Draper (who had been under obligations to that minister) answered them and counter-attacked Wilkes. This Draper letter caused a second letter from Poplicola.[1] The latter justified Wilkes, distinctly answering the charge against him of inconsistency towards Chatham. 'Poplicola,' after logically destroying the argument of Draper, without undertaking the defence of that gentleman's conduct or character, says, 'I cannot admit that because Mr. Pitt was respected and honoured a few years ago, the Earl of Chatham therefore deserves to be so now; or that a description which suited him in one part of his life must of necessity be the only one applicable to him at another. It is barely possible that a very honest commoner may become a very corrupt and worthless peer.' This is equally a defence of the apparent inconsistency of his own different estimates of Lord Chatham. This second letter of Poplicola is far the most severe of all Francis's past invectives against that minister. On June 10, Woodfall appears, by the following acknowledgment, to have received another communication; 'A due attention will be paid to *One of the People's* request: his present favour shall have a place in our next.' But on the following day the editor notes that 'When we promised our old correspondent *One of the People's* letter a place to-day, we overlooked his desire of having it appear on Saturday, when it shall be inserted.' Accordingly, on the latter day, the 13th, it was published; as usual at the head of the correspondence. Its object was

[1] 'Public Advertiser,' May 28, 1767. This letter, as printed, erroneously calls Sir William Draper's initials C.D. This may have been either the error of the compositor or the mistake of Francis.

to denounce the violation of public decency in married men of rank appearing at Newmarket and in the parks with their mistresses, and the equal insult to society of those friends who countenance such immorality, by friendly recognition of the frail women. The moral was clearly aimed at the Duke of Grafton.

On June 23, appeared the announcement to the 'Public Advertiser' correspondent, that Anti-Sejanus Jun. is come to hand.' This signature as *jun.* was only a fresh christening of the Anti-Sejanus of 1766. Like the 'Father of Candor,' 'it was a change of shape,' common in the writer. This letter occupies the place of honour in the 'Public Advertiser' of the following day. It is a bitter terse attack on the ministry, particularly aimed at Lords Chatham and Bute. The motto prefixed is a passage from Francis's magazine of mottoes, the 'Annals' of Tacitus. It is from the first book, typifying a woman raging with all the impotence of female ambition, and a people enslaved by a woman[1] and two juveniles. Singularly enough, in one of Francis's earliest bound volumes of manuscripts a printed cutting from the 'Public Advertiser' of this letter is pasted within, and manuscript dated, in his own hand, June 24, 1767. This letter exhibits the writer's early prejudices against the Scotch. Believing Chatham to have been the mere nominee of Lord Bute, 'Anti-Sejanus Jun.' hurls the well-known invective against Chatham.

I will not censure him for the avarice of a pension, nor the melancholy ambition of a title. These were objects which he perhaps looked up to, though the rest of the world thought them far beneath his acceptance. But to become the stalking-horse of a stallion; to shake hands with a Scotchman at the hazard of catching all his infamy; to fight under his auspices against the constitution; and to receive the word from him, prerogative and a thistle (by the once respected name of Pitt); it is even below con-

[1] Meaning the Princess Dowager.

tempt. But it seems that this unhappy country had long enough been distracted by their divisions, and in the last instance was to be oppressed by their union.

In this short letter, of only half a newspaper column, the preposition *to* is used twenty-three times.

In the same folio volume are pasted three other newspaper slips, probably his own productions. The authorship of one of them, cut from the 'Public Advertiser,' by the following singular circumstantial evidence, is fixed on Francis. His last letter in June had been under his former signature of *One of the People.* On July 10, the day before publication, Woodfall announced its receipt in the following singular notice:—

'*One of the People's* favour is come to hand, and shall have a place in our next. We were not unmindful of the request contained in the cover of a former letter, but some of the MSS. being destroyed, and the papers in which they were inserted mislaid, we have not as yet been able to comply with it, but hope by our correspondent's return to town to perfect them. His MSS. in future shall be preserved. We shall think ourselves happy in hearing from him, as the postage for correspondents' letters is what we pay with the utmost readiness.'

Now this remarkable paragraph shows that the 'old and valued correspondent,' had requested the editor to preserve and return the manuscripts of his communications; and apparently to select and to send him some numbers of the 'Public Advertiser' in which his letters had appeared; and farther, that at this time his correspondent (if Francis) was leaving London for a time; and the paragraph acknowledges an offer of such correspondent to send the 'Public Advertiser' occasional communications, notwithstanding his temporary absence. The letter of *One of the People*, published on July 11, is a curious and ingenious column, similar also to the letter in the same journal which a year before had produced the

return by the Duke of Richmond of Francis's manuscript on Portugal. *One of the People* says that all writers are impelled either by the love of fame or profit, but that they cannot please their readers without in a degree consulting the public appetite and taste. The writer then describes himself as 'not of sufficient dignity to be ranked in any class of literati,' and as 'more a man of the world than the closet.' He ends his letter by the intimation that probably few of Woodfall's correspondents keep copies of all their letters to the 'Public Advertiser,' ironically intimating, that he still hoped for the return of his own manuscripts. A few days afterwards appeared a short anti-ministerial letter, under the signature of *Mindful*, merely in answer to the laudation of the government, in a letter signed *Attention*.[1] Woodfall recognises his old friend *Mindful* by the following notice to him in the same day's paper :—

An old correspondent will see we have paid due attention to the paragraph he sent us ; and we take this opportunity of expressing our wish of hearing from him more frequently, as his favours were ever well received by the public, and did credit to our paper. We mean to be understood when it may suit his convenience or inclination.

Francis had thus evidently apprised Woodfall of an intended absence from London. A correspondence between Francis and his friend Gravier, mid-July, Gravier being then in Geneva, had fixed a meeting either in Paris the third week of that month, or at Lisle on August 4. Francis could not leave early enough for his Paris project, but a letter to his brother-in-law, Alexander Mackrabie, addressed Philadelphia U.S., whither, as we shall see, Mackrabie was going, of the date of the 4th, says: 'This day I set out for Lisle to meet Gravier, and

[1] 'Public Advertiser,' July 16, 1767.

make the tour of Holland and Flanders; the post chaise is waiting at the door.' The War Office letter books and papers show no handwriting of Francis after the 3rd. This also corresponds with the date of his following first letter to Mrs. Francis :—

Aire, August 6, 1767.

My dearest Betsy,—This place is midway between Calais and Lisle. We arrived here this evening safe and sound between eight and nine. I write from hence a few lines because if I were to defer it till my arrival at Lisle it would make a difference of several days. All I can tell you at present is that our journey and voyage has hitherto been favourable. Inform Mrs. Langdale that I saw her son this evening and delivered my commission; he is well and in good spirits.

My good girl, do you take care to keep up yours? I am most excessively tired and so must conclude,

Yours, yours in truth,

P. F.

His second letter to his wife was from Brussels :—

Brussels, August 11, 1767.

We arrived here last night perfectly well, though not a little fatigued. This is the best news, and all that I am able to send you yet. We left my father at Lisle very much out of order; but we expect him here to-night. The roads are all paved, which I promise you is the most detestable circumstance in the world to a head naturally inclined to ache. We are vastly well lodged here, and intend staying all the week, but I see no likelihood of our going into Holland.

I lay at Ghent last Sunday night, and stayed there the greatest part of yesterday. Tell Mrs. Langdale that I saw her daughters and delivered her letter; they are perfectly well and I think surprisingly improved. Gravier is now sitting by to have his hair drest, in order to ascend a superb coach.

I have nothing to add but what you know, that I am yours most truly and affectionately.

Make my compliments to all friends, and kiss my sweet children.

Yours, yours,

P. Fr.

I wrote to you from a place called Aire in Flanders.

He was then on his way home, but there is no record of the exact day of his return. By the War Office documents, his absence would appear to have been barely three weeks. In the interim of his absence no letters bearing any of his old signatures nor any communications in his style appeared in the 'Public Advertiser,' the journal in the interregnum being particularly dull. But on Aug. 25 appeared a short spicy letter (unacknowledged but accorded the first place in the day's correspondence) under the signature of *A Faithful Monitor*. Further, the internal evidence of the authorship is curious. The *Faithful Monitor* unconsciously betrays Francis's recent absence abroad in his first sentence of address to the printer: 'Sir—*I have been some time in the country*, which has prevented your sooner hearing from me. I find you and your brother printers have got greatly into a sort of knack of stuffing your papers with flummery upon two certain brothers,[1] who are labouring in vain, endeavouring to force themselves out of the world's contempt. I have great good will to you, and hope you are well paid for this sort of nonsense, as indeed you ought to be, for it certainly disgraces your paper.' The letter is dated from St. James's Coffee House. It quotes the Latin sentence before used in the *Candor* pamphlets:—

> Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget.

The writer also uses a French expression, advising the editor to 'give up the noble pair as *enfans perdus*.' The Irish people are characterised in the peculiar terms in which an Irishman would describe them, as 'the brave Irish whose hasty tempers, or whose blunders, may sometimes lead them into a quarrel, but whose swords always carry

[1] Lord Townsend and Charles Townsend; the former then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the latter Chancellor of the Exchequer.

them through it.' He describes the government as '*a locum tenens* administration,' and the Townsends as weak props which will not enable the Duke of Grafton to stand, 'after throwing down his idol Pitt, at whose false altar he had before sacrificed his friends.' Conway he treats with less severity, lamenting over his inconsistency, as foregoing for Grafton 'the connections of his youth and the friends of his best and ripest judgment.' Lord Townsend had served in the expeditions to the French coast, and the *Faithful Monitor* says: 'I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum.* I have served under the one, and have been forty times promised *to be served* by the other.' Thus incidentally, perhaps unwittingly, the writer denotes himself as an inferior member of the public service, one aspiring to higher office; and, specially, again he states that he is an unpaid contributor to the 'Public Advertiser.'

Lord Townsend could have no right to complain of such political attacks, as his own happy caricature drawings (numbers of them engraved and published) against his opponents were equally personal and severe; and his 'Castle Writers' in Dublin, paid out of the public purse, were violent and libellous beyond all comparison with the opposition press.

As one illustration of the ill-government of Ireland during these scandalous cabals of the English aristocracy and the court, it is not inappropriate to record that from the accession of George III. to this period, there had been seven Lords-Lieutenant of the sister island: the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Halifax, the Earl of Northumberland, Viscount Weymouth, the Earl of Hertford, the Earl of Bristol, and Viscount Townsend. The five last noblemen successively held the Lord-Lieutenancy within little more than the space of a single year, from

the middle of May 1765 to the latter end of July 1766. The Irish viceregency had been usually held for the term of three years, and was sometimes enjoyed for six years. Each new Lord-Lieutenant received a douceur of 3,000*l.* on his arrival in Dublin from the *Irish* treasury, as an 'outfit.'

A fulsome eulogy of Lord Townsend having appeared as a paragraph in other London papers, lauding his lordship as an able statesman, a good soldier and orator, an excellent writer, a tried patriot, and an honest man, produced a second letter to the 'Public Advertiser,' of August 28, dated also from St. James's Coffee House, in reply, under the varied signature *No Ghost*. The identity of the writer cannot be reasonably doubted. *No Ghost* admits that Lord Townsend as an orator excelled Demosthenes, revives the old scandal of Lord Townsend's incapacity at the storming of the citadel of Quebec, 'a building so elevated that Trajan's pillar was a ninepin to it,' his patriotism as well-known as the family insincerity, &c. *No Ghost* adds a postscript, that he himself, 'as a stranger to Ireland,' could not presume to anticipate the estimation of the new Lord-Lieutenant across the Irish Channel, but that probably Lord Townsend would be well received for his attachment to the Scotch Lord Bute, and would be undoubtedly welcomed on his landing by every Irish patriot and every enemy of *general warrants*. *No Ghost* was clearly written in support of the *Faithful Monitor*; both writers are the shadows of Francis on different days and times. The same ready writer was probably also the author of a lampoon ridiculing complaints against anonymous writers, contained in a long letter in the 'Public Advertiser' of September 3, signed *A Constant Correspondent*. The receipt and publication of the latter letter Woodfall acknowledged the day before as 'a constant cor-

respondent's favour in our next.' It is placed first as usual. The Constant Correspondent ironically confesses in a postscript that he has written 413 letters during the last sovereign's short reign against Lord Bute; 287 against Chatham; 6 score against Lord H——; 103 score and odd against George Grenville; 76 against the Duke of Bedford; 33 against the Duke of Newcastle; 88 against the Marquis of Rockingham; 1 against the Right Hon. Mr. D——; 110 against the Duke of Grafton and the Right Hon. General Conway; above 2,000 against the Scotch, 'and none against the Earl of Temple, for which I humbly beg his lordship's pardon.' These, he says, were independent of innumerable squibs, epigrams, prophecies, paragraphs of news and intelligences extraordinary, 'general warrants,' &c. He then satirically enumerates his various pretended signatures, giving the names of the principal ministerial anonymous writers: 'Modestus, Probus, Verus, Algernon Sydney, Russell, Impartial, and a hundred Antis.' The common origin of the *Faithful Monitor*, *No Ghost*, and the *Constant Correspondent* was also pointed out by a ministerial writer in the 'Public Advertiser' of September 9, signing himself *Philo-Veritatis*.

After the lapse of a fortnight, and the intervening insertion of several letters in defence of the brothers Townsend, their untiring opponent renewed his assaults, on September 16, under the new signature of *Corregio*. Woodfall identifies the writer in the same paper, as follows: 'Our correspondent C. will observe that we have obeyed his directions in every particular, and we shall always pay the utmost attention to whatever comes from his masterly pen.' The signature *Corregio* would signify the contrast of that name with Lord Townsend's as a caricaturist. He suggests that the Townsend scribblers of the press should sit to his lordship for their portraits. Lord

Northington, the ex-chancellor, is attacked for his well-known inopportune justification of the dispensing Privy Council order prohibiting the export of corn. Lord Shelburne is satirised, as wearing a countenance 'sufficient' in a single line of his face 'to give us the heir apparent of Loyola and all the College.' Lord Bute and the Princess of Wales by innuendo occupy prominent figures on the canvass of *Corregio*. For the first time the Secretary at War, Lord Barrington, is introduced by Francis, but only leniently treated, with the Commander-in-Chief the Marquis of Granby, as two members of the administration 'seeming to pull at two ends of a rope.' Chatham is lampooned as 'a lunatic brandishing a crutch,' or 'bawling through a gate,' or 'writing with desperate charcoal a letter to North America.'[1] Scotch clerks and Scotch secretaries are satirised; and Lord Townsend, on the throne of Dublin Castle, is in person and manners portrayed as an object of ridicule in Ireland, 'if in the midst of their distresses they can laugh at the perfect caricature of a king.' Sir Gilbert Elliot was at this time Irish Secretary, and he is wittily designated as a 'Scotch secretary teaching the Irish people the true pronunciation of the English language.' The worst jobs of the ministry had been the appointment of two joint paymasters, Sir G. Cooke and Mr. T. Townsend; one of whom *Corregio* depictures as having 'a paper stuck upon the globe of his eye, and a label out of his mouth, *No, sir, I am of t'other side, sir.*' Now really many of Francis's coarser satires were simply the use of popular political slang of the day, or overcharged pictures

[1] Lord Chatham himself raised this simile. In a speech he had said: 'You talk, my lords, of conquering America—of your numerous friends, to annihilate the Congress—and your powerful forces to disperse her army. *I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch.*' Boyd, in his description of Chatham's eloquence and use of familiar examples, observes, 'So that in his hand even the crutch became a weapon of oratory.'

of a prose caricaturist. It was only a payment of Townsend in his own coin. In the same style, Hogarth caricatured Wilkes, and Churchill wrote his epistles; in retaliation for which Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of beer. If any reader will visit the British Museum collection of prints, and inspect the capital books of Lord Townsend's own amateur caricatures, he will discriminate between modern personal political libels and the burlesques of the party writers of these former days. *Corregio's* object was to break up the Chatham ministry, not principally to single out and insult Lord Chatham.

But the new name of *Corregio* did not, at the time of publication, impose on his press opponents. They raised the vizor, and discovered the Faithful Monitor and No Ghost under masks changed by one and the same person. *Philo-Veritatis* in the 'Public Advertiser' of September 29, opens fire on the clever masquerader: 'Oh! oh! Mr. Corregio, why you have changed your ground as well as your name; that artifice won't do; I'll pursue you Mr. No Ghost till I reduce you to a shadow. Why your stile is as easily distinguished as the devil is known by his cloven foot.' Still no opponent succeeded in discovering Francis's personal identity, and throughout his numerous political controversies there does not occur even a guess at the real name of a writer whose skill and power all acknowledged, and who single handed fought with legions. *Corregio* did not repeat his signature, changing it to that of *Moderator*.[1]

[1] *Corregio*, as originally published in the 'Public Advertiser,' contained two reprehensible loose paragraphs. These were omitted in a collection of miscellaneous letters published by Mr. Woodfall's son in 1812; and they were very properly omitted in all subsequent editions. One of the objectionable figures is quoted by *Corregio* from Aretino. Now Francis's library contained several editions of the works of the loose Venetian Anacreon, the possession of few English political writers of that time.

No Ghost having been again attacked by *Philo-Veritatis* on Oct. 6, appeared, as in his metamorphosis to *Corregio* in another new character—that of a pretended third person as umpire. Moderator's letter is a witty review of the correspondence between No Ghost and Philo-Veritatis.[1] It was unquestionably by Francis, as five years afterwards he used part of the letter as a note to an edition of some of his after productions. But besides that fact, *Moderator* displayed his familiarity with all the officers of the Civil Service, and insinuated that Philo-Veritatis was one of the staff of Lord Townsend, and that his lordship's champion would doubtless be soon rewarded for his officiousness 'with one of those pensions' which the new Lord-Lieutenant 'will multiply on the Irish establishment.'

A fortnight afterwards the chameleon satirist produced his cleverest and most effective burlesque of the miserable cabinet and its new Irish Viceroy. Though unsigned, its authorship was avowedly from the well-known pen of C. On October 21, Woodfall promised its publication under the notices to correspondents as follows:—

THE GRAND COUNCIL *on the affairs of Ireland after eleven adjournments*, is come to hand and shall have a place in our next. Our friend and correspondent, C., will always find the utmost attention paid to his favours.

Accordingly, on the following day, the article appeared, occupying two columns. It was a political farce or interlude, the chief ministers of State being the *dramatis*

[1] The next probable, though not certain, appearance of our Ghost was preceded by Woodfall's notice in the 'Public Advertiser' of October 2: 'We are obliged to our old and constant correspondent for intelligence extraordinary from *Fundum Riggidos*, which shall be inserted in to-morrow's paper.' The article, a series of burlesque, and some 'loose' though witty paragraphs of pretended news, accordingly appeared in the next day's 'Public Advertiser.' The object of the entire communication was the ridicule of the ministry in a strain of satire and fun appreciable by the more vulgar class of newspaper readers. Part of the art of Francis was to appeal to all classes, and he knew that numbers constituted 'Public Opinion.'

personæ. No satire of Swift, Pope, or Churchill, had a greater run or 'success,' notwithstanding its ephemeral nature. It was not only copied into almost all the London and provincial journals of the day, but reprinted in the magazines; and it found a permanent place in Almon's 'Political Register.'[1]

The plot is a supposed cabinet discussion at Lord Shelburne's house in Hill Street, London, between Lord Northington, President of the Council; Lord Camden, chancellor; Mr. Conway and Lord Shelburne, the Northern and Southern Secretaries; and Lord Townsend, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; the Duke of Grafton, First Lord of the Treasury, being absent, 'detained by a hurry of business at Newmarket.' Now all the reasons (besides the private use to Woodfall of his initial C.) for fixing Francis with the authorship of the past letters of a Faithful Monitor, Corregio, and Moderator, apply with concentrated force in proof of his being also the writer of the 'Grand Council.' The above previous letters, and Anti-Sejanus Jun. are all from the same mould. The persons satirised; the caricature of Lord Townsend; the introduction of 'our sovereign Laird the Earl of Bute;' the reflections on Lord Northington's coarseness and peculiarities; on Lord

[1] Almon's 'Political Register,' 1767, vol. i. p. 364. In the same vol., p. 359, is published a letter referring to this newspaper controversy, dated from Dublin, October 7; warning the Irish people against placing faith in Lord Townsend's professions. The article was probably from the pen of Francis. It cites Lord Strafford's letter to a British Minister, advising the latter that if he would carry any new or extraordinary point he must send over a *new* Lord-Lieutenant; for to such the Irish are ever ready to pay the most servile reverence and submission. Francis frequently quoted from 'Strafford's State Papers,' and possessed a copy of the 2nd vol. folio ed. of 1739. Almon prefixes to his transfer of the 'Grand Council' into his Political Register the heading, 'The following paper we do not give to the public as an original. It is taken from the "Public Advertiser;" it being a part of our plan to register whatever, with submission to the public judgment, we apprehend to be too valuable or entertaining to be doomed to oblivion, indiscriminately with the fugitive pieces of the day.' The Dublin letter precedes the Grand Council article.

Camden's inconsistency; on Lord Holland, and the tender treatment of that nobleman;[1] the contempt for the youthful horse-racing Duke of Grafton; the writer's intimate acquaintance with Ireland, his native land; his satire on Lord George Sackville, and his Portuguese associations as to the Jesuit order—all denote Francis as the author of the lampoon. Moreover, his singular and long-continued fault in composition, in the excessive use and alliteration of the preposition *to*, abounds throughout the 'Grand Council' article.

Of course much of the 'point' of this political prose satire after the lapse of a century has vanished, and some of the finer touches and allusions are now obscure; but, notwithstanding the exaggerations of a caricature, its permanent value consists in the general truth and spirit of its portraits of six principal public men of the time drawn by a master hand. It is curious that there is no allusion to Lord Chatham; and that the Duke of Grafton, after being noted as absent at Newmarket, is left alone. Probably this truce with the two principal heads of the ministry was in order to show more prominently the lower stature of the secondary members.

This hard anti-ministerial blow has always been supposed to have been countered by a ministerial parody on the 'Grand Council' in the same newspaper six days afterwards. But a critical examination of the rejoinder fixes it much more probably as the continued satire of the same writer. It was certainly one of the arts of Francis sometimes to answer fictitiously his own letters, by

[1] Lord Shelburne, satirised for his insincerity at Malagrida, is made to say: 'My Lord Holland, who certainly had some reason to know me, has done me the honour to say that I was born a Jesuit, and that if all the good qualities which make the Society of Jesus respectable were banished from the rest of the earth they would still find room enough in the bosom of *Malagrida*.'

which device he not only replied to weak arguments but secured the last word.

On October 27, Woodfall, in the address to correspondents, has the following notice :—

What DID pass at a Grand Council in Hill Street on the 7th of October should, if its extraordinary length would permit, have appeared this day as desired. It shall certainly be inserted in our next.

The editor displays the same prompt attention to his old correspondent; and the second satire, given the first place in the 'Public Advertiser' of the following day, is almost palpably the twin of the 'Grand Council' of the previous week. An examination of the second entire article will satisfy any reader that it was not really written in defence of the administration, though pretendedly a vindication.[1] The twofold object appears to have been to insinuate that Edmund Burke was the author of the 'Grand Council' (as a false scent); and to represent the Rockingham party as anxious to join the Chatham ministry, but as too contemptible for such a coalition. Francis at this time had no personal acquaintance with Burke, and viewed him only in the light of a political adventurer and paid pamphleteer; and Burke had then made no figure in the House of Commons. Francis better preserved his *incog.* by giving the credit of his first article to the author of the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' and the second satire also enabled him to launch a third. Accordingly a third article, unacknowledged by Woodfall and unsigned by the writer, appeared in the 'Public Advertiser' of the 31st. In this letter, an answer to the second, he of course affects to reply to a different person than himself.

The next communication is heralded by the follow-

[1] In five sentences of fifteen lines the preposition *to* is used nine times.

ing notice to C. in the 'Public Advertiser' of November 30:—

> C.'s favour is come to hand, and we think our paper much honoured by his correspondence. He may be assured we shall take every possible means to deserve a continuance of it.

But after a day's consideration of the article, the editor appears to have feared the libellous character of some part, and on December 1 inserted a second notice to the author:—

> We most heartily wish to oblige our valuable correspondent C.; but his last favour is of so delicate a nature that we dare not insert it unless we are permitted to make such changes in certain expressions as may take off the immediate offence, without hurting the meaning.

After four days' interval, owing probably to the editor awaiting C.'s permission to make the proposed alterations or to return the manuscript for C.'s own correction, the paper appeared announced as a *jeu d'esprit*.

This article was the report of a real or pretended speech in the House of Commons on the opening of Parliament, and the discussion of the King's speech in November of this year; but the reporter or writer did not indicate the member into whose mouth the speech was put. It was prefaced by a note to the editor, in which the speech is described as 'a mere *jeu d'esprit*' spoken at a meeting of a political club, and as an entertainment for the readers of the 'Public Advertiser.' As such it would have passed, and as one of the assaults of C. on the ministry; but some curious circumstances have created a mystery not fully explained. The article as appears by asterisks, by omission of passages, and by the evident alteration of some paragraphs, had been clearly corrected either by Woodfall or by the author. It afterwards appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of the following month, the prefatory matter altered into the title 'A Remarkable Speech at the opening

of a late S——n ;' and with the omission of all club and mock parliamentary terms. This liberty the editor of the latter periodical would hardly take; and the variations were probably made by or with the privity of the writer. But however the fact, the speech again appeared in 1772 in Almon's 'Political Register.' At that period the debates in Parliament were more fully reported (their publicity having been then conceded) and the names of the speakers were fully given. Almon's republication of the Burke speech contained the passages omitted in Woodfall's original publication of the '*jeu d'esprit.*' This completed reprint must have come from C. or from the speaker; but, curiously, the speech for the first time is given as Mr. Burke's; and, to complete the puzzle, it has since been adopted as Burke's first reported speech; and so it has continued to appear in all editions of his speeches and in 'Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.' It is, however, doubtful whether it was delivered by him. Certainly it is not in his usual style; and if substantially spoken by him it must, from Francis's style, have been reported by Francis and from memory. Francis frequently attended the debates in both houses, and was several times present on the delivery of royal speeches, opening sessions of Parliament. The speech in question was a commentary on the royal speech of November. The *jeu d'esprit* betrays its origin. It contains several peculiar phraseologies of Francis, and in its 11 octavo pages the repetition of *to* occurs seventy-six times! But an omission in Almon's report of a passage originally published in the 'Public Advertiser' is remarkable as fixing the authorship. The entire paragraph is as follows, and it affords an example of the preposition so profusely used by C.:—

But I am a little inclined *to* suspect, and indeed it is an opinion *too* generally received, that this appearance of good understanding

with our neighbours deserves the name of stagnation rather than tranquillity; that it is owing not so much *to* the success of our negotiations abroad, as *to* the absolute and entire suspension of them for a very considerable time. Consuls, envoys, and ambassadors, it is true, have been regularly appointed, but, instead of repairing *to* their stations, have, in the most scandalous manner, loitered at home; as if they had either no business *to* do, or were afraid of exposing themselves *to* the resentment or derision of the court, *to* which they were destined. Thus have all our negotiations with Portugal been conducted, and thus have they been dropped. Thus hath the Manilla Ransom, that once favourite theme, that perpetual echo with some gentlemen, been consigned *to* oblivion.

Almon's report omits the words '*with Portugal.*' Who but Francis himself would have made such an omission? The King's speech, supposed to have been answered by Burke, had made no allusion to Portugal. It has been seen that *that* was Francis's special subject; and probably he on second thoughts erased words which might point to the authorship of his *jeu d'esprit.* Almon's edition of the Parliamentary Debates, with the omission, was published in 1792. Almon's life of Lord Chatham and anecdotes were published in the same year as the debates, and Francis contributed portions of the biography.[1] Nor is this fact the only corroboration of the identity of Y. Z. and Francis. His own collection of pamphlets contained copies of Sir William Draper's Manilla Ransom publications; and Francis's folio manuscript volumes contain copies of Draper's manuscript letters from 1762 to the government, claiming redress for himself and the army he commanded when Manilla was captured but restored to Spain, on the undertaking of that nation to pay a stipulated ransom, never discharged, but released by our then inglorious diplomacy. It would be superfluous to add more

[1] Francis's copy of Almon's 'Life of Chatham' was sold at the sale of his library in 1838. This copy contained a manuscript note in his own hand, pointing the parts written by himself.

in proof of the identity of Francis and the author of this particular article in the 'Public Advertiser,' whether Francis partly reported a true speech of Burke or the whole was only a *jeu d'esprit*.

On the 18th December the 'Public Advertiser' announced an unsigned letter, in a notice that 'C.'s favour is come to hand.' Accordingly, there is no mistaking the same authorship of a vehement bitter attack on Lord Chatham, in the 'Public Advertiser' of the 19th, as the origin of the early disputes with our American colonies. It attributed the evil to his lordship's early denial of the mother country's right to tax them, and vouchsafed a corresponding eulogy to the policy of Mr. G. Grenville. The writer, in withering remarks, shows that the repeal of the Stamp Act with the imposition of other taxes by the Chatham administration naturally occasioned the subsequent association in Boston, Massachusetts, against the import or consumption of British goods. Francis was thoroughly acquainted with all the details of this Transatlantic combination. Our military commanders in the Transatlantic states at that period regularly forwarded their despatches to the War Office. Almost all these despatches are endorsed in Francis's hand, as received on the several days on which each despatch reached the War Office. Lord Barrington's answers also are extant, drafted by Francis. The Boston combination was early and particularly detailed by the military governor. Nevertheless Francis cannot be charged with more than his own independent commentaries on public events, as in no instance had he divulged any office confidence.[1] There is not the most distant allusion, in his cotemporaneous

[1] For years these War Office valuable papers have remained unexamined and unused by the historians of both countries, though they cast much light on our colonial history during Francis's clerkship in the War Office.

newspaper contributions, to any of the particular details in the War Office despatches. But the news of the Boston combination had evidently fired the mind of Francis, and induced an outburst of passionate declamation against the ministry for its vacillating policy; urging the home government to act with prompt decision, and to coerce the colonies into obedience; and if the existing laws were insufficient, by new legislation to obtain fresh powers; otherwise he predicted their early and successful revolt. Francis held high notions of the *right* of the mother country to tax the colonies. He was wrong in his prescribed remedy of coercion, but right in condemning the indecisive and vacillating course of the ministry; and his sagacity foresaw the consequences in an early separation. He lived, however, to make in Parliament, years afterwards, an honourable recantation of his earlier opinions on the great American question.

The following letter of Francis to his brother-in-law, Alexander Mackrabie, singularly proves by its contents that all the subject matters of his news and enclosures to Woodfall of the day before were penned to that relative, who, as we shall presently see, had sailed for the other side of the Atlantic :—

War Office, December 5, 1767.

Dear Brother,—As long as it remained uncertain whether you were floating upon the surface, or lying flat on your back at the bottom of the sea, I thought it in vain to continue writing to you. But now that I understand by your first letter from Philadelphia, that you are man in *esse* as well as in *posse*, you shall find me as regular in my correspondence as the 'Monthly Review,' and perhaps as full of matter. The letter you mention to have written from the Madeiras never came to hand. I should think your landing there must have been a very agreeable circumstance, both as a relief from the sea, and a prospect of new faces. You ought to have told me in what manner you were received by my unknown cousins, of whom I understand there is a plentiful crop at the place where you find

yourself. Are they civil to you, and do you spend your time agreeably? Tench Francis tells me that the principal house with which you had business to transact has stopped payment, and that probably your return will be sooner than you expected. Yet I could wish you, and I daresay you would find it in every respect more eligible, to stay abroad for a few years, if anything material or any useful plan were to offer. Everything here is almost in the same state in which you left it. I take for granted that your letters from Fulham will give you a copious account of everything that relates to the family there. I have not given them any hint of your having left twenty pounds in my hands; nor do I intend, untill it may be absolutely necessary. For myself I think I have done as much as could be expected from me, in allowing them twenty pounds a year; at least I am sure it is as much as I could afford. Mr. Chandler promises the same annuity, yet I do not see how it will be possible for them to subsist upon less than a hundred pounds a year after their house-rent is paid, and I do not see much chance of their getting such an annuity.

I have sent you a 'Court Calendar' for 1768; it is committed to the care of Mr. Dodd, who has promised to put it on board some . . . .

[Two pages cut out.]

. . . . General Gage's secretary and factotum, and will I daresay be very ready to introduce you in the best manner to Mr. Gage, when your affairs shall call you to New York. I did not see Sir Jeffery Amherst's letter to Gage, but I take for granted it was a handsome one. I shall leave all chitchat to your sister, who is indicting a long letter of that sort to you.

We are in hourly expectation of some farther alterations in the ministry, by introducing some of the opposing parties into place. We are just informed of a very extraordinary combination entered into at Boston by all the principal inhabitants, not to use any one article of English growth or manufacture: such are fruits of our indulgence. But as to *you*, sir, I insist upon it that you neither make yourself a party man nor politician.

My father has had the misfortune of a stroke of the palsy, which seized him all over about a fortnight ago at Bath: he is now pretty well recovered. I am going to Bath in the course of next week to spend the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Chandler I suppose is now at the summit of her wishes, for Mr. Chandler has bought a house in Bruton Street, Berkeley Square. When he has made the alterations he intends in it, it will really be fit for a nobleman.

Governor Hamilton I suppose is as hot as ginger and pepper, since a woman of forty or fifty can set him on fire.

Now, my dear fellow, I think I have nothing more to add, but my warmest wishes for your happiness and success.

Adieu, adieu!

P. FRANCIS.

Henceforward you may depend upon my writing to you by every pacquet, and I wish you would take every opportunity of letting us know how you go on.

The freshest political intelligence is—that the Earl of Northington, Shelburne, and General Conway, are to go out—Earl Gower to be President of the Council—Earl of Sandwich and Viscount Weymouth to be Secretaries of State—Mr. Rigby, Secretary at War, and Lord Barrington Vice-treasurer of Ireland. Room to be made as occasion offers for the Duke of Bedford's friends.

Don't quote me for this.

In this month the headless administration rocked to its foundations. Lord Chatham had either temporarily lost his nerves, or from ill humour and disease left the helm. The vessel of the State was drifting without a pilot. A letter of Lord Chesterfield's of December 19, 1767, from Bath, gives a melancholy account of the great earl: 'His physician Dr. ——, as I am told, had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it about his body. It fell particularly on his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vapourish, and would neither see nor speak to anybody while he was here.' A ministerial crisis was clearly at hand. The press was enlisted by the different *out* sections of the Whig party, making offerings of alliance. The 'Public Advertiser' of the 21st published a letter, dated from Pall Mall, under the signature of *Macaroni Whisper*. The writer lamented and condemned the venomous attacks on Chatham, admitted the weakness of the men in power, asserting that new blood was certainly essential to their continuance in office. After reviewing the public men in the opposition depôt, *Macaroni*

stated that overtures were pending; that the 'terms' of 'a very upright and respectable Marquis were found so exorbitant as to be totally inadmissible;' that 'as to the Stowe faction,' its leader (Lord Temple) was so devoted to his 'American hobby horse' that 'nobody would coalesce with him;' and that the only alternative was 'the connection of Bl—ry House;[1] persons of as great property and abilities as the other two parties, but more moderate in their demands.' *Macaroni* in this answer of hearsay is eulogistic of poor Lord Chatham, and says the latter letter was a mere 'fling at a certain great statesman, to whom this country owed more than it can ever repay.'

This attack on the next day produced in the 'Public Advertiser,' of December 22, an answer to *Macaroni*, with a changed signature. From that old device and from the sarcastic point of the reply, it is almost certainly by Francis.

The domestic history of Francis during this year affords no particular private incident, except his father's premature decay through the grievous misfortune of a severe attack of partial paralysis. A letter from Dr. Francis to the son, of October 20, 1766, had reported him as 'very feeble and languid.' In the following letter, November 22, 1767, the afflicted parent, in an altered and broken hand, thus describes his sad condition :—

Bath, November 22, 1767.

I will if possible scrawl a few lines to thank my dear Phil. for his very affectionate letter to Sally. The simpleton would write to you, but since you well know—struck with palsy from head to foot, blooded, blistered, packed, purged, with a thousand horrible &cs. I believe the malignity of the distemper is past, though not its effects.

[1] Bloomsbury House: the Bedford party.

Farewell! All my wishes to your wife and little ones. To Dobson, Bruce, Adair, Wade, and Calcraft. Farewell!

Yrs. with all affection,

P. FRANCIS.

Remember poor Molly for me.

Compliments to Mr. D'Oyley.

Be so good as to send me half a pound of 16*s*. green tea.

In a subsequent one, the Doctor wrote more cheerfully of himself:—

Bath, December 1, 1767.

Well then, my dear Phil., I will talk no more of what you call these trifling offices of kindness. However, give me leave to thank you that I have this morning been two hours abroad in a chair; that I am able to walk creepingly without crutches, and that I threaten once more to see London and Chelsea. Poor Mr. D'Oyley!—all my best wishes to him. A little fatigued with my morning journey. This may be a fatiguing epistle, but it shall not be a long one. Yet indeed I have not head enough to write a shorter. Let me only thank you for your newspaper. When I was able I went to the coffee house, for it's one of our amusements to know what you good folks are doing in the great city. Farewell, and know me to be always yours,

P. FRANCIS.

I send you Mr. Macro's letter, though there be no greater matter in it, but the very obliging kindness of it.

It is evident that this calamity of the Doctor had now reconciled the father and son.

Philip's brother-in-law, Alexander Mackrabie, in the mid-year had left England, for a managing clerkship in a British mercantile house in Philadelphia. As an only brother of Mrs. Francis, and the closest friend of her husband, this separation was severely felt by both the families. But they maintained a constant and highly interesting correspondence from both sides of the Atlantic. The fortunate preservation of some of Philip Francis's letters to Mackrabie will hereafter cast much light on his private and political career. The parents of Mackrabie, residing at Fulham, were not in affluent circumstances;

but, as we have seen, Francis and his brother-in-law made a contribution towards their more comfortable maintenance. Fulham also was a pleasant and salubrious suburb of London, where on Sundays and 'sick days' the infants of Francis could be received by the maternal grandparents, whom Francis and his wife also frequently visited on Sundays.

Some letters from D'Oyly (the under Secretary at War) to Francis record most affectionate friendship between the two. In their occasional vacations they were never both absent from the office at the same time, but always exchanging letters. Neither Lord Barrington nor Mr. D'Oyly were very grammatical or ready writers. The correspondence of the War Office, as appears by the existing drafts of the letters, was chiefly the work of Francis. He endorsed in his own hand almost all the mass of the public letters and despatches received. The letters received were sometimes, but not commonly, 'cornered' by Lord Barrington in brief notes for the substance of reply; but Francis's drafts were hardly ever verbally altered by the viscount; and as rarely added to, even by a few sentences. Francis's drafts were penned on folio office paper, in half margin, and with singularly few alterations or corrections in the originals. Lord Barrington's and D'Oyly's chief avocations appear to have been giving audience to the numerous military and agency gentlemen and colonial officers who more or less daily, or on fixed periodical times, visited the office. There were reception days. In the absence of Lord Barrington and Mr. D'Oyly from London, Francis acted as their representative in this duty. Thus Francis became intimately personally familiar with not only the entire military system of the country, but with all the men of military, commissariat, and colonial rank, who in their professional avocations frequented the

office. The War Office records also show that Francis often managed the matters preliminary to courts martial, on which the Secretary of War advised with the Crown Counsel. Although the Commissary Department was then a distinct office, the rooms adjoined, and were connected with those of the War Office in Whitehall; the former, in fact, being an adjunct of the latter. All the letters from both departments were daily transcribed into folio and indexed copy-books. These of the period, with the exception of one volume, are still preserved. The original letters and despatches received at the War Office are not so completely extant; but the majority were bound in volumes. In the absence of his superiors Francis frequently answered letters in his own name; and on business details of the department, the chief official clerks of other public departments occasionally addressed their letters to Francis personally. D'Oyly and Francis divided between them the War Office business; and when either was absent from London, the particular business of the absent clerk was sometimes franked to him for his explanation, or for his direct reply to letters. At this time the official seals were the arms of the individual heads of the offices; and each chief, on his first taking office, had the privilege of a gratuitous supply to him of duplicate engraved seals for the separate use of the principal clerks. Thus D'Oyly and Francis each had a seal of Lord Barrington's coat of arms.

Doubtless Francis from his early and constant intimacy with Mr. Wood, the business Secretary of the Treasury (whose offices were adjacent buildings to the Whitehall War and Commissariat Offices), had the means of daily intercourse with his old patron. So that few or no young public officers could have had more opportunities of political information. With Mr. Calcraft, both before

and after that gentleman's change of party, Francis had further constant and confidential intercourse. Mr. Calcraft, from 1763 to his death in 1772, maintained personal and epistolary communication with Lord Chatham; and Dr. Francis was intimate with the Holland and Bute parties. Francis therefore was much behind the scenes of all the different parties; and with the advantage of not being the partisan of either, or of any particular political leader and being unknown as a contributor to the public press.

CHAPTER V.

FRANCIS AND THE PRESS—*continued.*

[ÆT. 28.]

Anonymous Letters to Lord Chatham, 1768—Wilkes's Election for Middlesex—Memnon—Bifrons—Note on the burning of the Jesuit Books.

THE new year, 1768, thus opened with the King's government in a state of chaos, and amid the cabals and intrigues of public men in and out of office. No minister felt secure of his official tenure, and every aspirant to power and rank hoped to realise his ambition. Lord Chesterfield, in a private letter of December 27, had truly remarked that 'it seemed to be a resolution taken by somebody, that ministries are to be annual.' Almost all the colleagues of Lord Chatham behind his back, and in their private correspondence with friends, declared against the earl's reticence and his retention of the Privy Seal when he was either pretending illness, or really from disease incapable of discharging his official duties. Of the deplorable state of his health there can, however, be no doubt. Nevertheless the majority of his cabinet in their letters to him and Lady Chatham were fulsome and fawning. The third volume of the 'Chatham Correspondence' contains proofs of this insincerity. Lord Shelburne, in a letter to Lady Chatham, of December 13, 1767, tells her ladyship that his 'sincere and only wish is to do what is agreeable to Lord Chatham, from not so much a private regard as a thorough conviction that nothing but his

compass and extent of mind can save this country from some great confusion.' Lord Bristol, Lord Camden, and the Duke of Grafton vied with each other in equal professions of personal and party attachment to their nominal chief; but the Duke of Grafton in his letters showed comparatively more independence of mind and self-respect. The King and Chatham on their parts emulated each other in epistolary assurances, interchanging expressions of devoted attachment and affection.

The young War Office clerk was clearly cognizant of all these double dealings and party intrigues, and saw how entirely the national interests and political principle were ignored. If he was not infected by such an atmosphere, but remained altogether unmindful of his own private interest, he would have been an angel, not a man. The knowledge, however, of such a system of irresponsible government and of the vices of the governing class clearly excited his contempt and scorn. Certainly, if Francis had held high office he might have rivalled the principal actors in these party dramas; but he was rather a bystander with a youthful and deep interest in politics. He must now be introduced as the writer of an anonymous letter to Lord Chatham of singular and questionable contents, and the explanation or justification of which may occasion much criticism and difference of opinion. The 'Chatham Correspondence' first made known the letter, which bore no signature or initial.[1]

The sole and palpable object of this anonymous communication, under the guise of respect for Lord Chatham's

[1] It is printed in the 'Chatham Correspondence,' vol. iii. p. 302, as 'Junius to the Earl of Chatham,' Jan. 2, 1768. It professes to warn his lordship, with singular emphasis, against Lord Northington, Conway, Lord Hertford, and the Duke of Grafton, and ends: 'My lord, the man who presumes to give your lordship these hints admires your character without servility, and is convinced that, if this country can be saved, it must be saved by Lord Chatham's spirit, by Lord Chatham's abilities.

genius and attachment to his person, was 'without servility' to give the secluded premier notice of the intrigues and negotiations of his colleagues; the contents being specially levelled against the formation of any coalition with the Bedford party. 'The Bloomsbury House Gang,' so called, was a section detested by Francis. The peace negotiated by his grace the young clerk viewed as an unnecessary surrender of national conquests; and he believed it was corruptly negotiated. Clearly, the inconsistency of the writer was not in his *object*, but in his terms of admiration of Lord Chatham, so much at variance with his recent *public* attacks upon the earl. Even if there could be any doubt of Francis's authorship of the before mentioned letters of Poplicola, Anti-Sejanus Jun., and Downright, there were other newspaper letters of Francis to the 'Public Advertiser,' immediately preceding those three, of almost equal venom against Chatham. It should, however, be considered that the above private letter was *anonymous*, with no sinister purpose, and it could have had no influence with the minister unless respectfully worded. As such, it was penned in terms most likely to impress Chatham, and to effect its political aim. Viewed in the light of a *ruse*, the inconsistency of the writer is excusable, or at least may be thus fairly excused. For the posthumous reputation of Francis, however, it would have been well that he had never written it, or that it had remained, as he designed it should, secret in the archives of the Pitt family. The writer, however, really placed himself in no false position to Lord Chatham personally or individually, remaining unknown to the recipient of the letter; while it was not the act of a colleague who intrigued against his chief, at the same time pretending devotion.

An examination of the original manuscript leaves no

doubt of this letter being that of Francis in a feigned hand, but more fictitious than the manuscript of the 1764 Candor letter to Woodfall. The Chatham manuscript is written on the same paper as that used in the War Office. The feigned writing was doubtless not only used generally to conceal the authorship, but because Lord Chatham would probably have recollected the bold and characteristic natural hand of his former assistant amanuensis Francis. But as the letter was not the only anonymous communication addressed by Francis to the earl, and another will follow, the evidence for the identity of the handwriting is reserved for a future chapter.[1]

The context of the Chatham letter and its spirit and phraseology denote its origin; namely, from no principal, but as that of an inferior man *in* office. Its supposed revelations to Chatham are *hearsay*; the letter containing no single fact from primary sources of information, and the writer having clearly little if any direct personal knowledge of the arcana of the pending intrigues. Further, Francis was ignorant of Lord Chatham's actual designs as to the premiership, since the earl himself recommended the Duke of Grafton to the King as his successor.

Substantially Francis told Lord Chatham the truth and nothing but the truth, so far as historical and biographical records inform us, and probably nothing which the earl was not well aware of; and with respect to the writer's compliment to Chatham, in the assertion that the country could only and must be saved by the spirit and abilities of the earl, the apparent insincerity is not so clear as imagined. Francis *had* a high estimate of Lord Chatham's genius and administrative talents. His condemnation of

[1] This intended future chapter Mr. Parkes did not complete. But the evidence on the subject (if any doubts are still entertained) is really to be found in the fac-similes contained in the printed Chatham Correspondence itself.—EDITOR.

the 'Great Commoner's' later ministry and inconsistent policy was sincere, though his newspaper writings had too vehemently and coarsely denounced Chatham's failings and later policy. Francis might consistently entertain hopes of the recovery of the minister's health, and of his lordship's future services to the liberal cause; as in truth happened after Chatham was in opposition; and, moreover, Francis had the lowest estimate of the abilities and integrity of almost all the other public men of the day, excepting only George Grenville. Certain it is, that from the end of 1767 Francis not only ceased to attack Lord Chatham, but in his first certain newspaper letter, in the month of February following it will be seen that he wrote respectfully of the earl; nor from that time forward did many severe reflections on his lordship's public or private character or conduct escape his pen. Indeed, within two years Chatham was again almost his 'idol.'

We now come to the series of letters in the 'Public Advertiser' during the next twelve months of the year, which unmistakeably identify the old correspondent with the War Office, and exhibit a progressive development of matter, style, and force. Francis states in another letter to Mackrabie, dated from the War Office, Jan. 9, that he had been nine days at Bath to see his father. Accordingly, no letters from him appear in the 'Public Advertiser' between December 20, 1767, and January 5, 1768.

In 1853 the publication of the Grenville papers first made known the following anonymous letter, signed C., preserved in the family papers of Stowe, addressed to Mr. George Grenville:[1]—

Sir,—The observations contained in the enclosed paper are thrown together and sent to you upon a supposition that the tax

[1] 'Grenville Papers,' vol. iv. p. 254.

therein referred to will make part of the budget. If Lord North should have fallen upon any other scheme they will be useless, but if the case happens, and they shall appear to have any weight, the author is satisfied that no man in this country can make so able a use of them or place them in so advantageous a light as Mr. Grenville.

It is not, Sir, either necessary or proper to make myself known to you at present; hereafter I may perhaps claim that honour. In the mean time be assured that it is a voluntary disinterested attachment to your person, founded on an esteem for your spirit and understanding, which has, and will for ever, engage me in your cause. A number of late publications (falsely attributed to men of far greater talent) may convince you of my zeal, if not my capacity to serve you. The only condition which I presume to make with you is that you will not only not show these papers to anybody, but that you will never mention your having received them.

C.

The original of this letter was endorsed by Mr. Grenville, 'Anonymous, C., with the enclosed paper.' The enclosure was a long memorandum of objections to an auction duty tax, which the writer anticipated Lord North might bring forward; but which was not proposed till 1777. The penmanship of the letter is the usual disguised hand of Francis: the signature initial C. being the letter of the alphabet used in his communications with Woodfall. In this letter the writer, as has been seen, asserted that he had no personal acquaintance with the ex-minister; which was a fact, as Francis never had any with Grenville, though known to Lord Chatham. This letter to Mr. Grenville was perfectly sincere, as Francis invariably entertained for that statesman great respect, and always in his political press articles lauded his talents and his policy as a financier and civil administrator. It is farther remarkable for two statements, that the writer was 'a voluntarily disinterested' advocate, and that he had written a number of late publications falsely attributed to others.

There next followed an unusual suspension of his public

letters during six weeks, when he resumed his pen, according to Woodfall's acknowledgment on February 15 that 'an old friend and correspondent's favour came too late for this day's paper.'[1] But next day it appeared, occupying a column, but bearing no signature or initial. Its substance was a protest against the Privy Seal being placed in commission for six weeks, and an attack on the commissioners named, as men of inferior rank, two of them of 'Scotch extraction,' and the third of the low position of recorder of St. Albans. He described the clerical work of affixing the Privy Seal as too dirty a job even to have been imposed on 'clerks in office.' The commission was denounced as unconstitutional, and as insulting to Lord Chatham. The earl is now comparatively respectfully treated, although his retention of the Privy Seal is still consistently condemned. The writer expresses his disbelief that his lordship, 'whatever his faults,' approved the nomination of the particular commissioners appointed by the crown to discharge *pro tem.* the duties of so responsible an office. Francis's authorship of this attack on the ministry cannot be doubted: his redundant use of the preposition *to* throughout is more careless than in any previous letter. The subdued and qualified comments on Lord Chatham personally are also consistent with the kindly tone of the anonymous private one to the earl. It will be further hereafter shown that this last letter contains the substance of passages used by Francis four years afterwards. The letter also was clearly intended to foreshadow succeeding communications to the 'Public Advertiser' on the improper use of the Privy Seal in the illegal crown grant of property

[1] 'Public Advertiser,' February 5, 1768.—'Several gentlemen who are pleased to honour the 'Public Advertiser' with their correspondence, but who do not chuse to send their favours by the penny post, have intimated to the printer that a box for the reception of letters would be agreeable, there is one for that purpose accordingly fixed in the window.'

held by rightful owners to others; aggravated also by its real object being for election gains to the ministry. Just at this time the gross injustice of the well-known transfer by Treasury warrant of a crown estate of the Duke of Portland to Sir James Lowther, to influence Cumberland and Carlisle election contests, had occurred. This was a capital anti-ministerial text for Francis, and he availed himself of it most copiously and fiercely. It was *the* opposition platform of the day.

His first letter on this scandalous 'job' was under the signature of *Memnon*, published in the 'Public Advertiser' of the 24th of the same month. The receipt was simply acknowledged on the previous day. As usual, it was therefore immediately inserted first in the day's correspondence. The letter opened with a fine discrimination of the qualities of the different races of our islands, describing the phlegmatic persistent nature of the English; 'the heat of the Welch, the impetuosity of the Irish, the acrimony of the Scotch, and the headlong violence of the Creolians—national characteristics very different from that of the native genuine English.' These national portraits, with a more minute sketch of the English, are admirably drawn. Scraps of similar diagnosis of our national minds and temperament had appeared in his former letters, but in no other picture had he so happily shown his knowledge of the world and human nature. The first Earl of Lonsdale, in favour of whom the grant was made, having married a daughter of Lord Bute, furnished Memnon with one of his favourite topics of abuse. The 'Favourite' did it all. The letter throughout has the usual contexture of sentences in the abuse of the preposition *to*. All the articles of Francis had been hitherto remarkable for their sparse praise of living public men, Mr. G. Grenville excepted, and it is therefore noticeable that Memnon in his

mention of the 'Quieting Bill,' then unsuccessfully proposed by Sir George Saville, describes Saville as one of the ablest, most virtuous, and most temperate men in the kingdom.[1]

The second Memnon letter appeared in the 'Public Advertiser' of March 4, still more bitter in its comments on the conduct of the Treasury to the Duke of Portland, and denouncing the application in his case of an obsolete prerogative of the Crown. He declares that the existence of such Crown power is principally owing to its disuse; and he aptly likens it to 'an old piece of cannon I have heard of somewhere, of an enormous size, which stood upon a ruinous bastion, and which was seldom or never fired for fear of bringing down the fortification for whose defence it was intended.' This letter showed an intimate acquaintance with all the forms of the Treasury and public offices. It also repeats the writer's accustomed warning against illegal precedents; that if permitted with impunity, they will be repeated. 'Suppress them under the shape of *general warrants or seizure of papers*, they will start up in the form of dispensing powers, forfeitures of charters, violations of public faith, establishments of private monopolies, and raising up antiquated titles for the Crown.' By Woodfall's notice to correspondents on that day, it would appear that the editor had erased the latter part of Memnon's letter as painfully severe on one minister whom the editor believed 'knew nothing of the matter.' With great deference Woodfall expressed the hope that Memnon would excuse the suppression. Memnon forcibly argued that if the property of the Duke of Portland could be thus wrested from his grace, 'an office of inquisition is established in the true inquisitorial

[1] The bill for limiting the claims of the Crown on landed estate, afterwards enacted in Stat. 9 George III. ch. 16. The terseness of this just character of Saville by Francis is in curious contrast with the elaborate though eloquent one by Burke in his Bristol Address.

spirit, and with genuine inquisitorial powers, over all the landed power in England.' He promised a resumption of the subject in his next paper.

In the meanwhile, true to his habit, and in reply to some intervening defences of the Lowther side the question, he palpably continued to maintain his argument under other signatures.

On March 10 a letter, under the new signature of *The Downright Englishman*, continues the attack; almost certainly the metamorphosis of Memnon. It traced the origin of the prerogative, demonstrating the inapplicability of the *Nullum Tempus* doctrine to modern cases; insinuating that the Seals of the Exchequer were then in the unscrupulous hands of a minister who, like the young man with Cyrus, had two consciences, 'one private and one ministerial, neither of which singly bound him to anything.'

An opponent in the next day's 'Public Advertiser,' under the signature of *Anti-Van Teague*, took up the glove in defence of the Treasury; contending that the courts of law were open to determine a legal question not properly the subject of newspaper discussion. This letter replied to the Downright Englishman as Memnon under a different name. On the Friday se'nnight doubtless Memnon, under his third signature of *Anti-Stuart*, answered his antagonist. It was a vehement attack on the Duke of Grafton who, as the real head of the ministry, was represented as the minister responsible for the abuse of the prerogative; *Anti-Stuart*, ringing a change on the Cyrus simile, likened Lord North 'to the great demigods of antiquity, who had also two characters.' The new name *Anti-Stuart* was of course a counter signature to *Anti-Van Teague*, and as that name further conveyed the convenient impression that Lord Bute was also the mainspring of the Grafton ministry.

During March and April the general election had monopolised in addresses and advertisements the columns of the 'Public Advertiser,' its space not then being equal to one third that of our daily penny papers of the present day. There was little room for the political gladiators, and Woodfall begged their indulgence till the new parliament was chosen. The contested county polls at that period lasted fourteen days, and the Borough eight polls days. Woodfall had little room, and was compelled to disoblige his correspondents. There can be no mistake as to the identity of the individual addressed by the editor of the 'Public Advertiser' of April 4 in the following notice to a correspondent:

> The printer hopes the readiness with which he has endeavoured to oblige, and the attention he has ever paid to, an *old Friend and Correspondent*, will convince him that nothing prevented the immediate compliance with his request but the paper being pre-engaged by an absolute promise, the punctual observance of which he presumes to think will not lessen him in his correspondent's opinion.

The contest for Middlesex ending in the triumph of Wilkes, the consequent breaches of the peace in the metropolis, with the party articles, the election addresses and proceedings, had choked the columns of Woodfall's journal. But he made room for Francis; and who, especially under his oldest signature of C., could not be refused insertion. On the day following the above notice, a letter of a column's length, with the old initial, found a place in the 'Public Advertiser.' The all-exciting subject of Wilkes's reappearance on the public stage was the text. Francis temporarily exchanged it for that of *Nullum Tempus*. Wilkes's return to England and his popular elevation to a seat in the House of Commons were skilfully used by C. as fresh causes of ministerial attack. He condemned the government for permitting an outlaw to return with

impunity; and he ascribed to their unpopularity Wilkes's success in the metropolitan county, and further gave ministers the credit of the riots in London and Westminster. The letter was, however, a strong protest against mob law, and a lamentation that the cause of liberty should be coupled with a public man of so disreputable a private character as the new member for Middlesex. At this period, Francis, notwithstanding his able pamphlets against the doctrine of general warrants and seizures of papers, really considered Wilkes as a mischievous demagogue without any political principle, and as therefore a discredit and damage of the popular party. When Wilkes was afterwards unconstitutionally deprived of his seat in parliament, and persecuted by men in office, formerly the demagogue's personal and political friends —and when Wilkes proclaimed the necessity for an amended representative system—then Francis, as it will be seen, took his part, and materially upheld him by his pen. Such changes of action in a public writer are the results of altered circumstances, and are proofs of sound principle, not of inconsistency.

Another letter in the same number of the 'Public Advertiser,' signed *Q. in the Corner*, following that of C., is a sort of postscript stamped by the same recurrence and alliteration of the abused preposition. The two letters, both unacknowledged by Woodfall, being inserted next day, were probably enclosed in the same cover, and on the previous evening. It is not likely, had both not been of a common parentage, that Woodfall, overcrowded, would have inserted the second inferior article on the same subject.

In the 'Public Advertiser' of April 7 (acknowledged the day before), and inserted first, is another letter almost certainly, from its internal evidence, and its changed Roman signature to *Quintus Curtius*, by the same writer. It com-

menced by stating that he had 'read the case of the Duke of Portland, published by Almon,'[1] and that if the facts stated in it were true, the grant was the most flagrant ministerial act ever perpetrated by the most profligate government. That Francis had read this case is certain, because in the sixteenth volume of his bound tracts of pamphlets of this year (and his collection was not uniformly bound, but apparently periodically preserved in varying bindings), there is a copy of Almon's publication of it; and on one page there is a blot of ink as though read with pen in hand. It is also a copy of the first edition, the case appearing in ten editions in the course of that year. In other pamphlets, also bound up in the same volume, Francis had filled in the asterisks by full names, and also made manuscript memoranda in his own hand. The article is not that of a professional legal advocate of the Duke of Portland, nor of an ordinary political writer. It betrays an intimate knowledge of the clerical department of the Treasury; citing former precedents, in which such grants as that to Sir. J. Lowther had never been granted without hearings on the merits before the Keeper of the Privy Seal in person; it states that in the Lowther case the Seal was not sanctioned by Lord Chatham personally, because that minister never would have authorised it without pre-enquiring into the merits with time for caveat; that probably it was hoped that in three or four weeks the earl would have been ousted from office; and that the commissioners were 'three *commis* of office,' whose use of the Seal was readily obtained. He then denounces the grant as a 'Star Chamber proceeding,' as the act of 'wicked ministers, who during their whole

[1] By Almon's monthly list of his new publications, and by the newspaper advertisements, this pamphlet must have been published the end of March or in the first week of April.

administration' have rendered the tenure of commercial and landed property' uncertain and insecure. The vehemence and exaggeration of the language further marks the writer.

The 'Public Advertiser' of the 11th acknowledges another letter from C. to be published the following day; on which it duly appeared. The subject matter kept the unpopular and indefensible Lowther grant again before the public; it was too destructive a weapon to be laid aside till rusty. In conclusion of repeatedly varied arguments, the writer says: 'A minister capable of recommending such measures to the Crown calls to my mind the idea which our ancestors had of some black magician conjuring up infernal spirits from the depths of the earth and of the sea, and letting them loose to the destruction of mankind.' Of the paternity of this letter there can be no doubt, as Woodfall would never allow any other individual to personate C.

The two next letters in the 'Public Advertiser' of April 23, both of them unacknowledged previously by Woodfall, have been the subject, as to the identity of authorship, of much controversy. Any doubt could only have existed from disputants having had insufficient means of determining their genuineness. Both letters were continuous articles on the same subject, like the preceding articles of Memnon, C., &c. The first of the two bore no signature or initial, the occasional practice of Francis. It was addressed to the Duke of Grafton personally, doubtless to place his grace's private character on a par with that of Wilkes; and at this time there was little difference between the dissipated conduct of the peer and the commoner. The ministerial press aided the ministry in their scurrilous abuse of Wilkes's private life, which was certainly no better than that of his neighbours. Francis contended for the truth of the true though vulgar old English

proverb, that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. A boy-premier, such as the Duke of Grafton, who, though married, appeared in public, and in the presence of his sovereign, in the company of his mistress, and that mistress formerly a prostitute on the town of London, could not escape comparison with Wilkes. The Duke's appearance with Ann Bellamy at Newmarket and the opera house was the notorious scandal of the higher circles of society, and had been repeatedly the subject of public mention by the press. This *liaison* was the subject of the first of the two letters. As neither were editorially acknowledged, by usual signs, as received prior to publication, their internal evidence must be the exclusive means of identifying their authorship. The first, a brief unsigned letter, addressed to the Duke of Grafton, examined singly, might be doubtfully assigned to Francis; but examined in connection with the second letter, signed *Bifrons*, and viewed in relation to the preceding articles, must be an arrow out of the same quiver. The plan of the writer palpably was to review the new head of the ministry in the two distinct characters of a private and public man. For this purpose the two articles were evidently severed, so that the levity of the first should not lower the serious tone of the second. The first letter ironically congratulates the Duke of Grafton as a perfect character, and as a man 'throughout public and private life' ever consistent with himself. Still he says, that 'the most superior persons have usually some defect, some weaknesses in their characters which diminish the lustre of their brighter qualifications: that 'Tiberius had his forms,' and that 'Charteris now and then deviated into honesty.' Again alluding to the Lowther grant, he tells his grace, 'whether the property of the subject, or the general rights of the nation were to

be invaded; or whether you were tired of one lady, and chose another for the honourable companion of your pleasures; whether it was a horse race or a hazard table; a noble disregard of forms seemed to operate through all your conduct.' But he admits that the prime minister had exceeded his highest expectations.

I did not think you capable of exhibiting the lovely Thaïs at the opera house, of sitting a whole night by her side, of calling for her carriage yourself, and of leading her to it through a crowd of the first men and women in this kingdom. . . . Obtain a divorce, marry the lady, and Bradshaw will be civil enough to give her away, with an honest, artless smile of approbation.

Bradshaw had been formerly a clerk in the War Office, and his fawning character, and unworthy rise above his fellow-clerks, were particularly disliked by Francis; and Bradshaw continued to be the subject of frequent after political attacks. This letter was the prelude to the second. Bifrons, the title of the second letter, was the surname of Janus, because represented by the Romans with *two faces*, as acquainted with the past and the future. The great majority of the illustrations and mottoes of Francis were Latin. *Bifrons* characterised the Grafton ministry as distinguished for the 'single virtue' *of duplicity*. He satirised it as so composed that 'every member of the body acts in two distinct capacities, and, Janus-like, bears two faces and two tongues, either of which may give the lie to the other without violent danger to his own reputation.' He then briefly instances cases of double-dealing of most of the members, but again bringing forward the Duke of Grafton as the principal offender before the law of public opinion. *Bifrons* then quotes a reply to the case of the Duke of Portland 'recently published (as 'tis said) under the auspices of the Treasury.' This latter counter case had admitted that the

Duke of Grafton had 'inadvertently' given the Duke of Portland a promise that the grant in question should not be issued without a previous investigation of the Duke of Portland's title, but that since the minister 'was the King's servant, and had no title to the making this promise, he perceived he was not in honour bound to adhere to it.' This unfortunate admission was commented upon by *Bifrons* in the well-known passage respecting the 'writers of casuistry' whose works were burnt at Paris. (Woodfall's 'Junius,' vol. iii. p. 46.)

The *Bifrons* letter then ends as follows:[1] —

> I proposed to have made this a complete panegyric on the Duke of Grafton; but I find it extremely difficult to draw *one* character of a man that acts in *two*. If, however, my poor attempt towards it should find favour in his sight, I hope he will on a future occasion afford me the means of distinguishing between his two characters, as Molière's Sosia does between the two amphitrions, 'c'est l'amphitrion chez qui l'on dîne.'

Singular evidence brings this *Bifrons* letter home to Francis. In one volume of his collection of pamphlets, bound next to a copy of the Duke of Portland's case, there is a copy also of the *first* edition of the Lowther case in reply to it; which latter was published the third week in April.[2] Molière also was one of Francis's most favourite French writers, and he had the Paris 1718 edition of the Œuvres.[3]

[1] See on this subject the separate note at the end this chapter.

[2] 'A reply to a pamphlet entitled "The Case of the Duke of Portland, respecting two leases granted by the Lords of the Treasury to Sir James Lowther, Bart. London. Printed for G. Kearsley and F. Newberry, 1768.' 8vo. pp. 44.—A second answer to the Portland case was privately printed, bearing no printer's or publisher's name; chiefly a legal argument vindicating the grant. Of the latter answer Francis had no copy, and there is no allusion to it in his 'Public Advertiser' letters. Being unpublished, he probably could not procure, and may not have known it, or it would have come under the lash of his pen.

[3] Francis's Library Catalogue, No. 471.

On May 6, a short letter appeared under the old signature of C., condemning the ministry for the Gazette notice of a commission to open the new Parliament on the 10th. The King 'in perfect health' not being allowed to open it in person was debited against the ministers, his Majesty's safety among his people being in peril through their mean policy and exaltation of Wilkes.

In the 'Public Advertiser' of the 10th, a laboured and elaborate letter from a correspondent, signing himself A. B., appeared in reply to the attacks on the grant to Sir James Lowther; clearly the article of a legal adviser. It was most improbable Francis would permit this article to remain unanswered. Accordingly a letter of the same day's date, but published on the 12th, was inserted in the 'Public Advertiser' under the signature of *Valerius*, doubtless from the studio of Francis. The member of the eminent Roman family whose name is thus affixed, was probably Valerius Publius, because surnamed *Poplicola*. Few political writers of the period were such good Latinists as to have selected this signature; and none so likely as the Poplicola of the same journal of April 28, 1767. The particular change of name therefore not only in this instance detects the writer, but the contents of the letter and its style mark the 'old correspondent.' Its argument was logical and terse, and it is the most superior of his contributions on the subject of the grant. The text is the case of the Duke of Portland, and the writer again reminds his readers that Sir James Lowther was the son-in-law of Lord Bute. Though the legal points are clearly not worded by a lawyer, it demonstrates Francis's knowledge of constitutional law.

In the second sentence of only ten lines, *to* is used seven times; in a letter of only a column and a quarter the preposition, in gross numbers, forty-eight times.

It is remarkable that in such a mass of political and anti-ministerial public articles from the same pen, attacking almost every man in high office of four successive administrations between 1763 and 1768, the name of Lord Barrington, Secretary of War, should never have been ever mentioned or his important department criticised. Lord Barrington was, *par excellence*, perhaps the most venerable of the 'Kings friends' as he had held office under almost all parties. That this particular nobleman should have been thus exempted, unless for some special reason, was the more noticeable because this noble viscount was not personally popular with his colleagues or with the subordinates of his department. The private correspondence of Francis, D'Oyly, and some of the under clerks of the War Office, show that Lord Barrington's manner to those under him was cold if not distant. Although placing the greatest trust in his two upper officers, D'Oyly and Francis, and although the latter prepared on verbal or brief written instructions almost all important official documents for signature, Lord Barrington's occasional private notes to them were few and cold; and they estimated his hospitality as below zero. He was, however, respected, and indulgent in allowing his clerks occasional vacations.

Lord Barrington's *manière* was one of *hauteur*. Had he possessed more urbanity and a heartier estimate of the services of clever men of long service in his department, he would have escaped many severe criticisms on his administration of the War Office. His exemption from those of the 'Public Advertiser' was doubtless owing to the reluctance of Francis to comment on the transactions of his own office, with perhaps some fear lest his pen might be discovered by the viscount. Public occurrences, however, at last soon left Francis no alternative but to ter-

minate his exception, and Lord Barrington henceforward came in for a full share of commentary at the hands of his first clerk.

The receipt of next letter in the 'Public Advertiser' traceable to Francis, on May 19, under the signature *Fiat Justitia*, was not previously acknowledged under that signature. The journal, by the editor's notices and claims on the indulgence of his correspondents, had been particularly overloaded; but on the 18th the following notice would appear to refer to the letter of Fiat Justitia: 'We are sorry not to have it in our power to oblige *a frequent correspondent* so soon as we could wish; the earliest attention possible will *ever* be paid to his favours.'[1] It has been obvious that, besides the constant changes of signature, the editor, by way of precaution, variously repeated his forms of acknowledgment of the manuscripts; otherwise, of course, one form of recognition would have destroyed the illusion of the communications being those of several distinct correspondents.

The subject of 'Fiat Justitia' was a severe censure of the Secretary at War's (Lord Barrington's) official letter conveying the King's approval of the conduct of the troops in suppressing the riots in St. George's Fields, on the occasion of Wilkes's expected liberation from the King's Bench prison on May 10, and its unconstitutional promise of protection when some of the soldiers were in custody of the civil power on charge of murder. Nearly a score of the crowd assembled before the prison had been killed or wounded by the unnecessary discharge of musketry. One young man, by name Allen, who was not amongst the mob, was killed, and some females had been severely wounded. This unfortunate collision between the military and the people, as in all such instances, raised the fiercest

[1] The italics are Woodfall's.

feelings of popular indignation. The letter of Lord Barrington had not generally been made public at this time beyond the circle of the troops employed. It had been addressed in the previous week to the commanding officer of the three regiments of Foot Guards who had been engaged in this unpleasant duty. Certainly a more inconsiderate and unconstitutional letter never emanated from the pen of a minister, nor one more ill composed. It was said to be written at the personal desire of the King; and as there is no draft of it in the War Office in the handwriting of Francis (who almost invariably drafted the office letters and endorsed the drafts), the document was probably the joint production of Lord Barrington and the King—the letter stating that it was his Majesty's express direction that his 'approbation' of the conduct of the officers and the men should be communicated to them by the field officer in command. *Fiat Justitia* palpably by his comments must have seen a copy of the letter. Indeed it is in the extant letter book of the War Office, and apparently indexed by the hand of Francis. The first two sentences of the newspaper letter of *Fiat Justitia* indicate its origin. The passages are marked in italics. '*An officer of the Guards, on whose veracity I can rely, has informed me* that the Secretary at War has thought proper to write a letter of thanks to the commanding officer of the troops lately employed in St. George's Fields. The substance of *it, as well as I can remember*, is rather of an extraordinary nature, and I think deserves the attention and consideration of the public.' He then particularises the 'substance' in details only one who had read the official letter could have told. The gist of the attack is the obvious scandal of the Father of a People being made to express his royal thanks to the military for their conduct on so unhappy an occasion as the slaughter of his subjects; and

pending a judicial enquiry into the loss of life, *Fiat Justitia* sensibly remarked that if any letter had been necessary the King's name should not have been compromised. 'The Secretary at War would have done better in confining his letter to the expression of his own sentiments: what he has said for himself, *if I am rightly informed*, will require more wit than he possesses to defend.' This letter, regarded as Francis's own opinion, was creditable to him; but the excitement of his feelings did not justify it from the pen of a clerk in the War Office. The apology for him is, that it was from a public writer who had been long independently discussing public questions, and that the official letter itself was almost contemporaneously made public in the newspapers. Certainly there never was a ministerial act, sanctioned also by the Crown, more reprehensible or mischievous than Lord Barrington's letter.

[At this point Mr. Parkes's incomplete manuscript terminates; and I have not been able, in my researches among his papers, to discover any continuation.

I add the following separate memorandum by Mr. Parkes on the subject of the burning of the Jesuit books: which properly finds its place here.]

No single letter of those styled 'miscellaneous' ascribed to Junius has so much puzzled and perplexed his commentators as that under the anonymous signature *Bifrons* of the date April 23, 1768. Goode assigns in his edition no reason for its selection as a genuine production of Junius. All critics are bewildered by the following curious assertion of *Bifrons*: 'I am not deeply read in authors of that professed title (casuists), but I remember seeing *Busenbaum*, *Suarez*, *Molina*, and a score of other *Jesuitical books*, *burnt at Paris for their sound casuistry*, by the hands of the common hangman.'

Now, no Briton or Irishman could, in reasonable probability, have witnessed the public destruction of these Jesuit works in the summer of 1761, Great Britain and France being then at war, unless such witness had been either a prisoner of war, or in the suite of Mr. Hans Stanley, who at that period was our ambassador opening negotiations for peace; or, unless Hans Stanley himself had several years afterwards himself written *Bifrons*. And it was obviously improbable that anyone publishing under such anonymous signature a severe personal attack on the prime minister would have run the risk of identifying himself by the narrative in question. Therefore, the pretended presence of Bifrons at the Paris *auto da fé* of 1761 was almost certainly the fiction of the anonymous writer, and probably for the better concealment of his

identification. As such a *ruse* it has been hitherto most successful. *Bifrons* was supposed to tell the truth when he asserted for disguise an ingenious falsehood. Works of the above-named Jesuit authors were burnt in Paris in 1761 (and at no other near period are they known to have been thus stigmatised in Paris), but we may fairly conjecture that neither *Bifrons* nor *Junius* could have been present. All who know the character and politics of Hans Stanley must be convinced that *he* was not *Bifrons*, and the names of the few persons in his suite who might possibly have seen the burning present no possible writer of such a letter in 1768. But the enigma may be discovered, as follows:—

Philip Francis was not, as asserted by Wade, in Lisbon at the period of the burning of these books at Paris. He had returned with Lord Kinnoul from Portugal, landing in England on November 19, 1760. On his arrival home he resumed his old inferior clerkship in Whitehall, which he had no doubt held *in commendam* during his temporary absence in Lisbon. His old and real friend Robert Wood, knowing his official aptitude and knowledge of languages, with Lord Kinnoul's good word, had recommended Francis, as we have seen, as an assistant Treasury clerk to Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham), then Secretary of State for the Northern Department or Foreign Office. In that relation to Lord Chatham, until the dissolution of the second Newcastle and Pitt ministry, in May 1762, Francis continued to act as an amanuensis to the great minister's dictation. Stanley's mission to Paris occurred during this time. Many of the drafts or copies of Pitt's correspondence with Stanley and the French minister are extant in Francis's handwriting, so that the young clerk was (confidentially of course) informed of all the despatches to and from Paris during the negotiation. The official collection of these

diplomatic and political correspondence and papers is preserved in the State Paper Office. *Bifrons*, in 1768, records only an incident known to Francis in 1761, from Francis's knowledge of such official documents. A despatch from Stanley to Pitt, dated Paris, August 18, 1761, details to our minister the full particulars of the disputes between the King of France and his parliament, the assembly condemning the Jesuit books and the Court taking sides with the Roman priests. Stanley writes to Pitt: 'I send this letter by Mr. Duval, the jeweller; I have enclosed you the edicts relating to the Jesuits, whose affair is greatly the subject of conversation.' His enclosure contained printed copies of the *Déclaration du Roi, Versailles, 2 août* 1761; the *Arrêt de la Cour du Parlement, extrait des Régistres du Parlement du* 6 *août* 1761; and the *Arrêts de la Cour de Parlement du* 6 *août* 1761. These documents contain a list or catalogue of the condemned prohibited books, comprising some dozen political and theological volumes. This black list contains the titles of numerous publications of all nations; and among the authors denounced are the works of *Busenbaum*, *Suarez*, and *Molina*,[1] in the same order in which those names appear in Bifrons. Thus Philip Francis, in the disguise of *Bifrons*, doubtless informed himself of the facts stated, of the condemnation of the particular works named, 'with a score of other Jesuitical books,' garnishing his anecdote by the fiction of his own

[1] Par Francis Suarez, Jésuite, en son livre intitulé *Tyrannicidium*, imprimé en 1614, condamné au feu par arrêt de la cour du 26 juin de la même année.

Depuis 1688, jusqu'en 1729, par les éditions multipliées jusqu'au nombre de 50, ainsi que l'attestent les Jésuites, auteurs du Journal de Trevoux, du Livre d'Herman Busenbaum, Jésuite;

Par *Claude Lacroix*, Jésuite, et par *Colendall*, Jésuite, commentateurs et éditeurs dudit *Busenbaum*, &c.

Disputationes Roberti Bellarmini è Societate Jesu, &c, 1696.

Ludovici Molina, primarii quondam in Eborensi Academia, Sac. Theol. Professoris, è societate Jesu, liber de Justitiâ et Jure; Moguntiæ, 1602.

presence at the *auto da fé*. *Bifrons* moreover probably wrote from recollection only of the 'Index Expurgatorius,' as the *arrêt* contains not simply one score but several scores of polemical volumes. Nor was this periodical conflict with continental Jesuitism a novel subject to Francis. It will be recollected that during the Kinnoul mission in Portugal fierce contests had broken out against the Order of Jesus, detailed in the interesting letters written by him to his father Dr. Francis.[1] Further, among Francis's library books he possessed a copy of the little volume 'Sur la Destruction des Jésuites en France,' 1775, containing a narrative of the Jesuits' misfortunes of 1761; and which thus shows Francis's continued interest in the history of the sect. In another volume of quarto tracts of the Junius period, Francis has incorporated an original Portuguese printed copy of the 'Edital Da Real Meza Censoria,' a royal decree October 6, 1770, prohibiting the import or circulation of scores of English, French, German, and Italian liberal publications on politics and religion—the Jesuits again in the ascendant at Lisbon. The letters of Junius, and such of the miscellaneous letters as are known to be by Junius, abound in associations with Catholicism and Jesuitism in particular. Early impressions in Lisbon explain Francis's hatred of superstition and priestly domination. Such an indelible association marks the mind of Junius; and *his* disgust at *priestianity*, under all disguises, whether Protestant or Catholic, accounts for the freethinking sentiments undisguisedly common to Junius and Francis.

Bifrons, attacking under an anonymous signature a prime minister, never would have stated such a fact as his

[1] Lord Kinnoul's despatches to Pitt, in the handwriting of Francis, preserved in the State Paper Office, also give ample details of the same occurrences.

personal presence in Paris at the time in question, had he really been there.[1]

[1] *Burning of the Jesuit Books.*—I wish to subjoin a few words of my own to those of Mr. Parkes on the same subject, because it happened to me some years ago, to light by mere accident on precisely the same line of investigation as that which he here pursues. In an essay inserted in my volume of 'Historical Studies,' under the title 'Junius and Marat,' both written and published when I was entirely unacquainted with Mr. Parkes's great literary occupation, I indicated that 'Bifrons,' if he actually witnessed the execution, must probably have been some one employed by the Foreign Office; if he only pretended to have seen it, that his knowledge was probably derived from Hans Stanley's curious despatch on the subject, which he perused at the Foreign Office; and that in either case this piece of evidence pointed to Francis. I said at the same time that Lord Macaulay was inclined to believe in the first alternative: founding his opinion in great measure on Lady Francis' assertion, quoted by Lord Campbell, 'He was at Paris when Madame de Pompadour drove out the Jesuits.'

After examination of the arguments of Mr. Parkes, I still feel some uncertainty as to the choice of alternatives. The circumstance that Francis' intended, Miss Macrabie, condoled with her lover on his not being able to obtain the post of Hans Stanley's secretary at Paris, tells, if anything, the other way: so determined a person as Francis was likely to pursue his object until he attained it in one form or another. Though it is certain that Lady Francis' loose assertions are worth much less than Lord Campbell supposed, or than I did when I wrote the essay in question, yet I have it under her hand that Francis 'allowed to his family that he had seen the Jesuit books burnt by the hangman.'

Lastly, Mr. Parkes says (with truth) that some of the despatches from Mr. Pitt's office to Hans Stanley are in Francis's own handwriting: showing that he was at work in London. But I have ascertained that there is no entry of any despatch from England at all between July 24, 1761, and August 20; leaving ample time for a journey to Paris and back.

On the other hand, Mr. Parkes's argument that so nervously cautious a person as Francis would never have given this indication of his identity, must be allowed its full weight; and I must add that I have not discovered in his correspondence any allusion whatever to a visit to Paris in 1761. The burning in question undoubtedly took place in 1761, and was not postponed (as some writers on Junius have asserted) to a subsequent year.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

COMMENCEMENT OF JUNIUS.

[ÆT. 29.]

Relations between Wilkes and Junius, 1768—Correspondence with Dr. Francis and others—Anonymous Letters to George Grenville.

THE unfinished memoir of Sir Philip Francis by Mr. Parkes ends thus abruptly in the middle of the year 1768; half a year before the appearance of the first letter of *Junius* (January 21, 1769)[1] in the 'Public Advertiser.' All my researches to discover any continuation among the mass of papers left behind him by Mr. Parkes have been unsuccessful.

It will have been long ago ascertained by the reader that Mr. Parkes entertained no doubt that Sir Philip Francis was the sole author of the letters signed *Junius*: farther, that he was the writer (wholly or almost wholly) of the 'Miscellaneous Letters ascribed to Junius,' in Woodfall's and subsequent editions; and, lastly, that he was the author of the celebrated series styled the 'Candor Pamphlets,' and of a great variety of miscellaneous contributions to the political press for four or five years preceding 1769.

It will have been seen also that Mr. Parkes arrived at these conclusions by a most refined and elaborate method of investigation. He traced the path of his anonymous

[1] The first, that is, of the printed collection. The first bearing that signature appeared November 22, 1768.—Bohn's 'Junius,' ii. 257.

hero through the files of the 'Daily Advertiser,' week after week; sifted and compared the compositions which he was led to attribute to him; and showed from the notices of them inserted from time to time by Woodfall, the publisher, both the value which Woodfall himself attributed to them, and also Woodfall's own evident conviction that he had to deal, almost exclusively, with one mysterious correspondent. And then Mr. Parkes proceeded to illustrate the productions, thus selected and classified, by comparison with what we knew already of the life of Francis, and with the hitherto unknown materials which the private papers of Francis afforded him. In this manner he wove together a most ingenious fabric, of the solidity of which the reader must judge for himself, although the editor may be permitted to add his own strong general belief in it, with such slight deductions as have been here and there already indicated.

I entertain no doubt that Mr. Parkes's plan was to conduct the same method of minute investigation and comparison through the remaining six years of Francis's supposed newspaper activity—from the spring of 1768 to that of 1774, when he left England for India. But he had not prepared his materials for this purpose, or I have been unable to discover them. And, feeling that the task which he had then proposed to himself, though with him a labour of love, would have been even to him an engrossing employment for years of life—feeling my own inability to continue it, and doubting the readiness of the public to bestow close attention on a voluminous work, which seems to me almost one of supererogation—I made up my mind to carry on his scheme on a very reduced, and what to him would have seemed a very insufficient, scale. I shall leave the more developed investigation to the care of some future editor of Junius, and content my-

self with the narrative of the life of Francis himself, as illustrated by the manuscript materials in my possession; enabling the reader to compare that narrative, *pas à pas*, with the indications furnished by the three printed series of Letters: those of Junius (public), those of the supposed Junius (private, to Woodfall), and those headed in Woodfall's and subsequent editions 'Miscellaneous, ascribed to Junius.'

Of the results of such a comparison—which he had fully carried on in his mind, although, as I have said, he had not completed his preparations for the press—Mr. Parkes had, as I have said, no doubt. He had made almost ready for publication a curious analysis and disproof, *seriatim*, of all the claims which have been set up in favour of other candidates, some thirty-seven, he says, in number (but there are more), for the honour of the authorship of Junius. But to enter farther into that discussion would exceed the limits which I have imposed on myself. The chief proofs which fix the authorship on Francis have always been considered to be three: the peculiar conformity of the known events and experiences of his life with what we must suppose, from Junius' own indications, respecting Junius; similarities of style, temper, character; and, lastly, similarity of handwriting, tested by the 'private letters' of Junius to Woodfall, of which facsimiles are inserted in many works, from Taylor's 'Junius Identified' downwards. All these classes of proof are strengthened in many cases, in no single case invalidated, by the contents of the manuscripts collected and examined by Mr. Parkes. And Mr. Parkes added a fourth element of proof: that afforded by the War Office paper and seals used by Junius, to which reference is made in the preface, and which will be found developed in the Appendix to this work. The

weight of the whole must, I repeat, be left to the reader to estimate. I will only add, for myself, the expression of what I felt long ago, when first commencing the 'Junius' inquiry in mere curiosity, and have felt far more strongly in studying these new materials. All the lines of investigation which have been followed, or can be followed, in order to trace the authorship to this or that known individual, except Francis, fail at a certain point. Like the paths in a child's play labyrinth, they are cut short at some point or other by a transverse bar. They end in impossibilities. The remaining path, to which one clue only leads us, becomes plainer and plainer the farther the investigation is conducted. No transverse bar, no failure of any sort, intervenes between us and our end. Of the strength of the affirmative evidence for Francis people have hitherto doubted, and may perhaps doubt in future. But of the weakness of all the evidence which has been adduced in favour of any one else, there cannot really be two opinions. And the editor can only add, as an assertion to which he hopes credit will be given, that all his examination of the mass of papers submitted to his eye, and from which the work now offered to the public contains only a trifling selection, has tended towards the same result. He has not discovered a single record or a single passage which raises (by comparison of dates, sentiments, or other circumstances) the slightest improbability against the current supposition. On the contrary, he can subscribe literally to the conclusion of Mr. Taylor, in his 'Junius Identified,' arrived at fifty years ago, from far less copious materials for judgment: 'In all his researches, the writer has never met with one thought, one fact, one word, which in the slightest degree impeded the course of his demonstration. This is a negative criterion of the truth, but is of no small value after

so extensive a survey, and it properly crowns the whole pile of evidence.'

I propose to add, by way of Appendix to this volume, such scattered fragments of observation on the Junius controversy as have been left by Mr. Parkes; and would particularly call attention to the paper in the Appendix, already mentioned, containing his own rough memoranda of a careful comparison of the originals of the 'Private Letters of Junius' to H. S. Woodfall with materials at the War Office. I have added, farther, some miscellaneous papers, of which the remarkable "Autobiographical Fragment" is the principal, and some letters addressed to Francis, in the years 1768–70, from America, by his correspondents Macrabie and Tilghman. They are curious, and have a Transatlantic interest of their own, but I preferred placing them thus apart to interrupting the continuity of the life.

In the middle of 1768, where Mr. Parkes's biography leaves him, Francis was still in employment as a clerk in the War Office, under Lord Barrington. Before entering on the subject of his private correspondence, I will only in passing refer the reader, in continuation of Mr. Parkes's remarks on the *Candor* letters, to the letters of 'C.' to George Grenville, published in the 'Grenville Correspondence.'

On February 6, 1768, 'C.' had addressed his first letter to George Grenville. Mr. Parkes's comments on that letter, and the inferences to be drawn from it, are to be found in the last chapter. I only allude to it again in order to subjoin a farther rough note on the subject which I find among his papers.[1]

[1] Again borrowing of Mr. Murray the Grenville Junius MS. Papers, I again note:—

1. That the anonymous letter, February 6, 1768, is on a sheet of 4to paper —paper and watermark same as that in use at the date in the War Office.

The last of the 'Miscellaneous' letters commented on by Mr. Parkes is that signed *Fiat Justitia*, May 12, 1768. But in this busy year, the Duke of Grafton became First Lord of the Treasury on the retirement of Lord Chatham, and constituted that Government which it became the special mission of Junius to attack. During the course of it, the anonymous pen contributed to the columns of the 'Public Advertiser' twenty-eight more, which are incorporated in that collection, under several of his usual signatures, particularly *Atticus* and *Lucius*: the first under that of Junius being the short one on the general warrant question of November 21. 1768. Probably no better reason can be assigned for its omission from Junius's own collective edition than that

The only correction is the erasure of '*founded*,' twice written.

The handwriting is Francis's palpably, but though upright and feigned, it is a larger character than the subsequent and later *Junius* MSS.

The *enclosure* is on a folio sheet, and the paper and watermark is also that used in the War Office. The paper has corrections. It is in Francis's large hand, upright as disguise—forming the disguised *Junius* hand, but not as afterwards habitually disguised.

2. The letter of September 3, 1768, is on 4to paper, but I can't identify its material or watermark with War Office paper of the period. Only one word erased (before 'satisfactory'); I can't decipher the word crossed out.

3. The letter October 20, 1768, is large 4to paper, gilt edged, watermark not quite readable from the letter being pasted on a guard, and half or partially concealed. It is apparently the name of a maker like 'Porter.' It is similar to the others as to disguised writing, but in several words palpably Francis's penmanship. ('A policy I cannot understand;') is between marks of parenthesis; apparently the marks after the letter was finished.

'*Your* Cause,'—your is italicised; '*Grand Council*' the same.

'The great desire I have of being honoured,' &c. is careted in the original.

The Atticus printed 'Public Advertiser' in Murray's folio was an enclosure evidently sent by *Junius*, because the writer has in ink corrected one sentence or rather altered it, scoring or italicising '*foreseeing*' and '*proceeding*,' inserting 'to have been marked,' and deleing 'the means.'

Another newspaper copy of another Atticus letter is in Murray's folio MS. dated November 15, 1768, apparently Mr. Grenville's MS. dating.

Also printed letter signed, 'The spirit which now animates the London Gazette.'—[J. PARKES.]

conjectured by Mr. Wade (Bohn's 'Junius,' ii. 259), that the series would more fitly begin with the new year, 1769. Perhaps the most remarkable among these, in connexion with the supposed authorship, is that without signature (August 6), which contains an elaborate defence of the character and policy of George Grenville. We have seen, and shall farther see, how anxious the anonymous writer was, just at this time, to ingratiate himself with that personage, from the special communications which he repeatedly addressed him.

I now proceed with the series of private MS. letters to and from Francis during the same year :—

To his Brother-in-law Macrabie, in Pennsylvania.

London, March 12, 1768.

Dear Mac.—The last pacquet brought me two letters from you, after a very long interval, of December 15 and January 20.

The first observation I made upon them was, that they were not under the Secretary of War's cover, upon which I leave you to make your own reflections. But now for my answers. As long as you grow fat in America, you may be said to be in a thriving condition; the future must take care of itself. But would it not be worth your prudence to consider what is to be done when your term with Mr. Neave expires? Undoubtedly you have considered of it; yet if you should not be able to resolve on anything, I am sure I enter too much into your situation to blame you. We have long since agreed how easy it is to find fault; but whoever fails you, be always assured that my heart will for ever be open to you; in short, if you cannot determine upon any plan where you are, you have nothing to do but to return to my house and stay in it untill something else can be thought of. I so much agree with you about landed possessions in America, and the security that may arise from them hereafter, that I shall commission my cousin Captain Francis, who is now here, to purchase a thousand acres for me in the course of next summer, which he assures me he can do for a mere trifle. By the by, this is a noble fellow, and if you meet him in America will, I am sure, contribute not a little to the happiness of your life there. My other unfortunate cousin, as far as I can learn, for I never see him, has no sort of prospect of being extricated from his difficulties without an immense loss. Poor fellow! I feel for him.

[Two pages cut out.]

However, he found at last, by the sneers thrown out against him in the public papers and elsewhere, that to take Mr. Rice into the field was unavoidable; and certainly this resolution, though too late, was the only wise one he could take. They met. Rutherford fired and missed Rice, who stood full, and as soon as he had received the fire, discharged his own pistol in the air. Upon this they were reconciled; but the paper war between the other parties has continued as furiously as ever.[1]

Your sister and the children are perfectly well. Your father writes so fully to you upon his affairs that I shall not trouble you with any other account of them. Besides I am but imperfectly informed in these matters, except that in general I understand the old folks are tolerably happy, and that Patty continues to be mad enough in all reason. To-morrow I set out for Bath, where I am to spend a week with a jolly party. That place has certainly bewitched me, yet one would think my father's going to reside there would have removed the charm.[2]

Did I tell you that Mr. Chandler[3] has bought a large house in Bruton Street? They are now at the summit of their wishes in point of habitation. It is to undergo a thorough repair, and I think they expect to be in possession in two or three months. Wilkes is setting up for the City of London. We are all as mad about elections as ever you Americans were about the Stamp Act. I do not recollect anything else that has happened here worth your attention.

Pray let me know how my cousins in general have received you, or whether you have had any sign of life from Captain Maturin.

It's now generally thought that Jack Wilkes[4] will be elected for the City of London. He dined with the Lord Mayor yesterday with the rest of the candidates.

Farewell, my dear Mac. Jusqu'au revoir.

P. Francis.

The pamphlets I shall commit to the care of Messrs. Neave.

I send you herewith two letters from your father.

Your sister and nieces thrive tolerably.

Yours again and again.

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[1] I cannot explain this mutilated passage.

[2] The breach occasioned by the marriage was not yet fully repaired; very naturally not in the eyes of Macrabie.

[3] A relative of Mrs. Francis, and very intimate friend of the Francis family; a wealthy and liberal man, concerning whom much is contained in the Francis papers.

[4] Just at this period, Wilkes was the *bête noire* of the anonymous contributor. See especially the violent letter of C. (April 5, 1768.)

The following (and several more) are from Dr. Francis at Bath to his son in London. It is evident that the 'père prodigue' was at this time in receipt of frequent assistance—at least by way of advance on his government pension—from his son; whose means of affording such aid, holding only as he did a small government appointment, and burdened with an increasing family, are by no means rendered clear by anything traceable in his private history.

Bath, April 3, 1768.

My dear Phil.—It was a kind attention to prepare me for an unlucky accident. Nobody hurt. I hope too not greatly frightened. All the best wishes of my affection.

I feel very sensibly the offer you made me. Tho' I have a pleasure in receiving kindnesses from those I love, yet it is a pleasure not unmixed with pain. I would sometimes avoid it. A few days ago, I thought I could have waited for my Royal Bounty with perfect economy, but——Let me then desire you to send me a fifty pound Bank-note by post, for I find it difficult and awkward to negotiate with our little bank here.

I thank you for the newspapers. I thank Mr. D'Oyly and Mr. Sneyd; but surely you have not received my letter in which I told you I was ashamed to give them a trouble for nothing, for what I could buy and ought to pay. I neither desire nor expect them any longer. . . .[1]

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[1] I subjoin in the form of a note to this letter of April 3, the following memorandum, by Mr. Parkes, on the subject of the relations between Wilkes and *Junius*:—

'We have been threatened,' says Dr. Francis, 'with the honour of a visit from Mr. Wilkes and those other zealous friends of liberty, Coates and Beardmore. I have kept open my letter to the last moment that I might entertain you with these triumphant entrys in honour of the repeated victories they have gained over the king, laws, and constitution of their country. Farewell.' In the following week, April 7, the Doctor again writes to his son, on business, and on the same topic adds: 'Wilkes came into Bath on Sunday evening with so little noise—I ought perhaps to have said with so much modesty—that he seem'd to avoid the triumph he was conscious of having deserv'd. He shews himself every morning in the pump room, and his daughter *minuets* it at the ball at night. In both they gaze at her father, whether as a miracle or a monster perhaps it were difficult to determine. But the news of Bath, like its waters, should be drunk hot from the pump.'

Dr. Francis to his Son.

Bath, April 9, 1768.

I heartily rejoice with you on your family's escaping a danger, that in its consequences might have been worse than death—broken limbs and lameness for life. I hope I love goodnature. I would rather, if the good opinion of this very worthless world were worth a wish, be thought goodnatured than a learned, generous, pious, or even honest man; yet if the fellow who overturned your coach did it in his brutality, or even his carelessness, as far as law could

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Curiously, not four years afterwards, we meet Wilkes and *Junius* dancing a political minuet together, *Junius* declining Miss Wilkes as a minuet partner. Wilkes in his private letter to *Junius*, October 17, 1771, offers *Junius* dinner or ball tickets for the Lord Mayor's day, for himself, or friends, or a favourite, or *Junia*. Wilkes adds: 'How happy should I be to see my Portia here dance a graceful *minuet* with Junius Brutus! but *Junius* is inexorable and I submit. I will send your tickets to Woodfall.'

Junius in his reply, doubtless affecting old age (as he was unlikely to confess his real age), answers: 'Many thanks for your obliging offer; but alas! my age and figure would do little credit to my partner. I acknowledge the relation between Cato and Portia, but in truth I see no connection between *Junius* and a *minuet*.'

These curious letters of Dr. Francis to his son respecting Wilkes preceded by many months the first letter of *Junius*. But two of the *miscellaneous* letters ascribed to the same writer preceded by some days the Bath visit of Wilkes, appearing in the 'Daily Advertiser,' on April 5 (1768), under the signatures C. and *Q. in the Corner*. In both these anonymous letters the ministry was denounced for permitting Mr. Wilkes to return from France to England with impunity. His outlawry was not reversed, and on his return to London from Bath, he surrendered for judgment. Subsequently *Junius*, on the question of the Middlesex return and Wilkes's expulsion from the House of Commons and his re-election, espoused his cause; and not inconsistently. The genuineness of the above first miscellaneous letter (6), however, depends on its internal evidence. Its designation of Wilkes as 'a man of most infamous character in private life,' and its other severe and cutting animadversions on his political as well as moral character, tally with those after-attacks by *Junius in propria persona* which Wilkes confesses fell so heavy upon him towards the conclusion of 1769. Junius throughout his private confidential correspondence with Wilkes does not disguise the reasons for his advocacy of the rights of the Middlesex electors, nor does he with any niggard hand administer most sensible and honest advice that Wilkes should adopt a higher public character and keep more select political company. An admirable judgment and generous spirit pervades this portion of the letters, which clearly the writer never expected would become public during the lives of either party. Junius captivated the heart of his old enemy and conquered his reason.—[J. PARKES.]

punish, I should think that justice ought. He may have a wife and children, yet I really think a private individual has not a right to forgive an injury that affects the public.

I would yesterday have acknowledged and thanked you for your bill, but Friday is not our post day to London.

I don't remember whether I told you that Wilkes and Liberty, those inseparables, arrived here last Sunday. They lodge together in the South Parade; and, posted on the lamp before the door, in printed capitals of largest size, their names shine forth at midnight. I find I have been insensibly writing heroicks. It is the inspiration of Liberty. We have here a silent *beau mot* of Mr. Wilkes that may rank with the sublime silences of antiquity. ——, you know his character, was rallying Wilkes with somewhat too coarse a pleasantry, who stepping up to him with a very significant important look, examined his neck, especially his left ear, as if he searched for Jack Ketch's mark. Farewell.

Yours with all truth,

P. F.

Saturday night.

Francis to Macrabie.

London, April 16, 1768.

My Dear Mac.—Since my letter of the last pacquet nothing has happened here of profit or of amusement; but I am determined you shall never want the consolation of a few lines, while I am able to write them. Mr. Wilkes, after failing in his attempt to be chosen for the City of London, thought it adviseable to offer himself candidate for the county of Middlesex, and has carried it by a large majority. The attention of the kingdom has for above a month past been entirely fixed upon this gentleman and his measures; and we still wait with fearfull expectation for the twentieth of this month, on which day he has pledged his honour that he will surrender himself in Westminster Hall.

About three weeks ago, our coach, with all the family in it but myself, was broken down in a most dreadful manner by a country waggon drawn by eight horses. It was hardly less than a miracle that seven people did not lose their lives by the malice and brutality of the fellow who drove the waggon. I have commenced an action against the owner, and with the help of your friend Mr. Meyrick and of Sir Fletcher Norton, whom I have retained, I have no doubt of recovering considerable damages. I enclose you a letter from your father. Sometime ago I sent you two pamphlets about your friend Rutherford and Coleman, which I hope you have received. They are now pretty quiet, though they remain mortal

enemies. In the winter I suppose the war will break out afresh. Mrs. Chandler, I think, seems inclined to continue her contribution of 40*l.* a year to your father, and if she does she will act handsomely, and they may live more happily than ever they did.

I hope and suppose that, by this time, you begin to see a little more clearly what your future plan and expectation is likely to be. I must beg of you to be a little explicit upon this article, as I am really anxious to know what your views towards an establishment are, or whether you have any. I need not repeat what I hope you are convinced of, that, tho' all fail, my house is your sure retreat: so be not unhappy about a disappointment more or less, nor let any untoward accident discourage you, since you will always have the means of keeping your head above water with me, and something must inevitably turn up for your good. Your friend Oliver has been lingering for a long time under a consumptive disorder, which he expected would kill him, but lately he finds himself surprisingly recovered. ——'s mother is dead. I met him not long ago at a gentleman's chambers, where there were ladies, *fidelles*, and all manner of riot; but he, thinking it incumbent upon him to preserve a becoming gravity, had no powder in his wig, and looked as black as Vulcan; but I don't know how it happened, before two hours were passed he contrived to get soberly fuddled, forgot his grief, and concluded with a minuet and a Scotch reel with two doxies. N.B. His mother could hardly have been cold, as she expired but the night before.

I had written so far when yesterday your several letters of February 10 and March 10 were brought to me. You are very good to write so much, and I assure you it pleases me not a little to see that you can write in such good spirits, and with so much spirit. If these cousins of mine are so handsome, and so clever, and so inviting, take care of your heart. Observe that I forbid the bans. Pray take every opportunity that offers of assuring the handsomest of my cousins what a respect I bear to female beauty, and that, since they are handsome I do not love them the less for being my relations. . . . . .

Your sister is greatly obliged to you for your ingenious letter, but contents herself with permitting me to answer for her. Her waist is swelling immoderately, and there are people who think she has taken a fourth dose of poison. You will probably hear more of it about the beginning of October. . . . . .

Inclosed I send you a letter I have received by the last pacquet from Captain Maturin, General Gage's secretary, by which you may perceive that you are likely to be on as respectable a footing at New York as you have found yourself at Philadelphia. Let me know

whether you have heard anything of Mr. Atchy Thompson, to whom I gave you a letter; what his circumstances are, and how he thrives. My cousin the colonel I suspect is suddenly decamped, without beat of drum, for North America. He broke an appointment with me about three weeks ago, and I have never heard of him since. If you should meet, you will find him a sensible, brave, honest fellow, and from what I have said to him you may depend upon his inclinations to be attached to you. He has schemes for purchasing land in that country, which appeared to me not bad; by way of embarking a small property with him, he undertook to purchase a thousand acres for me. Be so good as to enquire a little into this matter and let me know your opinion about it. Your advice about stocks and funds is grave and pithy; one would imagine you knew the step of a lame duck by practice. For any enterprizes of mine you may be perfectly easy. Alas! now I am talking of money matters, it is no less true than sorrowful, your Bank-note and the value of it are irrecoverable. About a month ago I had the satisfaction of losing a note for ten pounds in much the same way and with the same success.—Intoxication!

The family of the Tenches[1] I take for granted are now compleately happy. If the father has any of that Christian patience you talk of it is by no means thrown away upon him. Your letter from Madeira arrived sometime after your first from New York. Your account of the disputes about precedence between General Gage and Sir Henry Moore is perfectly ridiculous. Is it possible for grave men to fight about a place in a country dance?

I understood that Foote cleared four thousand pounds last summer: an immense sum for a man with one leg.

And now, my dear Mac., farewell! My hand is tired, and I have said my *say*.

Farewell! Yours most faithfully,

P. Francis.

Another letter from your father.

Dr. Francis to his Son.

Bath, April 26, 1768.

Dear Phil.—I thank you for the account of W——'s trial. We had many others; but all of them confused, perplexed, or partial. Yet is it not somewhat whimsical? He is arrested, sent to prison, yet lives, we are told, in perfect freedom in Surrey. Are W—— and Liberty then indeed inseparable? I am told a young lady here dresses

[1] Francis's American relatives. See Pedigree.

her hair in curls, No. 45, and declares for a husband of that same number; the very acmé of love as well as politics. Sir R. Blackmore, if I mistake not, made it the æra of genius and epic poetry. He wrote his first of ten epics at that age.

I beg you will read the enclosed, and if you can find the person to whom I would direct it, if I knew his name, pray deliver it yourself. The effects of his soap are really little less than wonderful. He lives at the old perfume shop opposite to Pall Mall, in the Haymarket.

When Lady Stepney leaves the house, you will oblige me by advertising it. The woman who will have the care of it, and who now lives in it, is honest and intelligent, or in the cant word, sensible; she will show it, and agree upon terms of price, and necessaries, &c. You must take Lady Downing's reputation, and the chastity of her street, under your protection. Farewell! I am come down to the bottom of my paper.

Francis to Macrabie.

London, May 14, 1768.

My dear Friend and Brother,—. . . . Mr. Wilkes has been in the King's Bench Prison this fortnight, and must remain there till next term, when the errors of his outlawry are to be argued again. His friends, to the number of many thousands, have taken possession of St. George's Fields, and beleaguer the prison. Many lives have been lost, yet the mischief is likely to continue if not increase. . . .

You may say what you please of your Americans, but I'll be curst if we don't match you for riots. The worst on't is that they keep me at the War Office many hours a day more than I like. Such marching and counter-marching! The Horse-Guards had no conception of such hot service. Many of them who quitted their trades without any other view but to become private gentlemen, complain loudly that the contract with them is dissolved, and are determined to retire. Mr. Wade's billiard match, on which other people have many thousands, and I have ten, pounds [1] depending, is to be played to-night. My reason is convinced I shall win, but the risk of such a sum is enough to alarm the passions. The villain is brought on purpose from Naples to give Mr. Wade two and beat him. He is not half so like a man as a monkey. Foote swears he remembers him keeping a glass shop on the top of Mount Vesuvius. He has had a particular dress made for him to play in, and never was anything more ridiculous! Having no more nonsense to spare at present I shall conclude in sober truth and sadness,

Your P. Fr.

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[1] Compare the letter of *Fiat Justitia*, in the Junius collection, May 19, 1768.

War Office, June 11, 1768.

My Dear Mac.—This letter will be probably a short one for a very good reason—because I have not materials to make it a long one, for you know I do not mind trouble; not I. A letter of yours, dated in March, is arrived since I wrote last, but I think it does not require any particular answer, and if it did—for I have left it at home.

Domestic news is as insipid as usual. Children bawling, servants fighting, my wife scolding, your father and mother weeping, and Patty raving mad. These, with the addition of a preternatural appearance, and some unaccountable noises which have been repeatedly in my house in Duke Street at the dead of night, make up the perpetual history of my family. Without a jest I have myself heard a most extraordinary ringing of bells about midnight, and have never been able to discover the cause. Now for news.

Mr. Wilkes's outlawry is reversed upon an error pointed out by Lord Mansfield himself. He will receive sentence this term.

Mr. Rigby is appointed sole paymaster-general, and Mr. Thomas Townshend is to be one of the vice-treasurers of Ireland.

Mr. Cooke, member for Middlesex, is dead, and Mr. Serjeant Glynn has declared himself a candidate. It is supposed he will succeed. I am going to dine this day at ——'s in the country; he has taken an elegant house in the country, on Barnes Common, a carriage, and a w——: he wants nothing now but a pack of hounds and a couple of race-horses to furnish his character.

Your mother is at her house; she looks better than ever, I think, but has no hopes of seeing her dear child again.

I cannot write more, but you may depend on my prayers.

Yours most faithful,

P. Francis.

I now insert, in order of date, a very important memorandum in the handwriting of Mr. Parkes. The facts which it specifies demonstrate conclusively—were any demonstration needed—the intimate connexion of Philip Francis at this period (immediately before the commencement of the Junius letters) with the 'Public Advertiser.'

Finding in a folio vol. of P. Francis's MSS. a long paper on a suggestion of Financial Reform, unsigned and unaddressed, and in his writing, headed 'June 28, 1768,' I thought it possible that it might on that day have been communicated to and published in Woodfall's 'Advertiser.' I this day examined the file in his

grandson's possession; and I find the paper printed in that journal, No. 10,503, Tuesday, June 28, 1768, under the signature of *A Friend to Public Credit.* This paper must have reached Woodfall not later than Sunday night, as in the Monday's paper, in the notice (the only one that day) to a correspondent, is the following: 'A Friend to Public Credit.—Address to the proprietors of the Public Fund shall have a place in our next.'

Dr. Francis to his Son.

August 3, 1768.

Dear Phil.—I left Bath last Wednesday, and am afraid I forgot to bid Sally send you your letters. I mean to be very punctual in acknowledging the receipt of Bills, and if you have not seen Atty B—w and written to me in his name, I beg you will not, till I return to Bath.

You will expect some little account of Weymouth: a bay with one opening to the ocean, the rest surrounded with hills. The shore with a gentle declivity, falling down to the sea with a smooth, firm sand, nor rocks nor mud. The water perfectly clear, and the bathing equally good at any hour of the day. The temperature of our climate at land I really think extraordinary: vines, myrtles, flowers, jessamin, in every little garden, within fifty yards of the sea.

Pray write to me, and if possible contradict that unhappy story of Lady Sarah.[1] Accept of all good wishes of an heart sincerely and affectionately yours.

Weymouth, Wednesday, for verily I don't know the day of the month.

Francis to Macrabie.

London, August 3, 1768.

My dear Brother,—I have got some letters from you at New York dated sometime in June. I did not doubt that you would be well received, and hospitably entertained there. I have a letter from Atchy Thompson, by which I perceive he intends leaving that country in a few months, and that he has made a tolerable fortune there. I am really astonished that he is not married.

Rutherford is ruined and run away, but then the king of Denmark is just coming over. You shall have some more of Harris's

[1] Lady Sarah Bunbury probably. She had been instructed in early life by Dr. Francis (see the Fragment of Autobiography). But I am not aware of any scandal about her at this date.

writings by the first opportunity. I am afraid all is wrong in that quarter. It is really so hot, that you must take the will for the deed. Besides, I expect to send you a monstrous heap of letters from Eden, Kirkman, and your father. Sir Jeffery Amherst's government of Virginia has been taken from him and given to Lord Botetourt.[1] The former is so highly offended that he has resigned his Regiments. Now this you see is American news. I can tell you, moreover, that in consequence of the last peaceable advices from Boston, two regiments of 500 men each are going there in a hurry.

My wife and children are at your service, and so your most obedient humble servant,

P. Fr.

You will excuse my brevity upon the principle of not riding a free horse to death.

Dr. Francis to his Son.

Bath, September 3, 1768.

Dear Phil.—When I used to read pretty books, I was much pleased with the hero of one of them, who had laid up a sum of money, which he called the Bank of Friendship. He lent it without interest to his friends, if indeed we can lend money to a friend without interest. Whether you have such a bank I do not know, but I was at an anchor here last week, and bid upon the credit of it for somewhat more than necessaries. I am therefore compelled to tell you I shall be much obliged to you for a thirty pound note next post. Beside the interest of friendship, I shall with pleasure pay any expence that attends it, when either my spiritual or temporal revenues come in.

Why don't you write to me? 'Tis a paltry situation to know nothing more, and in such times as these, than what everybody knows. I had a long letter yesterday from Ingress: Amherst and America and his Majesty of Denmark—and, of more importance to his happiness, Mrs. Bride has brought him another son. What's become of your promise of a boy? Girls are only the mama's children, and I want some assistance in my plan of education. I wish you would translate the Procœnium of Quintilian's sixth

[1] Compare the first notice of this fiercely discussed transaction (the dismissal of Sir Jeffery Amherst) in the Junius letter signed L. L. ('Miscell.' August 5, 1768.) The subject, as readers of Junius are aware, occupies a considerable portion of the 'Miscellaneous Letters,' during the whole autumn of 1768. There was undoubtedly some private reason at work for its constant reproduction in the 'Advertiser;' but not traceable in the Francis papers.

book. It is a work of a father's heart. However, you have all my wishes, all my hopes, for that alarming terrible hour, whatever it may produce.

Farewell!

Whose is that famous letter to L. H—h, signed *Lucius*?[1]

On September 3, 1768, Mr. Grenville received the second letter (which he endorsed 'anonymous'), headed in the 'Grenville Papers,' 'from the author of Junius.' It is at all events evidently from 'C.'

It may not be improper (he says) you should know the public is entirely mistaken with respect to the author of some late publications in the newspapers. Be assured that he is a man quite unknown and unconnected. . . . . At a proper time he will solicit the honour of being known to you; he has present important reasons for wishing to be concealed. Some late papers, in which the cause of this country and the defence of your character and measures have been thought not ill maintained; others signed *Lucius*, and one or two upon the new Commission of Trade, with a multitude of others, came from this hand. They have been taken notice of by the public. May I plead it as a merit with you, Sir, that no motives of vanity shall ever discover the author of this letter? If an earnest wish to serve you gives me any claim, let me entreat you not to suffer a hint of this communication to escape you to *any body*. ('Grenville Papers,' iv. 355.)

The editor of the 'Grenville Papers' observes that the last two words were underscored in the original MS., apparently by George Grenville himself, indicating his determination to keep the secret thus confided to him.

Dr. Francis to his Son.

Bath, September 7, 1768.

I am to acknowledge and thank you, as I do most sincerely, for your twice fifteen pounds, and yet more for the strength of your bank, though I shall not be obliged to draw on it again, as I put off the evil hour of borrowing as far as possible. You may believe I feel your punctuality very sensibly.

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[1] Lucius to the Earl of Hillsborough, August 20, 1768. (Letter xxxv. Miscellaneous.)—Bohn's 'Junius,' ii. 210.

The challenge in *Lucius's* letter is probably Lord G. S.; his lordship may now be convinced. He won't fight. But what a *poltroon* is Lord H., or why not make a merit of avowing that he has acted as he thought best for the public service. But is he less despicable than his brother ministers? . . . .

Pray when you go again to Ingress, read my letters; they are written upon my first thoughts, and will require much attention and correction.[1]

The personal and violent 'challenges' of Lucius to Lord Hillsborough in his letters of August 29 and September 1, are so numerous, that it is not easy to see to what exact expression the Doctor refers. It would seem, however, that for some reason or other—very possibly at his son's instigation—he had taken up for the moment the notion that Lucius was Lord George Sackville.

A few letters, carefully preserved by Philip Francis in his manuscript letter book, which passed between Dr. Francis and Mr. Calcraft about the middle of this year, may be adverted to in this place as showing the terms of close intimacy which existed between the families. Whatever the Doctor's freedom of private life may have been, and whatever association may have existed between him and Calcraft in the days when George Anne Bellamy acted as presiding lady in the latter's establishment,

[1] It appears therefore that Philip Francis was by this time an habitual visitor to Calcraft at Ingress. The 'letters' seem to have been papers written by Dr. Francis on subjects of classical inquiry. One passage is not without its personal interest. He is speaking of the importance of instruction in reading aloud. 'You and I know a gentleman' (Mr. Fox, Lord Holland), 'whom I shall always love, and sincerely wish I could esteem. This gentleman at four years old could read (aloud, he means) 'the Bible: the most improper book for that purpose ever put into the hands of children, and from whence, perhaps, he is at this moment the very worst reader I ever heard. From this too early spirit of reading, he has even now a confused, hesitating, and yet precipitate utterance. What other superiority, surely not of political knowledge and abilities, had his great rival in ambition (Mr. Pitt) over him, except that of language, words, and periods? Yet he really talked him out of the House of Commons.'

Francis seems to have been a true friend and thoughtful adviser to Calcraft in the matter of the education of his young son John, which at present occupied his thoughts. Two long and carefully corrected letters on this subject (without date, but of this time), and a manuscript essay, headed 'Dr. Francis to John Calcraft,' have been preserved by Sir Philip. The latter seems to have been intended for publication.

Calcraft appears to acknowledge them in the following (in his own handwriting):—

Ingress, July 23, 1768.

I need not tell you how heartily we rejoice to hear of your safe arrival, or how ardently we wish you health. Besides real friendship and affection, in all probability on you depends the welfare and credit of our darling Jack. He has from his first speaking been taught to drink your health; and shall be daily kept to it. . . . .

Garrick spent a chearfull day at Ingress last week. We talk'd over your most friendly resolution about Jack. I will not attempt to convey his applause. But my boy apart, he express'd himself much pleased that this country would be enriched by a digested plan of education from you.

The next (from the same) shows at once the general coincidence of judgment between Calcraft and the author of Junius, and his personal friendship for Philip Francis.

Ingress, October 20, 1768.

You cannot conceive the satisfaction, as well indeed as instruction, I derive from the perusal of your treatise. . . . .

Read a letter signed *Atticus* in Wednesday's 'Public Advertiser,' and differ from him if you can. (N.B. the letter of October 19.) A general and prompt attack on the administration: 'Such is the council by which the best of sovereigns is advised, and the greatest nation on earth governed.'

Our friend Phil. would send you an account of the masquerade, which with half the company would have been both elegant and clever. He enjoy'd it exceedingly; and will you believe I went up to it with much pleasure. . . . .

To return to the regular series of letters :—

Francis to Macrabie.

London, October 3, 1768.

Informs him of the birth of his son.

. . . . . .

I am now to thank you for your letter of August 17. Pliny himself could not write better. We were apprehensive that a pacquet had been lost. Your account of the Moravians is pleasant enough, particularly the community of women. In that article society is pretty nearly on the same footing here! I have sent you two more letters from Harris and Coleman, without knowing whether you ever received the first. Rutherford had taken something so much amiss, that he went to France to conceal his resentment. Since that he has sold his share of the patent, and this day gives us a grand dinner at the new tavern in Bishopsgate Street. This last, I take it, is not the readiest way to repair his fortune. We are all raving mad about the king of Denmark's masquerade,[1] which is to be given next Monday. The tickets bear a higher premium than those in the lottery. I have got one, and expect two more, to the grief of my friends and the astonishment of my enemies.

Your acquaintance here, I think, are all in *statu quo*. Mrs. Lessingham being hissed at her first appearance, made a speech to the audience, which brought them all over to her side.

. . . . . .

Pray keep a look-out about the lands : though may I be eternally curst, if ever I cross the Atlantic, at least at my own expence.

The price of corn is greatly fallen, and this, I think, is the only good public intelligence we have. As to the rest, the stocks go down, and nothing is expected but bloodshed and battery.

. . . . . .

All this I have written before breakfast. My appetites, if not my passions are up in arms, and desire their compliments to you, and so farewell.

P. Fr.

Dr. Francis to his Son.

Bath, October 6, 1768.

Will one letter be sufficient for my congratulations upon three such happy events—your wife's recovery from that hour of terror; your own from a very alarming disorder; and the birth of your son? You are now, my dear Phil., beginning to be a father with other duties and affections than you have ever yet known. A mother

[1] See Walpole to Lord Strafford, Oct. 10, 1768.

dresses her girls, and makes their persons fine, a science which she well understands; but in his boys, a father's cares are employed in forming their hearts to virtue, to sentiments of humanity, and improving their minds by his superior knowledge and experience. Perhaps the papers which I am now drawing up for Mr. Calcraft's boy may not be unuseful to yours.

I thank you for your letter. Without Mr. D—y's very different stating of facts, it would have for ever damned Sir J. Am—st. I do not, however, use the word damned in our horrible scriptural meaning. In the sober—alas! too sober—understanding of almost threescore, I envy your madness of masquerading. But with all your titles of Secretary at War,[1] &c., have you not a right to a ticket? I wish you success with all my heart.

Mr. D—y will, I think, give a tolerable account of me. I introduced Mr. Wa— to him yesterday, as your acquaintance. Farewell! All my wishes.

Sally begs of me to send her congratulations; I dare vouch them very sincere.

On this last letter Mr. Parkes remarks as follows:—

In September 1768, Francis was in ill health, and being much at home it is probable that he had more leisure to compose letters. And accordingly, between August 29 and September 20, *ten* miscellaneous letters are, besides their internal evidence, probably correctly assigned to him by Woodfall and Dr. Good. They are letters under the signatures of *Lucius*, *Cleophas*, and *L. L.*—one unsigned. The last letter, of September 20, is signed *Lucius*. At the end of that month his illness became aggravated. A letter from his father at Bath, of October 6, speaks of the son recovering from 'an alarming disorder.' Now no letter is further ascribed to the same writer, between September 20 and October 6, till the first letter in the 'Public Advertiser' of the latter day. The signature after this interregnum is again changed for that of *Atticus*. It is singular that the disease was an acute inflammation in one eye.

To Christopher D'Oyly, Esq., at Bath.

War Office, October 6, 1768.

While all the town is running mad
After the Danish masquerade,
And every shop is thronged with beaux
Bespeaking masks and dominos,

[1] See the end of the next chapter for observation as to the exact nature of Philip Francis's position at the War Office.

I who have learnt to live by rule,
And am too old to play the fool,
Think I pursue a nobler end
In writing to an absent friend,
Who, I am sure, will laugh with me
At all this mimick foolery.
What life can masquerade afford
Equal to health and strength restored?
Thy waters, Bath! of power divine,
More joys dispense than Gallic wine;
How much in virtue they excel—
How cheer the heart—let D'Oyly tell.
Wisely of northern blasts afraid—
Frequent the genial South Parade,
Where, sheltered by the neighb'ring hills,
The milder air a softness steals,
And borrowing from the flower's perfume,
Gives Chloe's cheek returning bloom.
Of wholesome viands eat your fill,
But shun the shop of master Gill:
All ills are there in ambush laid,
The dev'l dressed in masquerade—
Soup a la turtle, cayann'd high,
Veal a la daube, and rich French pye.
Small Lansdowne mutton I should chuse
Before kickshaws and French ragouts.
Take this advice without a fee
(A thing uncommon, Sir, with me)—
But when a friend is in the case
Custom to gratitude gives place.
All in this office wish you well,
But none more truly than H. L.[1]

On October 20, 1768, was written the third and most remarkable anonymous letter, supposed from the 'author of Junius,' to George Grenville. It encloses one of *Atticus* extracted from the 'Public Advertiser.'

The town is curious (says the writer) to know the author. Everybody guesses, some are quite certain, and all are mistaken. Some,

[1] I have not been able to trace the author of this effusion; doubtless some comrade of D'Oyly and Francis in their office; perhaps Lewis, at this time chief clerk, who afterwards succeeded Francis.

who bear your character, give it to the Rockinghams (a policy I do not understand): and Mr. Bourke[1] denies it as he would a fact which he wished to have believed. It may be proper to assure you that no man living knows or even suspects the author. . . . . The 'Grand Council' was mine, and, I may say with truth, *almost everything* that for two years past has attracted the attention of the public. . . . . Until you are minister I must not permit myself to think of the honour of being known to you. When that happens, you will not find me a needy or a troublesome dependant.' (Grenville Papers, iv. 379.)

Dr. Francis to his Son.

Bath, November 13, 1768.

If life, my dear Phil., has at a certain period very little desirable in it, I really think our frequently meditating upon death has nothing terrible. For myself, I feel not the *terrors* of religion, and reason has none for me. To die is but to change our mode of existence, according to the pleasure of the only good, and infinitely good, Being. This world, its pleasures, its passions, politics, with regard to me are rapidly passing away; yet I am not grown quite indifferent to the fate of empires and kingdoms — of America or Corsica. Why then never once mention them? But the man to whom I am indebted for all your happiness, and for almost all I myself enjoy,[2] shall he have a contest of honour or of interest, and can I be thought insensible and unconcerned in it? The borough of Wareham—I know not either the circumstances or the event, although I have applied to the Father of the H. of C.'s, Lord Bathurst, and

[1] It will be seen from various passages in Francis's domestic correspondence that he was for some reason or other bent on ascribing the anonymous Advertiser letters to Burke. See the paper by Dr. Francis of 'Remarks on Junius,' in the Appendix. The editor of the 'Grenville Papers' says: 'This letter is written upon a quarto sheet of paper, bearing in the watermark the maker's name, J. Portal. It corresponds so precisely in this respect, as well as in size, quality, and gilt edges, that it may have formed part of the same quire as the paper upon which a letter from Lord Temple to Mr. Grenville was written just one week before.' The editor, Mr. W. J. Smith, as is well known, ascribed the authorship of Junius to Lord Temple. I have not found any observations of Mr. Parkes on this confidential letter; which was followed, within two months, by the very complimentary anonymous printed letter in the 'Public Advertiser' to the same statesman. (Miscellaneous, December 15, 1768.)

[2] Mr. Calcraft. He had lately purchased the estates of the Pitt and Drax families at Wareham, giving him the command of the borough.

a very able member, Sir Wm. Baker. I need not say, I do most anxiously wish to hear from you. . . . .

Bath, November 24, 1768.

I do not often believe the tales of Bath, but that of [cut out] was vouched with such circumstances—a division in the House, a majority of four, but in whose favour they could not tell. Indeed I more than believed; I was heartily alarmed.

What! a young man of your prudence never make his will untill he was startled by our poor Chitty's death? At your age I generally made my will every day, for I seldom went to bed with a guinea in my pocket. Even now I have not a shilling in all the funds, lotteries, banks of England, except yours. I therefore draw upon you for twenty pounds till my spiritualities arrive at Christmas from Barrow. It would not be difficult to get it here, and not upon unreasonable terms, but for the awkwardness of confessing our wants; besides, I have often felt a pleasure in owing an obligation to one I love.

I thank you for my books. The paper book is really so rich and so fine, that I have not the heart to blot it with my scrawl. The Ciceros—I fear I am almost spoiled for a Christian divine, and hereafter shall never addict myself to any but heathen lore. Farewell! Mrs. Walsh expects you at Christmas, and you may depend on a party of everlasting whist.

Bath, November 27, 1768.

Thanks, my dear Phil., a thousand thanks, the thanks of my whole heart, for the pleasure with which I read your letter. What a spirit has our friend 'C.' I have been always of opinion that few things are impossible, but he has absolutely convinced me that nothing is impossible. Surely virtue is something more than a name. If at this distance, and wholly uninterested, I could not read Sir J. N.'s glorious contest with the abject L. M. without a kind of rapture, what must he himself feel in the consciousness of having done his duty with a spirit worthy of all praise, infinitely greater than that we pay to all human abilities. Let me read it again and I will inclose instantly, believe me, without shewing it even to L. Ches—[1] tho' I confess I am strongly tempted.

I presume when you come to Bath you will eke out your pious 'Deo volente' with the classical 'Fortuna favente' of Jack Wade. Prithee endeavour to see him, and know whether I may expect to see

[1] Lord Chesterfield. One of his letters to General Irvine is dated from Bath, Nov. 27, 1768. (Correspondence, by Lord Mahon, iv. 479.)

him. My Genl. Sandford, too, has promised me. Then will we spend our merry Xtmas with—no, not with all the religious joy of the primitive Xtians. Farewell! . . . .

Your idea of brain blow and the regular troops in H. of C. pleases me much. Good discipline makes good soldiers. Once more, farewell!

The fact of Francis's joining his father's Christmas circle at Bath—and the kind of life which they led there—appear from the following letter to his wife :—

Bath, December 24, 1768.

My dearest Bess,—A round of cards and claret has almost turned my head; but I will not deny you the satisfaction of knowing that I am as well as a man can be who sits up late and spends his time in good company.

We have dined twice with Mrs. Chandler; they will leave Bath about the same time that I do. I am vastly obliged to you for your letter. Pray write me all the news, about my children, &c. Nothing here is worth speaking of.

Yours I am and hope to remain,

P. F.

CHAPTER VII.

JUNIUS.

[ÆT. 29–32.]

First letter of the Junius collection, Jan. 21, 1769—Draper Correspondence—Rosenhagen and Dr. Johnson—Coincidence of subjects between the Junius letters and Francis's domestic correspondence—The Address to the King—Reports of Lord Chatham's speeches—Lord North Premier—Absences of Francis from town coincident with cessations of Junius—Affair of the Falkland Islands—Charles Fox and 'Ulysses'—Political disappointment of Francis and Calcraft—Junius and Horne—Imperfect legal knowledge of Junius—Conclusion of Junius, 1772 Quarrel with Lord Barrington—Francis leaves the War Office—His relations with Calcraft at this time—Had Junius confederates?

THE new year, 1769, finds Francis returning from his Christmas excursion to Bath. In the next letter he announces his arrival in town to his brother-in-law:—

War Office, January 4, 1769.

My dear Mac.—After all seasonable compliments and good wishes on my part, be so good as to read the inclosed history from your father. The good man writes enough for your whole family, and saves my conscience a world of scruples about the shortness of my letters.

I am just returned from spending a riotous fortnight at Bath. Gravier and two others filled a post coach, which was dragged with no small velocity by four horses. We travelled like gentlemen, and lived like rakes. All our news here is that Wilkes is elected Alderman of Farringdon Without. At this rate I see no reason why he may not be Sheriff and Lord Mayor in regular succession; and why not Prime Minister before he dies. In short nothing can be more ridiculous than every thing that happens about this gentleman. Every attempt that has been made to injure or oppress him, has in reality done him service; yet after all I apprehend he will infallibly be expelled the House of Commons. The election for Middlesex

has raised such a ferment, that even America has been laid aside, and Corsica not once thought of. The ministry are supposed to be in a strange state of confusion, and many changes are actually talked of. So much for news and politics. The domestic history of Duke Street is pretty much the same as in my last. My son—that is your nephew and Gravier's godson—thrives admirably, though God knows the weather is bad enough to kill a horse. While I lived at Bath in every species of *débauche* my health was unimpaired, but the moment I return to this cursed regularity of drinking nothing, and going to bed and getting up early, *me voici enrhumé comme un tigre.* I can hardly see, breathe, or speak; therefore I see no reason why I should write any more.

Sick or well, drunk or sober,
Yours I remain,
P. Fr.

On January 21, 1769, appeared the letter to the printer of the 'Public Advertiser,' which commences the printed series of the letters of *Junius*. It contained an attack on Lord Granby, which brought to the rescue Sir William Draper, and proved the commencement of a correspondence which attracted a great deal of attention to the anonymous writer under the new mask. The following memorandum on the subject of Sir W. Draper's personal history was composed by Mr. Parkes. That Sir W. Draper was a personal friend of Dr. Francis, as a frequenter of Bath, and known to his son, at the time when Junius was inflicting on him his severest stabs, is clear enough from the Doctor's letters which follow. But we know enough by this time, or shall know hereafter, of Francis, to be aware that this affords no reason for doubting the authorship. It must have given a zest to the occupation of attacking Sir W. Draper, that Francis was able to throw out mystifying allusions, such as must have tantalized the knight with the feeling that his correspondent knew him well. 'I should be glad to know where you have received your intelligence. Was it in the rooms at Bath, or in your retreat at Clifton?'

'Sir William Draper was an Etonian, and of King's College, Cambridge, and entered the military service of the East India Company. In 1760, he was given the rank of a colonel in the king's army, with Laurence and Clive, and in that year returned to England. In 1761, he was with the expedition to Belleisle, and was promoted to the rank of brigadier. In 1763, he sailed with Admiral Cornish from Madras on August 1 for the Bay of Manilla, anchoring before the Fort of Manilla on September 27. The fort, surprised, surrendered on October 6. The terms of surrender comprised an article by which the Spanish possession was redeemed from plunder of the British by an agreed ransom of 4,000,000 of dollars—half to be paid immediately, and the other half at an agreed time. The Spanish Government of the island drew on Madrid for the first half, but payment was repudiated and never made. The British ministry, in the premiership of Lord Halifax, meanly brooked this breach of the law of nations, and never coerced payment. Draper's personal share of the ransom, as commander-in-chief, would have realised to him 25,000*l.*; his officers and men proportionately sharing in the prize money. The diplomatic intercourse between the creditor and the debtor, the governments of Great Britain and Spain, were disgraceful to the repudiator. Sir William Draper published an answer to the arguments of Spain; and during successive administrations he pressed on his own government the duty of either forcing Spain to respect her own honour, or by British money at least to do justice to the troops employed in the capture of Manilla. Our own government was deaf to the demands for justice. But Sir William Draper received the knighthood of the Bath, and the colonelcy of the 16th Regiment of Infantry. He afterwards resigned his colonelcy to Colonel Gisborne for the consideration of his half pay and an Irish annuity.

'Sir William Draper on his first controversy with *Junius* was usually resident at Clifton. His first unprovoked letter to Junius was written at Clifton, and published in a letter to the printer of the "Public Advertiser" on January 26, 1769. His last letter to Junius, addressed personally to the latter, bears date February 27 of the same year. Junius, in his letter of March 9 following, had the last word, so far as regards this original matter of controversy. In a *note* by Junius to his own authorised and corrected edition of the letters (Woodfall, 1772, vol. i. p. 51), he asserts that Lord Granby desired Draper to desist from writing in his lordship's defence. This was probably a fact, as no contradiction was given by Draper to the averment of Junius. Here their original controversy first ended, till again revived by Draper on September 14 following. His pro-

vocation was a partial republication of Junius's letters (of those then so far written), which Junius in his reply calls "a catchpenny production" of a private printer, for whose publication he was not at all responsible. It is observable, that on this renewal of the controversy Draper confines himself exclusively to a vindication of his own personal honour, not reviving the political subjects of his original attack on Junius. To this attack Junius replied on September 25, a rejoinder of Sir William Draper appearing on October 7. Junius again had the last word, in a final reply of the date of October 7, therein closing all direct personal controversy with Sir William Draper. A week previously Sir William Draper took a passage in a Bristol merchantman to South Carolina and sailed for America.'—[J. PARKES.]

According to a note in Bohn's 'Junius' (i. 116), he arrived at Charlestown in January 1770, and married his second wife, Miss De Lancey, at New York. This lady died in 1778. Among Sir Philip Francis's miscellaneous papers are copies by himself of some letters of a melancholy description which passed in that year between Sir William and Maria Hart, an actress who had lived with him, and who solicited pecuniary assistance, which Draper laments his inability, from extreme poverty, to afford her. He describes his situation as very miserable. Francis appears to have relieved the applicant. Draper, however, became afterwards Governor of Minorca, and died in 1787.

The curious indication of the position of Junius as a clerk in the War Office (and therefore Francis) afforded by his mistake respecting the oath attached to General Draper's pension has been the subject of various comments; and I will only refer to it here.

The story told in Campbell's 'Life of Hugh Boyd,' that some months after the letters of Junius were published collectively, Draper said to Boyd 'that though Junius had treated him with extreme severity, he now looked upon him as a very honest fellow; that he freely forgave

him the bitterness of his censures, and that there was no man with whom he would more gladly drink a bottle of old Burgundy,' seems scarcely credible, or confused in point of date, as Draper was then in America. But it is a curious circumstance that when Francis was attacked, in 1787, in the House of Commons, for having allowed himself to be included in the list of managers in the impeachment of Hastings—his personal enemy—he cited *Sir William Draper* as a person whom he had consulted, and who approved of his conduct. 'The honourable person,' he said, 'whom I consulted is no more. . . . Those who knew Sir William Draper, I am sure will acknowledge that there could not be a stricter and more scrupulous judge of points of honour than he was.'—Debate of December 11, 1787.

Dr. Francis to his Son.

Bath, January 28, 1769.

Be not alarmed, my dear Phil., when I confess I am greatly alarmed at the disorder you complain of. My tears are perhaps only the feebleness of old age, and the natural weakness of its nerves. You say, your old disorder. Sally only remembers the violence of your headaches, for which Mr. Adair prescribed bleeding. This may be a momentary relief, yet ruinous to the constitution; it may cure the disorder and kill the patient. A self-physician and of no mean experience, may I give my advice? I have found much good effect from plunging my head every morning into a large bason of cold water. It is a partial cold bath, applied immediately to the part affected. However, I desire you write of no more Wilkes and politics. I will not purchase a moment's pleasure in knowing our state of liberty, by your suffering an hour's pain of writing about it.

I would yesterday have acknowledged your Drummond's bills, but our post does not go out on a Friday. You need not send me an account of my property, as you call it. Only keep your own side of it right, and mine cannot be wrong. Give all my love to Mr. Calcraft. Tell him he is to expect a very spirited and exceeding honourable defence of L. G—y against the virulent Junius, by our friend Sir W. D—r. I truly honour him for it. . . . .

I really pity poor Wilkes: '*Die then*, poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.' Our ministry have made him considerable. Persecution in Politics makes Heroes, as in Religion it makes Martyrs. Will they banish him to France, a Coriolanus to his country; or to America, the mischief of Enthusiasm? Whimsical religion—whimsical politics. . . . .

I am with all affection yours,

P. F.

Bath, January 5, 1769.

Your letters of last week did not require an immediate answer, and I can now only desire you to accept my best thanks, and particularly for one very kind offer in them. With regard to Mr. Jennings, I cannot have the least doubt; but as a failure in the time of payment may hereafter, though not at present, be a little inconvenient —however, in this and every other of my affairs act as you think fitting. . . . .

Pray tell Mr. Calcraft he need not make me any apology for not writing to me. He has a thousand engagements. I have only one, probably the only object of my future life, but I am so entirely *atque omnis in hoc sum*, that I hate thinking of anything else. But in truth what can a man, tho' somewhat wiser than I am, think of in these times with pleasure

[Cut out.[1]]

illness though a little dangerous that hindered his going. Then the Norwich's instructions, the 'N. Briton,' Moore's Letter, and the very injudicious prosecution of Wilkes. If I had a thousand pounds a year in our best terra firma, I should have ten thousand fears that the next political torrent would wash it away. But you, and I wish it very sincerely, may live to see better times.

Farewell!

I really honour Sir W. D—r. I know the motives of his writing. *Qui non defendit, alio culpante.* I wish his letter had been shorter; perhaps you think so too of this epistle.

Bath, February 11, 1769.

Poor Sir William! I am glad he is gone to Clifton, where he may eat his own heart in peace. So sensible to friendship, what must he suffer in his feelings for his own Reputation! When he repeated to me some passages of his letter, I bid him prepare his best philosophy for an Answer. But who is this Devil Junius, or

[1] It will be seen that this and subsequent letters to his son, which touch on dangerous ground, have been carefully mutilated, no doubt by the receiver.

rather Legion of Devils? Is it not B—k's pen dipp'd in the Gall of Sa—lle's heart?[1] Poor Sir William! . . . .

I this moment receiv'd your last. It is reckoned among the arts of writing to leave something to the reader's Imagination or Understanding. But Figures, I find, must be punctual and positive, and express whatever they know. What wonder, when we reckon our money by them? But I really did not know either the real or supposed Number of Inhabitants of England. However, you perfectly understood the question. You have only stated it better than I did. If the gentleman to whom I have given so much trouble, should ever come to Bath, I desire you will let me know it, that I may personally thank him. In the meantime all my compliments.[2] . . . .

Bath, February 18, 1769.

Dear Phil.—I send you the enclosed, not to save my general the expence of postage, but because you are a little, indeed very little concerned in it. I am very glad Mr. B—— thought it would do honour to Mr. B——'s abilities, for as to [cut out] what may he not dare? Does not he know, he won't fight? How do I already tremble at to-morrow! What a commission for my weak nerves and shattered understanding! But good night. Thanks for Stainforth.

Francis to Macrabie.

War Office, April 5, 1769.

My dear Brother,—Your friend Mr. Wharton has delivered his credentials. I have been, and shall be, as civil to him as I possibly can. He gives me such an account of you as is enough to make me love the man without farther recommendations. He says you are better received than any young man that ever went to America, and that you are likely, if the trade be not quite lost, to form such commercial connexions as you may improve to a happy establishment at home. I wish you yourself would give me some hints of this nature to keep up my spirits.

The private history goes on as usual. My wife and children except Sally, are as fat as you could wish. My son is the finest boy

[1] Dr. Francis was so much interested in the 'Draper' correspondence, that it is a fair conjecture that it was still in his mind, and that the initial stands for *Burke*, whom he certainly at times suspected of being *Junius*.

[2] Dr. Francis had, as we have seen, the same habit which his son (and *Junius*) retained, but which was very common among writers of English in this time—that of a profuse use of capital letters. Having indicated this by a few specimens, it is not proposed to continue it, as this antiquated practice is unpleasant to the modern reader's eye.

of that age (viz. six months) in the universe. For politics and news I refer you to the enclosed paper: it is a curiosity even here, and will be much more so in Philadelphia. Your friends of the crown party are in statu quo. Tell me something about lands.

I own it would be more to my credit to be able to fill a sheet to you once a month than write in the manner I do; but I think my brains, whenever I sit down to write a letter, are addled; and for the life of me I cannot get one step farther, so I remain,

Yours, P. Fr.

Apropos, I condole with you on the death of your aunt. One naturally grieves at the death of a person who leaves one nothing to rejoice at. This has been always my case. No poor devil ever had so little reason to rejoice at the death of his relations.

London, May 5, 1769.

My dear Brother,—The last packet brought me no letter from Philadelphia, so I have nothing to answer. If you do not furnish me with materials, the stream of my correspondence will flow in a narrow channel. We have politics enough, God knows, but as I have not the honour to be entrusted with the secrets of either party, I can give you nothing but what you will see much more elegantly set forth in the newspapers. Truth is out of the question. Each party says and believes just what suits themselves without decency or moderation, and a neutral party is detested by both. A philosopher has no more chance among them than a cat in hell. (I wish, by the by, that the person who stole my cat were in the warmest corner the devil could find for him.) The famous Middlesex petition was intended to have been presented to the King this day, but I hear that it is now deferred until Tuesday next. The same day, the counsel on behalf of the freeholders of Middlesex, who presented a petition to the House of Commons last Saturday against Colonel Luttrell's keeping his seat, is to be heard at the bar of the House.

My wife and children are in a flourishing condition. Your Quaker and Mr. Cox assure me that if the American trade be not quite lost, you are likely to form connexions in that way, by which you may establish yourself advantageously at home. Comfort me with a confirmation of this intelligence. . . . .

Adieu, my dearest friend! P. Fr.

—— is lower than Tartarus. Rosenhagen is become a great partisan for Wilkes, and in a short time will probably keep him company.

I hate faction for my own part because I am in place.

Yours, yours.

The allusion in the above letter to the 'Luttrell' question, and to Rosenhagen in connection with it, requires a passing notice. Rosenhagen, it will be remembered, has been named by some as Junius; an impossible supposition, as he was out of England during part of the time of its appearance: and which is also negatived by his handwriting, quite different from that both of Francis and of Junius. The Middlesex election controversy occupied the pen of Junius during great part of 1769. And it drew into the field Dr. Johnson, who in what Boswell calls his 'first and favourite pamphlet,' the 'False Alarm,' published early in 1770, took the side of Lord North. Surprise has been expressed by some that Junius, so fertile in retorts, never published any reply to this pamphlet, and it has been suggested that he thought his secret might be endangered, in the event of a public controversy with so well-known an opponent. Mr. Parkes throws some light on the subject, in a memorandum which I subjoin by way of note.[1]

[1] Almon says, in his edition of 'Junius,' 1806, that he published for Rosenhagen a pamphlet in answer to Dr. Johnson's 'False Alarm,' the inferiority of which *brochure*, he quaintly says, would acquit him much better of the imputation of the *Junius* authorship 'than any reasoning of mine can.' This pamphlet was published in 1770, entitled 'A letter to Samuel Johnson, LL.D.' A copy is bound up in one of Francis's volumes of tracts and papers relating to Junius. It does not, however, merit the degree of inferiority Almon awards it. Indeed there are remarkable passages in its fifty-four octavo pages, such as render it probable, in the force and satire, to have received 'touches' of Junius. Francis was the most intimate friend of Rosenhagen, his constant convivial companion. It is unlikely that Rosenhagen wrote or published any political pamphlet at the period without the knowledge of Francis. It is not unlikely that Francis may have covertly encouraged if not have employed Rosenhagen to reply to Johnson in aid of Junius, as Junius did not himself reply to or even notice Johnson's 'False Alarm.' Francis's own copy of the latter anonymous pamphlet is inscribed on the title page 'by Samuel Johnson,' therefore it must have been as equally well known to Francis as to Junius; and Francis also possessed a copy of Rosenhagen's anonymous reply. It has been well observed that probably Junius, though replying, in the letters to Draper,

On May 30, 1769, Junius addresses the Duke of Grafton in a long and libellous letter, of which the following passages are worth comparing with the private letter to Macrabie which immediately follows, from the manner in which three disconnected subjects—happening to be present at once to the writer's mind—follow each other:—

If, instead of disowning Lord Shelburne, the British court had interposed with dignity and firmness, you know, my lord, that *Corsica* would not have been invaded.

I am not versed in the politics of the north: but this, I believe, is certain, that half the money you have distributed to carry the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes, or even your secretary's share in the last subscription, would have kept the *Turks* at your devotion.

Marriage is the point on which every rake is stationary at last. One would think that you had had sufficient experience of the frailty of nuptial engagements, or, at least, that such a friendship as the Duke of Bedford's might have been secured to you by the auspicious marriage of your late duchess with his nephew. But ties of this tender nature cannot be drawn too close.

Horne Tooke, Blackstone, and almost all his avowed opponents, did not answer Johnson; the 'False Alarm' being anonymous, and Junius fearing lest by a direct controversy with Johnson he might afford a greater chance of his own identity being detected, and so fall into a ministerial trap. Nevertheless it does not follow that Rosenhagen ever knew that Francis was himself Junius. But Almon narrates the singular circumstance that 'about a twelvemonth before the commencement of the American War (when Francis was in India), Mr. W. G. Hamilton told him that Rosenhagen had been endeavouring to make Lord North believe that he was *Junius*,' and attempting to get a pension from the Minister on an undertaking to write no more. Almon adds: 'I gave little attention to the story, because I did not suppose that any one who knew Mr. Rosenhagen would suspect him.' (Almon's 'Junius,' vol. i. p. xvi.) Long afterwards (as appears from some memoranda of Lady Francis) Rosenhagen intimated his knowledge or suspicion of the real authorship of *Junius* so as to disquiet Francis.

Francis had in his pamphlet collections the first and second editions of the 'False Alarm,' showing his interest in the controversy in question. And see Johnson's 'Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland Islands,' and the singular stay of publication of the first edition for cancellation of some passages reflecting on Lord Rockingham.

Francis to Macrabie.

War Office, June 7, 1769.

Dear Mac.— . . . . The present state of politics stands thus: the French have lately received a severe check in *Corsica*. Nothing they have accomplished yet has done them any honour. Government assists Paoli underhand, and subscriptions are openly advertised for individuals to pay in their contributions to the cause of liberty.

The *Turks* have been defeated and lost a place of some importance. It is thought that this rupture with Russia will be fatal to the Ottoman empire. Poland is ruined. Denmark is armed, and in a strong state of defence. The King of Sweden has declared his resolution to remain quiet and take no turn or part either way.

Lord North has assured the House of Commons that, at the opening of next session, there is a resolution to accommodate matters with America, to the satisfaction of all parties. No bad news, I presume, for your worship. *The Duke of Grafton is shortly to be married to Miss Wrottesley*, a niece of the Duke of Bedford. This match occasions much speculation, as it threatens a close union of families, consequently a coalition of political strength.

Wilkes has not of late been much the subject of conversation. The supporters of the Bill of Rights seemed to separate their interests from his, and I believe have done neither him nor themselves any good. The freeholders of Middlesex have presented their petition to the King without any apparent effect. . . . . Vale!

P. Francis.

London, July 5, 1769.

Dear Mac.—I find it so abominably hot, that if I had anything to write my fingers would hardly have strength to perform their office. But this is a state of weather which we have no great reason to complain of. If it had but fructifying virtue enough to bring my son's teeth into view, I should not care if all the hay in England were reduced to tinder. His gums, however, perform the office of teeth to a miracle.

News since my last.—Messrs. Townshend and Sawbridge are elected aldermen and sheriffs, with an astonishing unanimity.

The Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and three City members are this day gone up with the City petition to the King. The county of Surrey have also voted a petition. The militia of Buckinghamshire have refused to be embodied, and I hear this spirit prevails in other counties. Paoli escaped in an English vessel to Leghorn. The news from America make things worse and worse. Those from the East Indies rather better. I have just heard that when the Lord

Mayor presented the petition, he said, 'Sir, this is a petition from your Majesty's City of London, complaining of grievances which we humbly hope your Majesty will redress.' The King received it with indifference, gave it to one of the lords of the bedchamber, and passed on without speaking. Alderman Beckford then pulled the Lord Mayor by the sleeve to draw him away.

Be cautious how you quote me for any political intelligence. We are assured that Lord Chatham is to be at the levee on Friday.

I am going for a week to Tunbridge Wells. Give my respects to all my relations of all sexes, colours, and conditions.

Yours most faithfully,

P. FRANCIS.

The Duke of Grafton is absolutely married, and *last Saturday chosen Chancellor of Cambridge.*

Six days afterwards Junius adverts in his sarcastic way to the Duke's nomination to the same office. 'July 8, 1769.—You will have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of your high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education.'

London, August 2, 1769.

My dear Mac.—Your letters are always very copious, and very entertaining, but the matter of them seldom requires an answer; so I leave them at home when I write at the War Office, and answer you as it happens.

I see plainly that one of my letters to you has miscarried, in which I told you that both our tickets were returned blanks. Fortune would not even trust us with twenty pounds. This miscarriage of my letter vexes me, for I fear it has fallen into the hands of *the Philistines*, and what more was in it God knows. I suspect the misfortune happened while General Gage was at Boston. . . . .

Your sister is tormented with the cramp, and your humble servant has actually the rheumatism in his left shoulder. Last night I had it on the other side. The change is pleasing enough. You are not my friend, if you do not hear with more than ordinary pleasure that Mr. Peter Godfrey, who died about three weeks ago, has left our

honest Gravier a fortune in money and land equal to more than 50,000*l.* Yet this gentleman was not his patron. His expectations were always founded upon Mr. Thomas Godfrey, who is still alive, and who, I doubt not, will leave him the bulk of his fortune. N.B. The said Thomas is seventy-six, and has kept his room eighteen months. Is not this a glorious situation? He has no enemies, and his friends are forced to confess he deserves it all.

. . . . . .

Dr. Francis to his Son.

Bath, August 8, 1769.

Dear Phil.—Instead of my jaunt to Plymouth, I have been once more near the country from whose bourne, &c.; however, at present I have put off the great journey, perhaps for—a few months. But since it is an impious violation of forms to laugh at the solemnity of dying, I do seriously assure you I had been so much out of order for some days before I received your dreadful account of my long-beloved Wade, that it wholly overwhelmed me. I was wakened out of the arms of death by shrieks of Oh! he is dead—he is dead! But the dismal alternative either of infamy or ruin! Is there no medium? Can a father, can an husband, ought he—I mean has he *a right*—to give away the property and welfare of his wife and children—but for what? For the reputation of being a man of honour—visionary nonsense! No, not for the united opinions, were it possible, of all human kind. A married man, says Bacon, has given hostages to fortune. He must play the knave and the fool with discretion.

To convince you I mean to live a little longer, I hope you have received Mr. Jennings' moneys, and beg you will send me 20*l.*, for such is this whimsical world, we can neither come into it, live a few paltry years in it, or go out of it, without paying the fees of both life and death. What a prater!

Farewell! With all affection yours,

P. Francis.

Send me some better news, if possible, of Mr. Wade,[1] but however I do most earnestly beseech you send me the very worst.

On August 16, 1769, *Junius* writes to Woodfall (private, No. 7), 'I have been some days in the country.' There is a cessation about this time of Francis's family correspondence.

The next letter to Macrabie announces the arrival of

[1] I have not discovered the occurrences to which this letter alludes.

Francis's cousin, young Richard Tilghman or Tilman, from Philadelphia: he came to study law in England.

London, September 6, 1769.

My dear Friend,—Mr. Tilman seems to be a good humoured, intelligent young man. He will not, I believe, complain of my reception of him. . . . .

The Duke of Bedford just beaten, in a most shameful manner, out of his head quarters at Bedford. The whole corporation seem to have set him at defiance, and never was there a more disgraceful defeat.

On September 19, 1769, Junius, addressing the Duke of Bedford as 'the little tyrant of a little corporation,' adds, in a note of his own, 'Of Bedford, where the tyrant was held in such contempt and detestation, that in order to deliver themselves from him, they admitted a great number of strangers to the freedom.' (Bohn's 'Junius,' i. 213.)

In a 'private letter,' No. 11, November 8, 1769, Junius informs Mr. Woodfall, 'I have been out of town for three weeks.' A corresponding gap occurs in the manuscript correspondence before me. On November 4, 1769, Francis writes to Macrabie, to inform him of his ill success in respect of certain lottery tickets. The next, to the same (December 6), proceeds as follows:—

London, December 6, 1769.

Dear Mac.—I told you in my last that I had bought you a ticket, No. 47,170. I am afraid you will be more disappointed than I was, when you hear that it is come up a blank. My son had a ticket, which has met with the same fate. But he himself is a prize, and as to the lottery I expect no better. Our political affairs stand pretty much as per last. Petitions gain ground in all quarters—but still I think the Ministry stand their ground, and seem determined to meet the present parliament. They have received a signal blow in Ireland, and how they will proceed is more than I can comprehend. The House of Commons there have thrown out the Money Bill, which I take to be the same thing as refusing the supplies, and I now hear they are prorogued. They have also very near

brought Sir George Macartney, the State Secretary, on his knees at the bar. . . . .

Within a few days of this letter (December 19, 1769) followed the most daring, and most famous, of all the productions of Junius—'The Address to the King.' The 'blow in Ireland' seems to be connected with these marks of contempt for 'the miserable governor you have sent them' (Lord Townsend), of which the address speaks. Horace Walpole, for some reason or other, imagined that there were different writers employed in the concoction of this famous letter ('Reign of George IV.' iii. 401, edition 1845); but Gerald Hamilton, he says, was most generally suspected. This formidable eruption was followed by the break-up of the Duke of Grafton's ministry; and on the part of Junius by an interval of repose. No Junius letter appeared until February 14, 1770, no 'miscellaneous' between December 2, 1769, and March 5, 1770; while the two or three 'private to Woodfall' relate to the 'information' brought against the printers for publishing the 'Address' in question. Francis keeps very clear of the subject in his few private letters of this interval; but seems alarmed, and 'wishes we were all quiet.'[1]

London, January 13, 1770.

My dear Brother,—Notwithstanding I am at this moment overwhelmed with a torrent of all manner of business, and all the plagues of Egypt, I cannot let a packet go without a few lines. We are all in the strangest political confusion that I believe this country ever experienced. Lord Chatham has declared himself in the most decisive manner against the proceedings of the House of Commons. The Chancellor the same; for which he is turned out, but nobody yet in his place. The Commander-in-Chief the same, and it is sup-

[1] It may interest modern clients to know that Woodfall's costs in the matter of the Information—which established the freedom of journalism—amounted to £111 16*s.* 9*d.*, as appears by his papers. 'Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.'

posed he will be out in a few days. Sir George Saville, Bourke, and others, doing everything they can to be sent to the Tower. All this curious enough. I wish we were all quiet. These times will only answer for people who have nothing to lose.

Lord Huntingdon turned out from Groom of the Stole. Duke of Manchester resigned. Duke of Northumberland in the minority.

What was the 'torrent of all manner of business' which set in at this period on Francis, his papers do not disclose: but it is coincident with the already noticed unusually long cessation of letters from Junius; with the absorbing character of the interest which he must have taken in the trial of the cases against Woodfall, Almon, and Miller, which ended in his signal triumph over Lord Mansfield;[1] and with the circumstance of his having just at this time executed that remarkable series of reports of the debate of January 9, 1770, on the Address, which was published by Almon in 1792, from a report furnished by Francis himself: and by Francis revised and corrected, in 1813, for the Parliamentary History. ('Chatham Correspondence,' vol. iii.) The obligations of the editor of that volume of the History to him as 'a gentleman who afterwards made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons,' are repeatedly acknowledged. And in one of Sir Philip's folio letter-books are his own copies—both rough and corrected—of this and other reports which he had taken in the House of Lords in the debates of this session—from memory, I presume, as no regular reporting was then allowed. These MS. reports vary in some material particulars from those in the Parliamentary History; and they leave some doubt on the mind how much of the recorded eloquence of Chatham may in reality be the produce of the pen of

[1] 'Junius, from the acquittal of the printers till the beginning of 1772, when he made a treaty with the Government and for ever disappeared, exercised a tyranny of which we can form little conception, living in an age when the press is more decorous, and we are able by law to restrain its excesses.'—(Lord Campbell's Life of Lord Mansfield.)

his able amanuensis; how far Francis, as he once half seriously asserted, 'made' Lord Chatham's speeches.[1] But I cannot within my present space carry this investigation farther. The circumstance that Francis was constantly taking Parliamentary reports between 1768 and 1772, and that Junius, on his own showing, was a constant frequenter of the two Houses during the same periods, has often been insisted on as an indication of identity, and need not be further dwelt on.

War Office, February 7, 1770.

My Dear Mac.—I wish with all my heart that I had time to do justice and pay you an equivalent for the kindness, and, let me say with gratitude, for the length of your letters. I have received those of the 2nd and 13th December. If I waited until I had time to answer them as I ought to do, I believe you would never hear from me again. The present condition of politics is enough to agitate the mind of a calmer person than I am, and with official business I promise you I am almost overwhelmed. The Duke of Grafton's resignation has left the administration in the hands of the Duke of Bedford's friends, who seem determined to hold fast as long as their employments are tenable. The opposition is truly formidable, and increases every day. On Monday last, two most vehement protests against the proceedings of the majority were signed by forty-one lords, a greater number, I believe, than ever signed a protest before. By the next packet, you may be pretty sure that things will be brought to a consistence, and we shall all know what to trust to.

. . . . . .

Give my love to Colonel Francis, and bid him take care of my acres. I am, sincerely speaking, hurried to death.

Adieu my dear friend!

Yours most faithfully,

P. Fr.

I was just going to seal this letter, when I received yours of the 2nd of January. A thousand thanks to my poor cousin, and all my good wishes. Tell him if he will send an exact description of the

[1] See a specimen of his reporting in the Appendix.

lands, I believe I could get the grant for nothing. I depend upon his skill in the choice. It is really impossible to say any more.

Don't let it be confined to a thousand acres if more good land can be had.

In the next Junius (February 14, 1770), the Duke of Grafton is accordingly insulted on his resignation and desertion of his sovereign, 'in the midst of that distress in which you and your new friends' (the Bedford party) 'have involved him. . . . Without immediately appearing to govern, they possess the power and distribute the emoluments of government as they think proper. One might think, my lord,' he adds, 'you might have taken this spirited resolution (to resign) before you had obliged Lord Granby to quit a service he was attached to—before you had discarded one chancellor and killed another.' The editor of Bohn's 'Junius' adds in a note: 'As well as the Marquis of Granby, the Dukes of Beaufort and Manchester, Lord Coventry, and Mr. Dunning the Solicitor-General resigned; they expected by early resignation to be included in the new ministry of the Earl of Chatham and Lord Rockingham; but the appointment of Lord North to be Premier disappointed all the expectants, Junius among them.' The eager manner in which Calcraft watched the turn of the tide is evident from his letters at this period to Lord Chatham. ('Chatham Correspondence,' vol. iii.) That Francis in this crisis was constantly at Calcraft's back, and aiding to the best of his ability in purveying political information for Calcraft, to be conveyed by him to Chatham, is plain from several passages in that correspondence (see pp. 430, 444).

Francis to Macrabie.

London, March, 16 1770.

My dear Brother,—I take advantage of an opportunity offered me by our friend Tilghmann, to send you a few newspapers and let you

know that we are still alive and merry. The House of Commons voted yesterday to address the King for a copy of the City Remonstrance on his Majesty's answer. It was carried by 271 against 108.

The Lord Mayor, Alderman Trevethick, and the two sheriffs avowed and supported the Remonstrance . . . . . .

[Two lines and signature cut out.]

Two pages of the next letter (March 18) are cut out. See Junius of the same day. It appears by the portions of words remaining, to have been all about City politics. The P.S. says, in reference to his having dined at the St. Patrick's dinner the day before, 'These Americans drink like whales.'

London, April 4, 1770.

My dear Mac.—We have a packet from New York with letters of the 21st and 22nd of February, but no advices from Philadelphia. You are so punctual a man, that when you fail to write, your friends are uneasy. I say this rather for the old people than myself. I am no way given either to ceremony or idle apprehensions.

The enclosed newspapers will give you some idea of our present state of politics. The most material event since my last, is that Mr. Grenville's bill for regulating the mode of deciding contested elections has passed the House of Commons. They will now be determined by thirteen persons chosen by ballot, and sworn like a jury. This is supposed to be a great point gained against bribery and corruption, and mortification to the Ministry, who one night divided against it to no purpose. *Au reste*, they stand their ground, and the King seems determined to support them.

You have now got a Wilkes of your own at New York, so I suppose your zeal for our poor patriot will decline. He comes out (of custody) on the 18th instant, but in my own opinion it makes no difference to anybody but himself.

My wife and children are pretty well. Your nephew promises to be a hero in the demolition of gingerbread.

I am going to-night to sup at Tilman's chambers. He leads a pleasant sort of life, and studies the law like a dragon. His principles are truly patriotic, especially when in liquor.

I protest I have nothing more to say; but be so honest as to observe that I have written twice by a private ship, since the last packet.

And so farewell!

P. Francis.

From April 3 to May 28, 1770, no letter from *Junius* appears in the collection, or in the 'private' series. The Junius of May 28, is dated of a day on which Francis *was not in town.* This appears clearly from the following letter to his wife. Possessed as we are of a tolerably accurate index of all Francis's movements, this is the only instance of the kind which I have been able to trace. But it will be observed that he had reached Salisbury (and probably left town) only on Sunday the 27th. The letter printed in the 'Advertiser' of May 28 had been most likely sent to Woodfall on the 26th.[1]

Salisbury, Tuesday morning, May 29, 1770.

My dearest Betsy,—We arrived here on Sunday evening in good health and spirits. The post not going out yesterday, I had no opportunity of writing before.

The weather has been just what we could wish. I hope to hear from you at Bath, and news of the dear little Mary.

My companions send their compliments. My service to Patience. Adieu, dearest.

Yours,
P. F.

Francis was again in town for a few days, from the middle to the end of June. In these days appeared a

[1] As to Francis's or *Junius's* fear of using the post office for the transmission of letters, Mr. Parkes remarks thus:—

'The fictitiousness of the handwriting no doubt gave the author security against the post office. So also his use of a few and not commonly used seals—seals probably kept exclusively for use in his Woodfall private correspondence. No writer, under the circumstances of such sensitiveness to discovery, would ever have trusted his natural hand to the London penny post, even had he risked it to Woodfall. It was at that particular period notorious that the post office opened letters supposed to be on political and party topics, even of public men. (See Grenville Correspondence, vol. iv. passim.) Junius was wide awake. But if his letters had been thus intercepted, the government probably would have been none the wiser. In the delivery to Woodfall, per post, the letters might have been officially examined before delivery; but it would have been difficult to have discovered the locality by *detecting where posted*; and as there was no knowledge of the handwriting sought for, therefore no clue to the writer's identity.'

few of the 'miscellaneous' letters,[1] as will be seen by their dates (26, 27, 30). The following to Macrabie explains his movements. The passage about Junius is an answer to certain questions of Macrabie's. (See his letters from America in the Appendix.)

London, June 12, 1770.

Dear Mac.—Since my last, I have received your letters of the 10th of March and 25th of April. I do not think they contain anything that requires a more particular answer, than my thanks for your writing so constantly and so well. In the matter of the purchase I shall rely on Colonel Francis and yourself. If you both think it right to buy, I shall always be ready at the common notice of bills of exchange, to pay the money.

The Princess of Wales is gone to Germany. She means to show the world that there is nothing in that pretended secret influence which has been so much talked of lately. It can hardly be a party of pleasure at her time of life, and many people think she will never return. If the opposition do not entirely succeed in all their designs, they have at least the pleasure of tormenting his most gracious Majesty most abominably.

Junius is not known, and that circumstance is perhaps as curious as any of his writings. I have always suspected Burke; but, whoever he is, it is impossible he can ever discover himself. The offence he has given to his Majesty and ——[2] is more than any private man could support; he would soon be crushed. Almon has been found guilty of republishing the letter to the King, and Woodfall, who was the original publisher, is to be tried to-morrow. If he be found guilty, I fancy he will have reason to remember it. I have been a tour through Wiltshire, and as far as Bath, on horseback, and in company with Tilman. The more I know this youth, the better I like him. On Friday next your sister sets out for Margate, where she proposes to stay two months. They both want duckings—I mean she and her daughter Bess. You have given me no orders for the present lottery. If you like to have a ticket, I may hear from you

[1] By 'miscellaneous' letters, I have already said that I mean throughout those to the 'Advertiser,' published by Woodfall under that heading as (in his belief) written by Junius; and by 'private,' those published by Woodfall as privately addressed by Junius to himself, and republished in Bohn's Junius, which I have chiefly used. The originals of the latter now belong to the family of Mr. Parkes.

[2] Apparently the Duke of Grafton.

before the drawing. Pray, Sir, have you any thoughts of returning to England? And so farewell!

Yours most faithfully,

P. FRANCIS.

Francis's wife went accordingly to Margate, he remaining in town, as appears by letters from the War Office, June 18 and 19, to her at Margate, concerning only the health of the children, who were at Fulham. Part of the first is printed only for the sake of the extraordinary medical prescription (according to modern notions) which it contains.

My dearest Betsy,—Not having any letter by the post, I flatter myself I shall receive one from you to-night by William. I saw the children this morning. Sally has had the toothache violently, but by the help of a poultice she slept well last night, and is free from pain this day. Philip and the other two are as fierce as lions. Your mother was in bed. Patty has been bled; her blood is so bad that Price says she must be bled once a week for two years and some months.

To the same.

June 19.

My dearest Honesty,—I wish you joy of your snug little dwelling. William knows something of houses, and says it was entirely to his satisfaction. I wrote to you yesterday, consequently have not much to say at present. It rained bitterly all 'last night and this morning—drop, drop, drop into my room last night. I wakened with the noise, and took it for thunder. We are all at sea. If it holds up, I shall ride to Fulham this afternoon. I shall pay you a visit at Margate as soon as Lord Barrington goes out of town.

The next letter chronicles (to Macrabie) his own arrival at Margate, and expatiates on schemes for the acquisition of property in America, which seem at this time to have had some hold on his imagination.

Margate, July 1, 1770.

My dear Mac.—I arrived at this enchanting place, to pay a visit to my wife and daughter Bess, who have been bathing in the ocean about a fortnight. I assure you this town is wonderfully improved since we saw it about five years ago: a fine assembly room, a good

tavern, a coffee house, and a billiard table, to say nothing of the church, which, I observe, has been repaired and beautified. Yet after all, I doubt whether there be a more detestable spot in any part of the inhabitable globe. I have got a letter from our honest cousin Turbut, which it is absolutely impossible for me to answer by this packet, unless it should happen to be detained a fortnight beyond its usual time. Pray tell him so, and that I am inexpressibly obliged to him for the trouble he has taken about the thousand acres. As to his other project, it has not been in my power to consult anybody yet, nor indeed, supposing it a thing advisable, do I know how to set about it: he talks of a tract of country, which upon the map appears equal to at least a third of Ireland, and he supposes that I have nothing to do but to ask and have. I wish that either he or you had been more particular. One thing I wish you to tell him directly—viz. that instead of having a great deal of interest, as he seems to take for granted, I have really none at all. However, the land will not run away, and I must have time to make proper inquiries. By next packet, I shall answer him fully. Between ourselves, is this youth considered a visionary projector in the country, or have they any reasonable opinion of his discretion? I should also be glad to know what benefit I am to derive from my thousand acres. You, I presume, have not lived so long in the land market without making yourself a freeholder, and laying down some plan for a future estate. You give me a hint of your returning this summer, and I have kept it carefully to myself. How glad we shall be to see you is more than I can conveniently put upon paper; for my time is short, and my paper almost out, and so, my dearest friend, farewell! We have a very agreeable hurricane here every night.

P. Francis.

The next 'miscellaneous' letter (to Bradshaw, *Q. in the Corner*) is dated July 7, when Francis appears by his domestic letters to have reached town again.

London, July 9, 1770.

My dearest Betsy,—Mr. Wombwell, whom I luckily saw last night at the coffee house, promised to deliver you a note to day, by which you will have had the earliest account of my arrival. I travelled very fast; it rained most violently in the evening from seven to eight, but upon the whole I had a pleasant journey. Phil. Baggs saw the children yesterday. They and all the family at

Fulham are in perfect health. I have nothing new, and so, dearest, farewell! Yours,

P. F.

My love to Bess and to Miss Holden. Pray remind Mr. Rouse of my horse.

From this time to about July 20 Francis was in London, occasionally visiting his children, who were with his father-in-law Macrabie at Fulham. This appears from several letters to his wife on matters of ordinary domestic interest. He then returned to Margate, where (apparently) he remained some weeks; for on July 30, his friend and fellow-clerk D'Oyly writes to him there as follows:—

War Office, July 30, 1770.

My dear Francis,—I received your letter, and have despatched the inclosed to Major Bromhead. It gave me real satisfaction to know that you were joyous and happy at Margate—continue so, and don't suffer the War Office once to enter your thoughts. Mrs. D'Oyly, who sends her respects to you and Mrs. Francis, is by no means well, and has been much indisposed for the last ten days. She says you are a fine jolly dog, and advises you to be so as long as you can.

On August 7, D'Oyly writes to him at Margate again; but, on August 17, his friend Gravier addresses a short letter to him in Duke Street.

Now, corresponding with this summer absence of Francis, there is a cessation of Junius from May 28 to August 22, and of the 'miscellaneous' letters also, except, as already noted, for a few days in June, during which days Francis was demonstrably on a temporary visit to town. On August 22 (five days, therefore, after Francis is known to have arrived in Duke Street), Junius begins again with his letter on the well-known subject of the Luttrells. (I will not here repeat the connection of that name with the early antecedents of Francis, on which Macaulay laid so much stress.) Francis writes to Macrabie from London

on September 5; and after this there is again a long cessation, both in the correspondence of Junius and in that of Francis. No Junius appears until November 14, 1770 (to Lord Mansfield); and no miscellaneous. On December 9, 1770, Calcraft sends Lord Chatham the remarkable anonymous letter printed in the 'Chatham Correspondence' (vol. iv. p. 48), and supposed to be by Junius.

On December 10, Francis addresses to Calcraft, under his own name, a very curious letter (of which he himself preserved a copy), which will be found in the Appendix. It appears to relate to an intended 'inquiry' into the administration of justice in the courts of Westminster Hall, and forms, as it were, a kind of brief for employment against Lord Mansfield. The coincidence between this letter, the contemporary productions of Junius, and the reports of the speeches of Lord Chatham, is obvious; but the writer seems to have sought to avoid identity of expression. Why Francis should have addressed so formal a composition to Calcraft, with whom he was in constant private intercourse, can only be conjectured. Probably he meant it to be shown to Chatham.

The next manuscript letter preserved is one of December 11, to his relative Major Philip Baggs, apparently at Cork. The extraordinary scene in the House of Lords mentioned in it, at which Francis was doubtless present, is further alluded to in the fragment of autobiography.

To Major Baggs.

London, December 11, 1770.

A very odd thing happened yesterday in the House of Lords. The Duke of Manchester declared that he had a motion to make, and was very quietly explaining the ground and occasion of it, particularly the defenceless state of the nation. After he had been talking about a quarter of an hour, Lord Gower got up and interrupted him, saying that such matters were unfit to be divulged before so

crowded an audience, and therefore insisted that his Grace should not proceed until the House was cleared. This motion was vehemently opposed by the Duke of Richmond; but the cry of *clear the House* increased to such a clamour and tumult, that nothing else could be heard. Upon this Lord Chatham got up and roared out that he wanted to speak to *order*, but not a syllable more could I distinguish. Since the damning of the French dancers I never saw such a scene. At last Chatham, finding it in vain to persist, marched out of the House in the true style of Secession, and was followed by all the minority lords, even the Duke of Manchester, who was to make the motion. Lord Mansfield, who sits as Speaker, did all he could to appease them, but to no purpose, and now they say those lords are preparing a flaming protest. The House of Commons immediately ordered all peers to be turned out of their House, for there was a great number of commoners in the House of Lords when the affair happened.

The foregoing is by way of news, of which, and *everything else*, I hope you will make a discreet use. I had yesterday your letter from Plymouth, and am satisfied you have done all you could. With respect to your namesake George, depend upon it, if ever in my power—at present I could as easily move Olympus: besides, in the present augmentation there will be but very few commissions to dispose of, for all the seconded officers are to be brought in, and great care to be taken of the half pay. I wish you a good voyage, and so farewell!

P. F.

We now enter on a series of writings with their corresponding events, which may be said to constitute a curious episode, only, in the Junius correspondence, but which proved of great influence over the subsequent career of Francis.

I allude to the letters respecting the affair of the Falkland Islands. (*Junius*, January 30, 1771; *Philo-Junius*, February 6.) The historical circumstances of the case need scarcely be recapitulated. The English had taken possession of these islands by alleged priority of discovery. The Spaniards, jealous of an English establishment in the neighbourhood of their South American dominions, 'sent an armament from an American port, which dispossessed

the English and sent them ignominiously home. An act of such hostility was to be resented. Complaints were made to the Court of Madrid, and preparations were at the same time commenced for going to war if the Spaniards should refuse to restore the islands without a contest. Negotiations were protracted, but the Spaniards at length agreed to make the required restitution, but without relinquishing their right; while it was secretly stipulated that England, soon after the surrender, should evacuate the disputed possession' (Lord Stanhope). The indignation of Junius at these arrangements is expressed in the strongest language. 'The motives on which the Catholic king makes restitution,' he says, 'are, if possible, more insolent and disgraceful to our sovereign than even the declaratory condition annexed to it.' The opportunity of making a short and successful war, before France had meddled with the negotiations, had been lost through the 'treachery of the king's servants. We might have dictated the law to Spain. There are no terms to which she might not have been compelled to submit. At the worst, a war with Spain alone carries the fairest promise of advantage.' He anticipates the speedy occurrence of hostilities at a greater disadvantage, 'when the collected strength of the house of Bourbon attacks us at once.' 'The real questions are' (thus he concludes his diatribe): 'Have we any security that the peace we have so dearly purchased will last a twelvemonth? and if not, have we, or have we not, sacrificed the fairest opportunity of making war with advantage?'

The singularity of this deviation from the ordinary topics of Junius's letters, unconnected with anything before and after it, will doubtless have struck many a reader. Nothing can be more marked than the general disinclination of Junius to meddle seriously with any but

subjects of the most strictly domestic politics. The transactions and discussions of the cabinet, the court, the city, the tribunals of justice, form the daily, almost the exclusive, subjects on which he expresses himself with interest. On foreign affairs he rarely touches, and then slightly. Even America—at that time the great object on which the eyes of serious thinkers were fixed—is not often brought prominently forward, and then somewhat timidly, as if he had hardly made up his mind which side to take.[1] India he rarely mentions. What particular motive roused his feelings so strongly on the subject of this Spanish quarrel? It did not afford opportunity for the discharge of obloquy on any of the favourite objects of his aversion. He

[1] Junius, as has been often observed, entertained apparently a higher opinion of George Grenville than of any other British statesman; he shared, or assumed, the political views of Grenville in general; and (as we have seen in former chapters, and as Dr. Mason Good remarks in his Preliminary Essay) anterior to the American contest, was 'as thoroughly convinced as Mr. George Grenville himself of the supremacy of the legislature of the country over the American colonies.' But when Junius became engaged, towards the end of his correspondence, with the party who were aiming at the restoration of Lord Chatham to power, his views on the American question evidently became modified, although (as said in the text) he alludes but little to the subject. Now it is worthy of note that precisely the same change took place in the American politics of Philip Francis, as recounted by himself in the following letter to his friend D'Oyly, from India, just when the long dissension was ripening into war (January 22, 1776):—

'Your account of American politics gives me no sort of comfort, except in the reflection that my situation removes me from any share in measures of which I cannot approve, and perhaps could not have opposed. I know not what that object is, which, either in morals or policy, can justify the shedding of English blood by the hands of Englishmen. Is it revenue? the present armament will cost the nation more than all the direct taxes that can be raised from America will amount to in a century. Is it commerce? you have a navy to guard the seas; the Americans have none, nor can ever have any. If neither of these objects be in question, it must be only the form of dominion, not the substance; and thousands may bleed, even the Empire may be shaken, for a name. *There was a time when I could reason as logically and passionately as anybody against the Americans:* but since I have been obliged to study the book of wisdom, I have dismissed logic out of my library. The fate of nations must not be tried by forms.'

bestows only a passing sneer or two on Lord North and Lord Rochford. He says (in his fragment of autobiography) that he and his friend Calcraft had made up their minds that the unpopularity of the Falkland Islands affair was likely to bring their patron, Lord Chatham, into power again. But it is difficult not to suspect that some closer personal feeling lay at the bottom, or at least contributed.

Is any light thrown on the question by the following letters?—

London, December 11, 1770.

My dear Mac.—I have not written to you for the two last packets, because I really expected to have seen you some time ago in England. At last I have received yours of October 20, by which I understand you have escaped back to Philadelphia from a thousand disasters. But your return is as uncertain as ever. My life is one continued scene of fermentation. The approach of a war loads me with business, *as, by and by, I hope it will with money.* I shall send the 25*l.* by the first opportunity to Fulham. Pray tell the new married that a tenth company is going to be added to the 44th Regiment, and that he will certainly be called upon as a seconded officer. We expect a declaration of war every day, and great preparations are making by sea and land. Your nephew is the finest creature that does honour to the earth. Your sister and all the little folks are well. I must bid you farewell.

P. Francis.

I wish you would tell me what I am to do with these thousand acres.

Francis, it will be seen, in December counted on war as a certainty. So did Calcraft, his ally and fellow-counsellor of Lord Chatham. 'I differ from you,' writes Gerald Hamilton to him on the 20th; 'I still think there will be peace.' ('Chatham Correspondence,' iv. 62.) And he proved right; the two conspirators, Francis and Calcraft, wrong.[1]

[1] See the note in Bohn's 'Junius,' ii. 318, as to the curious and almost literal correspondence between the anonymous letter (Miscell. lxxxi. 'Materials for History,' December 14, 1770) and the contemporaneous notices given by Calcraft to Chatham. Sir Philip Francis (as observed in that note) got back from Calcraft's family all the letters and papers which he had himself addressed to Calcraft.

To Macrabie.

London, February 12, 1771.

My dear Brother,—I really reproach myself with suffering two packets to depart without a letter to you. I cannot tell how it has happened; so without farther examination or apology, I shall hope you will forgive me. At last we have something like a peace with Spain: how likely it is to continue, is another question. Our armaments, particularly of ships, seem to continue as vigorously as if war had been declared. In my own private opinion, the Spaniards always meant war; and we shall have it, as soon as they and the French are ready for us. You Americans will be losers by the bargain. In war we should probably have wanted your assistance, and yielded to your own terms. But now you must submit. I cannot forgive your staying in America upon any principle but your making a fortune. One would think you might venture to give me a hint, or so.

Your father's letter, which I sent by the packet, will, I suppose, contain a true account of family matters. We are well. Your nephew is, without flattery, a most extraordinary child. His mind and body seem to be everything we could wish.

Tilman dined with me yesterday, and swallowed a moiety of two bottles of claret. I shall not be easily reconciled to his leaving old England. Tell his father and mother very seriously that it would be a pity to remove him so soon from his studies—alias from Covent Garden. . . . You cannot conceive how close he applies. Your old friend Meyrick, I hear, has espoused that young lady; and does business again. The rest of your acquaintance are pretty much in statu quo.

We lead a jolly kind of life. This night to a concert—on Thursday to a ridotto—on Saturday the opera—and on Tuesday following a grand private ball at the London Tavern. We desire nothing but that you were here to partake with us. Adieu!

P. Fr.

It is conceivable that, in those days, the mere perquisites of office, direct and indirect, may have afforded an official in the War Office strong reasons for rejoicing in a declaration of hostilities, and much disappointment in the making up of a quarrel. But that the interest of Francis in the decision of the question was still stronger and more exciting than this, we learn from a passage in his fragment of autobiography:—

Still, however, we thought a Spanish war inevitable: and that Chatham must be employed. Lord Weymouth, in that conviction, resigned the Secretary of State's office,[1] *and I lost* 500*l. in the stocks.* By that loss, however, I gained knowledge enough of the mode of transacting business in the alley to deter me from entering into such traffic again.

It would seem, therefore, that this outburst of zeal for the national honour on the part of Junius may be partly interpreted as an attempt to back a financial speculation of Francis by *bear*ing the stock market. It is rather singular (considering his usual caution) that he should have left this passage of the autobiography uncancelled.

The family papers do not elucidate the mystery of the next letter, which is in the peculiarly cautious and conspirator-like style often adopted by Francis. It introduces us to a family correspondent and cousin already once mentioned, Major Philip Baggs, the son of a sister of Dr. Francis (see the pedigree). He was in constant communication with Francis for many years; and joined him (for a short time) in India in 1778. According to Francis he was an officer of distinguished military qualities; but seems to have been better known as a 'man about town,' who earned a certain amount of glory in 1777, by a duel with Fighting Fitzgerald, in which Baggs was wounded.

To Major Philip Baggs, 69th Regiment, on the arrival of the 'Ajax' at Cork, Ireland.

London, December 7, 1770.

Dear Phil.—I wrote to you some days since at Cork. This morning I received yours of the 14th from Plymouth, and am very sensible of the truth of what you say. N.B. There are *some* subjects which should not be trusted even to paper. Your observation in

[1] 'Lord Weymouth's language upon his resignation is that for the present he does not think himself at liberty to explain to anybody the reasons for it; that they, however, will soon appear; but in general he is free to declare that he was called upon to contradict the measures he was before directed to pursue, and this is what he would not do.' (G. Hamilton to Calcraft, MS.)

Italian is very just. The thing was entirely by the invention and impudence of the worthy Mr. B——; *au reste*, let this subject never be mentioned again until we meet. Nothing could be more hurried than the whole compilation.

I hope Martin will stand fast. You shall have the earliest notice.

Adieu! I am tired of wishing you a good voyage.

P. F.

It appears from the next (to his wife) that Francis paid this year his Christmas visit to his father:—

Bath, December 23, 1770, Sunday.

My dearest Betsy,—The weather and company I was in must have assured you that I had a most agreeable journey. We arrived at Marlborough at seven, and found ourselves eating an incomparable dinner in about a quarter of an hour. We got into Bath at one o'clock. My father I think is wonderfully mended in health and spirits. We all lodge together in a very comfortable, I might say an elegant house. Upon the whole it promises to be a very agreeable expedition. A thousand kisses to my sweet chicks, not forgetting Philip. Compliments in abundance to your father, mother, and Patty.

Yours, yours, yours,

P. Francis.

The return of Francis from Bath to London is signalised by the appearance in the 'Advertiser' of one or two 'miscellaneous' letters (Intelligence Extraordinary, January 9, Anti-W., January 11). And the following from Dr. Francis is evidently an answer to one from his son, announcing his arrival in town:—

Bath, January 9, 1771.

Thanks for your journey, your own health, and that of your family. Your good news from Mr. Rob—n[1] I shall expect with impatience, for all my spirits went to town on Sunday. Yet I can rejoice with you on your account of Lord Ch—m's high health, and poor Lord Holland's being better. I will not tax your goodness of heart with politics: let me only entreat you to give me the earliest certainty of peace or war (with Spain). My heart is much set on

[1] I suppose, Mr. Robinson of the Treasury, whom the veteran pamphleteer designates by this blank, and the 'news' most likely only related to some Treasury payment due to Francis, or to his father as a pensioner.

this request. Farewell, my dearly beloved and esteemed; may your boy make you as happy a father as I am!

Your ever affectionate

P. FRANCIS.

If you get our Treasury money, you need not be in an hurry to send it. The joyful certainty of it will dispel all doubts and fears for a month. My soul thanks you.

To Major Baggs.

War Office, January 29, 1771.

Dear Phil.—I am desired by my Lord Barrington to acknowledge your letter of the 11th instant, and to acquaint you that he thinks very favourably of your merit and services, and that he is well inclined, upon all proper occasions, to serve you; but considering that you are one of the youngest majors he is of opinion that it would be an injustice to majors of a longer standing, if the promotion in the 69th were, in this instance, to go in the regiment.

So much for my office. My private interest is undoubtedly at your command; and if it ever does you or myself or anybody else any good we must have fortune on our side.

I am overwhelmed with business; but your affairs are beyond any remedy from *me*, if I were to dedicate my whole time to them. I have heard no more of Robinson. I saw Coombe this morning. He has been really very ill for several weeks, and I fear the accounts he has got of Martin are not likely to mend his health. He supposes Martin is out of town, for he has written and can get no answer. In his opinion and my own there is not the shadow of a chance. You will curse me for my intelligence, but what signifies concealment?

I myself am hipped beyond measure, and indeed with too much reason. Yet we are all well in Duke street. Wilkes and Horne have brought their villany and folly before the public; and this morning Macleane publishes a challenge which he sent to Wilkes yesterday and which he says Wilkes positively refused. And so farewell; I have no comfort of any kind for you.

P. FRANCIS.

At this point in the series occurs another curious episode, which Mr. Parkes thought of sufficient importance to make a subject of special examination. The following letter (in the undoubted handwriting of Charles Fox) was found in a search among Mr. Woodfall's papers:—

Sir,—A letter having appeared in your paper of yesterday, signed *Ulysses*, in which my name is mentioned, I should be much obliged

to you if you let me know who is the author of it. If you can not do this without his leave, I beg you will tell him from *me* that I hope he will do me the favour to let me know his name, that I may have some conversation with him upon the subject of that letter. If the author either is or professes himself to be a gentleman, he can scarcely refuse me this request. I beg you will understand that I do not write this to be printed in your paper, but merely because I have not found you at home.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
C. J. Fox.

Tuesday, 2 o'clock.

Direct your answer to me at Lord Holland's, Piccadilly.

This letter, without note of year or month, it will be observed, was underwritten 'Tuesday, 2 o'clock.' The letter of *Ulysses* therefore must have been in a 'Public Advertiser' of a Monday. Accordingly in the file of the paper Mr. Parkes found the letter, viz. Monday, March 4, 1771. In the 'Public Advertiser' of the 2nd, Mr. Parkes found the following notice among the usual notices to correspondents:—

The printer is extremely sorry that the length of the letter signed *Ulysses*, addressed to Lord North, joined to the very short notice given, prevented its publication to-day. It shall certainly appear on Monday.

The letter is as follows (that is, the part of it relating to C. Fox, who had voted with Lord North against the *Nullum Tempus* Bill):—

It was not glorious enough for Mr. Charles Fox barely to contradict himself; it was reserved for him at the opening of his life to prove how easy and irreproachable it is under your lordship's administration to betray his first, his nearest, and his dearest friend; to sacrifice the interests and the honour of a young nobleman,[1] the

[1] The Duke of Portland? 'Charles Fox,' says Horace Walpole, 'the phenomenon of the age, undertook the patronage of the Bill, and gave as much satisfaction to the party as disgust to the opposition.' (Memoirs of Grenville.) He was one of the tellers of the 'Noes.'—*Vide* Parl. History, vol. xvii. p. 1.

companion and the confidant of his private hours, at the dishonourable shrine of ministerial influence. But he, too, heard the lessons of Sir William Bagot; and I will do Mr. Charles Fox the justice to allow that he is a ready scholar.

The result appears to be, that Woodfall, in a 'notice to correspondents' of March 5, acknowledges the receipt of a second letter of *Ulysses*; but that this letter never appeared, Fox's interpellation having probably produced its effect by deterring the writer. The same circumstance—if *Ulysses was Junius*, as the style would certainly render probable—may have prevented Woodfall from including this among the 'miscellaneous' letters. But this is conjecture at best. Mr. Parkes (as will be seen presently) believed that just at this period there was a cessation of correspondence with the 'Public Advertiser,' owing to an illness of Francis.

However this may be, no early relations, political or other, are traceable between Fox and Francis. Francis himself—writing some years afterwards, in India—says that he had only once in his life had even a short conversation with him.

Madame ma Femme to Madame ma Cousine.

London, March 6, 1771.

Monsieur mon Frère,—On Monday last I received your letter of the 4th of January. After all your Corte Venue,[1] the bark that brings you to England will, I fancy, be of most use to you, at least in point of bodily health. Forgive the pun, it is a sin I am not often guilty of. But you are silent about your future plans for life. Have you any, my friend, or are you as much afloat as ever? I enquire with anxiety. There was a time when I thought there might be a turn of affairs[2] which would enable me to serve my friend, but that prospect is vanished, and I fear there is no hope of its returning with substance. In my own place here, I am tolerably secure, and with this we must rest contented. Tilman almost lives with us. He is so much in fashion, that I have hardly an acquaintance who does not desire to see him whenever we are invited. . . .

[1] Sic or illegible.

[2] See post, p. 261.

Our friends in Bruton Street improve every day. We hardly ever meet, and I protest I cannot tell why, for I am no poorer than I was when their friendship was most ardent. My laying down the coach was prudence, not necessity; but they, I suppose, suspect the contrary. At any rate I know myself to be *independent*; and if it were otherwise, *they* are the last of the creation to whom I would yield a *tittle*. Yet my contempt for them is expressed with all the politeness imaginable. They shall have no hold to fasten an offence upon me.

In the way of news I think we decline every day. The House of Commons are every day treated like an assembly of pick-pockets, and even the newspapers have lost their dignity.

There was a great and sudden fall of the stocks yesterday, but I have not heard it accounted for upon any principles, but the usual roguery of the alley.

The whisper given about is, that the Duke of Choiseul is to be recalled, consequently an immediate war to be expected. But this I take to be nonsense. I shall be ready to honour your draughts. What do you propose to do with your own acres, and what would you advise me to do with mine? My love to Turbut. He has some reason to be discontented with me, but not so much as he imagines. Enforce the necessity of Tilman's staying here. Adieu!

P. F.

How did you Americans like Lord Chatham's speech? *It was really genuine.* Vale!

As an introduction to the letters which next follow, I insert a memorandum which I find among Mr. Parkes's papers, on the subject of a fit of illness which at this time attacked Francis, and of a corresponding slackness in the *Junius* writings.

On January 9, 1771, Francis writes, from the War Office, to Major Baggs (directing to him at Gibraltar) that he had been at Bath. His next letter to the Major is dated January 29, also from the War Office. In the latter letter he says, 'I myself am hipped beyond measure, and indeed with too much reason. Yet we are all well in Duke Street.' In the same letter he mentions Wilkes and Horne, and the refusal of Macleane's challenge of the latter. Then follows a long interregnum in their correspondence; the next letter of Francis to Baggs bearing date 'War Office, March 30, 1771.' The hiatus is accounted for by the following passage: '*I have had a dangerous fever, and am still very ill with a sore throat.* Everything I see and hear discourages me, even from hoping. If a fair opportunity pre-

sented itself for the East Indies ——' In the same letter he mentions City politics, and that 'the Lord Mayor and Oliver are very much at their ease in the Tower;' also that 'the House of Commons seem afraid to meddle with Wilkes. The City are again to address for a dissolution.'

Now, this *illness* of Francis much explains the non-appearance of any letter from Junius between February 6, 1771, and April 22 following, when Junius recommenced his public letters under the signature of *Philo-Junius*. Nor does Woodfall attribute to Junius any *miscellaneous* letter between February 22, 1771, and March 25 following.[1] Further, there remains no private letter addressed by Junius to Woodfall (at this period of Francis's illness) between March 5 and May 4. Again, it is remarkable that in this first week of March Junius was certainly not personally the 'conveyancer' of the correspondence between himself and his printer—because, in a note of the date March 3, he tells Woodfall that a letter of the latter to him 'was twice refused last night, and the waiter as often attempted to see the person who sent for it.' Junius, in the same note, orders Woodfall to send a parcel to him directed to be left at the bar of Munday's coffee-house, Maiden Lane, 'and with orders to be delivered to a *chairman* who will ask for it in the course of to-morrow evening.' That from some special cause Junius was at this particular time unable to conduct his communications as usual with his printer is distinctly apparent; for in another note to Woodfall, on March 5, acknowledging safe receipt of the above parcel, he writes, '*The difficulty of corresponding arises from situation and necessity* to which we must submit.' Now this unusual 'gap' in the *Junius* correspondence, public and private, exactly and remarkably tallies with the serious ailment occurring at the same time to Francis; and the like suspension of correspondence so occurring between Francis and other correspondents of Francis. A similar hiatus occurs in Francis's letters to his brother-in-law Macrabie at Philadelphia; the last extant letter of Francis, bearing date March 6, dated 'London,' and his next letter to the same relative being addressed from the War Office, 'May 1, 1771.' The draft letters in the latter office for three weeks from the early part of March are none of them in Francis's handwriting, who therefore may be assumed to have been ill in Duke Street or at Fulham.

[1] Mr. Parkes is not quite accurate here. Woodfall inserts among the 'miscellaneous letters' the short one of *Vindex*, March 6, on the subject of Laughlin Macleane. And Mr. Parkes attributes to *Junius* (though Woodfall does not) the letter of *Ulysses*, March 4. See *antè*.

The silence of the pen of Junius during this interregnum is the more observable, as probably occasioned by illness or absence from London, because stirring political occurrences would otherwise have almost certainly engaged his mind and prolific pen. 'A dangerous fever' had attacked Francis in the month of March, and though again at the War Office on the 30th he represents himself as 'still very ill with a sore throat.'—[J. P.]

To proceed with the letters.

To Major Baggs.

War Office, March 30, 1771.

Dear Phil.—. . . . I have had a dangerous fever, and am still very ill with a sore throat. Everything I see and hear discourages me even from hoping. If a fair opportunity presented itself for the East Indies——. Stephen[1] left London without one word of communication with me, and is now in Sussex. Jack, I hear, plays the fine gentleman, and talks of marrying an heiress. The Lord Mayor and Oliver are very much at their ease in the Tower. This is a very extraordinary event, but I do not perceive that it has any great effect. The King has been most abominably insulted in returning from the House. I never saw such a concourse of people, nor such outrageous behaviour. Our opinions very much incline to the expectations of war.

The House of Commons seem afraid to meddle with Wilkes. The City are again to address for a dissolution.

Adieu.

P. F.

To Macrabie.

War Office, May 1, 1771.

My dear Brother,—I fear I load you with postage inland, much more than my letters are worth; but this is an expense you must submit to, as long as you express satisfaction in hearing from me. Long before this, I hope, your grievances have left you—I mean rheumatism and fever. You Americans have a wonderful turn to pains in the bones. If you have not made a thousand compliments to Tubby Francis for me upon his change of condition, you deserve to be hanged. I have used that honest fellow infamously; but really, between ourselves, I cannot prevail upon myself to talk to a man who makes so light of getting large provinces into his possession. For God's sake take excellent care of my land! If I do not misunder-

[1] The Rev. Stephen Baggs. See Pedigree.

stand you, you mean that it must take care of itself. I will either pay the money to your father, or otherwise, as you think proper. If war had gone on, something might perhaps have offered for you. But have courage, we shall not always be at the foot of the ladder. I need not be at the toil of repeating newspapers. They will tell you enough of the feuds among patriots, and the progress of faction. The Committee of Privileges,[1] made their report yesterday to the House, but have done no more. Nothing can be more ridiculous and disgraceful both to the Committee and to the House than this whole business. I shall not wonder at, though I have no sufficient reason to expect, a dissolution of Parliament, and a total change of hands as things now stand. ——[2] has a most uncomfortable time of it. Lord Chatham is to move to-morrow for an address to dissolve. Lord Halifax is either dead or dying: if he should survive he is to quit business. Wilkes will probably be sheriff. A great event has happened in the history of the Macrabies. I have taken a little neat cottage at Fulham for the summer. Your father's letter I dare say will be full of it. We go on Saturday. I saw him this morning amazingly well. Your nephew is a most glorious animal, but not very like his uncle. Adieu.

Yours, P. Francis.[3]

To Major Baggs.

London, May 30, 1771.

. . . . . .

Dear Phil.—My wife is greatly obliged to you for the honey, which I expect to receive shortly. At present it is in the act of performing quarantine. Rosenhagen, I hear, is returned to Lisle. How he contrived to reach Lyons is to me inconceivable; and much more so, how he could have stretched to Gibraltar.[4] Wilkes and Horne are at open war in the newspapers. Nothing can be more contemptible, in my own opinion, nor less interesting than the whole of their correspondence. Horne's malice and rancour are mean and wretched beyond all description. He seems absolutely to

[1] See the last preceding *Junius* (April 22) on the question of Privilege of Parliament.

[2] Query, the King.

[3] Junius of the same day (May 1) 'does not expect that a dissolution of Parliament will check corruption, but that at least it will be a check and terror to their successors.'

[4] This letter, showing that Francis's old schoolfellow Rosenhagen must have been abroad during great part of the 'Junian' period, affords by itself almost sufficient proof that *he* could have had no part in the composition of the letters.

have lost his understanding. Rage blinds him, and I really suspect that the ministry pay him for what he does. The other rogue stands his ground, and I have no sort of doubt that he will be sheriff. What part do you think Rosenhagen would have taken between these worthies?

I have taken a little tenement about four miles from this office, where I live as much as possible. In the country everything pleases me: in town nothing.

. . . . . .

Tilghman is well. He leaves us in September, and for ever. Fitzpatrick, he, and I, dine together to-day. Whenever we meet, we drink your health, and join in lamenting the condition of the times. Adieu. P. F.

A letter of June 18, 1771, from a servant, announces to Francis that his father, at Bath, 'was yesterday taken with one of the usual paralytic seizures; it has very much affected his speech; but this day I have hopes of his surviving this attack.'

From several preceding letters, and from his fragment of autobiography, it appears that Francis was at this time in a state of much dejection and disappointment as to his prospects. His pecuniary loss from the failure of his hopes of war with Spain may have contributed. He had also, in combination with Calcraft, fastened his hopes of preferment in the public service on the advent to power of Lord Chatham, or of the opposition under some other leadership, and began to despair of the defeat of the Tory administration. The return of the Duke of Grafton to that ministry, June 11, was undoubtedly an untoward indication of its probable stability. At all events the next letter shows that Francis had already begun to fix his wishes on an Indian appointment.

To Major Baggs, 69th Regiment, at Gibraltar.

War Office, June 25, 1771.

Dear Phil.—You will hardly believe that the hint I threw out about the East Indies related to myself. The idea was carried

pretty far, but circumstances being altered with respect to the plan of government in India, that affair is over, and must never be mentioned. For the next three years I am likely enough to remain in my present state of uninteresting indolence. But I am secure of a —— in the next ——

. . . . . .

Your anxiety about politics is extraordinary enough. All I can say is, at present they look a little more lively than they have done for some time past. Horne, I think, is beaten out of the pit, and everything goes swimmingly for Wilkes and Bull. They had the whole show of hands for them yesterday at Guildhall, and the poll hitherto greatly in their favour. The numbers last night stood as follows: For Wilkes, 296; Bull, 276; Kirkman, 45; Plumbe, 34; Oliver, 28. Yet it is by no means clear that Wilkes will ultimately carry it. The above numbers are nothing compared to the rest of the livery. In the meantime Wilkes and his people are in high spirits.

The Duke of Grafton, since his appointment to the Privy Seal, has had a peppering letter from Junius,[1] who promises a continuance of his correspondence as long as he is in office. I will send you newspapers whenever an opportunity offers. Of changes I see no prospect. Wilkes may perhaps have the pleasure of being hanged before his shrievalty is expired. The City have resolved upon another remonstrance. The weather is uncommonly fine, and promises a plentiful harvest. Fitzpatrick, Tilman, Gravier and I dined yesterday at the Queen's Arms. They drank immoderately; even I, who drank nothing but thimblefulls, grew intoxicated at last. Adieu. I will write to you as often as occasions of doing it without expense shall offer. For this you must pay. The accounts from Bath are truly melancholy. I expect every day to hear of my father's death. Adieu.

Yours, P. F.

War Office, July 3, 1771.

Dear Phil.—I wrote to you about a week ago by the land post, so have nothing new to communicate, beyond what you will find in this bundle of newspapers. Wilkes, I think, is more firmly upon his legs than ever he was.[2]

Yours affectionately,

P. Francis.

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[1] 'To his Grace the Duke of Grafton,' June 22, 1771.

[2] Junius (July 9) is of the same opinion: 'My zeal for the King's service, like Mr. Wilkes's patriotism, thrives by persecution.'

In July 1771, occurs the spiteful and fencing correspondence between Junius and Horne Tooke. The letter to which the following refers must be that of 'Junius to the Reverend Mr. Horne,' July 24, 1771. I am not able to explain the particular course of reasoning in the writer's mind as to the effect of the proceeding of Junius, and it is certainly questionable whether it would have occurred to any one except Junius himself.

To Major Baggs.

War Office, July 26, 1771.

Dear Phil.—I have never missed an opportunity of writing to you, and have sent you horseloads of newspapers.

Wilkes's success has established his interest in the City, and in my opinion he is in a higher style than ever. Junius has given Horne a most severe correction. The best on't is, that Junius, under pretence of writing Horne a *private* letter, makes him the *editor* of the grossest and most infamous libel that ever was printed. This I take to be a *coup d'état*. Wouldn't you laugh if you saw the parson in the pillory for publishing a letter, in which he himself is virulently abused? Horne's credit is very low indeed. The plan for the City is to have Crosby Mayor again; but the livery must return two to the Court of Aldermen. Now, the way is to return one *Bridgen* with Crosby. NB. This Bridgen is the most scurvy rascal in the City, and particularly odious to the aldermen. It is not doubted that Wilkes will be Mayor the year following; otherwise we are all quiet. To-morrow morning, Godfrey, Tilman, another gent and I set out upon a tour through Derbyshire, and propose to reach Manchester. I wish you were of the party.

I am, dear Phil.,
Very truly yours,
P. F.

A somewhat minute, but special, instance of chronological correspondence between the performances of Junius and contemporary events in the life of Francis, requires now to be noted. On July 31, 1771, Horne addresses Junius in an elaborate 'reply,' intended to be a complete summary of the controversy. Junius does not answer this until the

13th of August—rather a long interval for so prompt a combatant. So, at least, Horne thought; for in his rejoinder, on August 16, he says, 'I congratulate you, Sir, on the recovery of your wonted style, *though it has cost you a fortnight.*' If Francis was Junius, the occurrence of this interval of a fortnight is exactly accounted for by the dates of the following letters, addressed to his wife at Fulham, where she was no doubt staying with her father, Mr. Macrabie.

To Mrs. Francis, Sandy Lane, Fulham.

Derby, Tuesday even, July 30, 1771.

My dearest dearest Betsy,—This is the only Christian-like looking town that I have seen since I left London, and we are just entered. Our journey has been as prosperous as we could expect, though we have seen nothing yet but the bare face of the country. The Duchess of Bedford and be d—d to her, would not let us see Wooburn Abbey, which we all greatly regret. The weather has been perfectly favourable, that is cool, even more so than I could have wished. I generally drive the chaise two-thirds of each stage, as my companions like riding, so that I have variety and no manner of fatigue. To-morrow we set out early for Chatsworth and the Peak.

. . . . . .

Manchester, Saturday morning, August 4, 1771.

This is just to inform you that we arrived here yesterday about 4. After dinner with much toil we found out Mr. Clough's, where we all supped, and I lay in the state bed. By the same token I am now writing in his best parlour. Oh! I wrote to you from Derby. We have been all through that county, and have travelled over a thousand mountains, to say nothing of caverns and precipices. But to say the truth everything has contributed to make it a pleasant journey. These good folks received me as the Jews intend to do the Messiah. To-morrow we set out on our return. Old mother Clough is as blind as a horse in a mill, and has a hand like a curry-comb. The girls are in raptures. And so deary, adieu! Kiss the children heartily, and place it to account as per advice.

Yours, P. Francis.

Friday, Oxford (August 10?).

My dearest Betsy,—I received your letter upon my arrival here last night, and thank you very heartily for making it so copious. This is only to say that I propose to have the happiness of seeing you on Sunday night (12th).

Till then, dearest, adieu!

P. F.

These letters are sealed with a large War Office seal. On the 13th (as has been seen) appeared the answer to Horne.

To Major Baggs.

War Office, August 20, 1771.

Dear Phil.—I have two letters from you from Lisbon, and this very morning a third of an earlier date from Gibraltar, in which you give me notice of your existence. This last was unnecessary, as I had no particular reason to question that you were alive. Some singular ill-fortune must have attended my correspondence, for really I have written to you as often as you could possibly expect or desire. I thank you for your very seasonable hint about J. A.,[1] and yet, upon my honour, I do not recollect that I have anything to reproach myself with: I never told him so much as you have done —no, not by the most distant intimation, viz. my reason for desiring that translation. You are deceived in regard to his supposed simplicity. I wish you were equally mistaken in your opinion of his discretion. But enough: we shall be more prudent hereafter.

. . . . . .

Junius and Wilkes seem to make common cause. Poor Horne is drubbed till he screeches for mercy. Never was there such a letter as Junius has flattered him with. All mankind agree that it is his masterpiece, and now I hope we shall never hear any more of them.

We have no alterations of any kind. I send you newspapers as often as I can, and hope to-morrow to send you a great bundle. Of Stephen I hear nothing. Godfrey, Tilman, and, I returned last Monday from our grand tour. Tilman takes his leave of us in a few days for America, and for ever. My wife and children are your humble servants. If you reproach me any more with not writing, you are an ungrateful demon; this is the fourth which you have not acknowledged.

And so farewell!

P. F.

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[1] Allen of Lisbon.—[Mr. Parkes.]

The last letter informs his correspondent, Major Baggs, of the proposed departure of their friend Tilghman for America, after a year's residence in England. It has been suggested (by Mr. Parkes) that this young man, who was a zealous law student, helped Junius in getting up the legal part of his correspondence. Junius (as himself says, and has been often proved) was clearly no lawyer, but with a considerable smattering of law, and that, mainly, of the 'law-student' class—producing theses, cleverly put together, on constitutional questions. Junius's destiny was rather to help in making the law than to explain it. But I see not much proof of the supposition as to Tilghman.[1]

To Major Baggs.

War Office, August 22, 1771.

Dear Phil.—I wrote to you last Tuesday very fully by the common post, as I have done several times, though you continue to reproach me with neglect. I now take the opportunity of Lieutenant Hoy of the 39th to send you newspapers. You will find the famous Junius among them, but you ought to read Horne's letter first.

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[1] One instance however may be quoted. In Junius to Lord Mansfield,' Nov. 15, 1770, occurs the following fierce attack on that judge for the 'doctrine which he delivered in Lord Grosvenor's cause :—

'An action for crim. con. being brought by a peer against a prince of the blood, you were daring enough to tell the judge, that, in fixing the damages, they were to pay no regard to the quality or fortune of the parties: that it was an action between A and B; that they were to consider the offence in a moral light only, and give no greater damages to a peer of the realm than to the meanest mechanic.'

Richard Tilghman, in his student's note-book, took down the following as Lord Mansfield's words :—

'As to question of damages, many rules can't be here laid down. We know not the persons of plaintiff or defendant. Measure of damages should not be ascertained by rank of plaintiff or defendant. There justice is blind. Injury is as great if done to bed of commoner, as if done to bed of peer. Rank of parties out of the case. In civil actions jury are not inflicting fines.'

The American relative who kindly furnished Mr. Parkes with this extract (Mr. W. M. Tilghman), says that R. Tilghman also noted carefully in the same book the cases of R. *v.* Almon and R. *v.* Woodfall.

I cannot say I am much edified with your trip to Lisbon, and leaving the regiment without a field officer—not that I care a farthing about the discipline. Tilman, I hear, goes for his native country on Saturday. I am to eat my parting dinner with him to-day. Adieu.

P. F.

To Macrabie.

War Office, September 4, 1771.

My dear Mac.—I have duly received all your letters, though I have them not before me to acknowledge them by the dates. I really have scarce time to perform the common offices of nature; and if writing to my best friend were as natural to me as eating or sleep I must either do it at unseasonable hours, and in a slovenly manner, or give it up entirely. Perhaps it will be some amends to you to say that you live in my thoughts. I see how uncomfortable your undecided situation must be, but upon this subject it is impossible for me to say anything to the purpose. If you could form such commercial connexions in North America as would enable you to act upon your own account, I should think it not impracticable to raise a sum of money for you on this side, to begin upon. Your father's letter, which goes herewith, will naturally be filled with the departure of our good friend Tilman. He breakfasted with me for the last time, Wednesday the 28th of last month, and was to get into his postchaise at four o'clock that afternoon. Our parting was no other than if we were to dine together the day following; yet I shall probably never see him again. I do not think that as to the choice of friends or companions, it is an easy matter either to please my fancy or to satisfy my judgment. The villain succeeded in both completely; and now I ought to hate him heartily for giving me such cause of regret as will last as long as I live. He is to write to me constantly, but, at this distance and with this prospect, it will be the dead letter, which he has been studying so long. You are fortunate in waiting for his return to America. We are all pretty quiet here, but it seems to me rather an anxious pause or interval in contention, than the tranquil security of a wise and firm government. Tilman is loaded with politics and can explain everything as well as I can. I begin now to think that some discovery will be made about Portsmouth fire. The Duke of Gloucester is gone to Lisbon.

Tilman will tell you wonders of my children, particularly your nephew.

Adieu, adieu!

P. Francis.

Tilghman accordingly returned to America: destined to cross the Atlantic eastward once more (as we shall learn in the course of this memoir) in order to try his fortune along with Francis in India.

War Office, December 4, 1771.

My dear Mac.—Go directly to Tilman, and ask him what news. Do you and he ever meet privately, that is, at a proper distance from Quakers, Indians, and mad Americans? If you do, drink my health very cordially. You may let the Colonel—alias broken Lieutenant—be of the party, but none of the profane. The rogue loves claret. Since Tilman arrived among you, I hope you found the climate was improved. We used to make it out very tolerably together. Do tell me a little whether you are determined to take root in America, or ever to be transported home again? By the time you get back you will have a fine crop of nephews and nieces. Little Philip is a hero in every sense of the word. For God's sake pardon my not writing any more! I am jaded to death. The Irish Parliament have struck off Jerry Dyson's pension. The Duke of Cumberland and his Duchess are returned, and are forbidden the court.[1] But it is supposed all this will soon be made up.

Adieu, my dearest friend!

Yours, P. Francis.

To Major Baggs.

War Office, December 17, 1771.

Dear Phil.—I am going to Bath to-morrow, and shall be absent three weeks. Tilman arrived at Philadelphia about the middle of October. I have a letter from him, dated November 10. I am a man insulated: you and he, and Fitzpatrick and Rosenhagen, are all equally lost to me. Stephen is cursing his fate at Ongar in Essex. *Fuimus Troes.* Stopford is at Bath, but he is too melancholy for me. By way of news, I can only say that the Irish House of Commons have made a most extraordinary stand against Lord Townshend, and beat him in several questions, and struck off Jerry Dyson's pension. But he has obtained the supplies, and provided he travels through the session, minds but little the disgrace and loss of reputation. The court seems as hostile as possible to the Duke of Cumberland and his lady. Opposition have done nothing but play the fool, and I think are universally desponding. Wilkes meditates an attack upon the House of Lords. But all that is a good deal

[1] See 'Miscellaneous Letters,' 102, 104.

below par. Did I tell you that Hassard, having got his rank in India, is an old Major, and within two of being Lieutenant-Colonel? Our officers all agree in cursing that service, and most of them come home beggars.

I have strange projects in my head. I have got five children you may remember, and in a few months shall have a sixth. This makes a man look serious, *bon gré mal gré*. Adieu.

P. F.

Francis left for Bath accordingly. And no Junius appears from November 28, 1771, to January 21, 1772; no 'miscellaneous' letter between that of *Juniper*, December 4, 1771, and the first of *Veteran*, January 28, 1772.

Francis's reception at Bath was of a very different character from that of former Christmas holidays. The sudden decay of his father's health had put an end to the cardplaying and convivial parties which had hitherto greeted the season; and the allusions to an enforced economy are plain enough in his domestic letters.

Bath, December 23, 1771.

My dearest Wife,—I have got your two letters this morning, and pity you from the bottom of my heart. This bleeding I hope will have a good effect. Let me know constantly how you go on. There is nothing in this place to give me the smallest pleasure. My father *may* hold it out for years in this deplorable condition, or he may die to-morrow. *Mr. D'Oyly has resigned*; but of this say nothing. In short I am a little heartsick. Pray tell my dear girls that I am infinitely proud of their behaviour. I shall write again to-morrow. And so for the present farewell.

Yours, yours,
P. F.

Bath, December 24, 1771.

My dearest Betsy,—It is not that I have anything to add to my letter of yesterday, but a letter is comfort to you, and I am afraid you want it. My father was well enough this morning to go abroad in a chaise. But he relapses frequently, and is truly in a deplorable condition. He is hardly sensible of my being here; and if I did not live cheap, and did not expect Mr. Godfrey, I would return many

days sooner than I intended. I have dined but once at a tavern, and have never supped out. I am very uneasy about the dear children, and much more so about you. It is hard that you should have so unpleasant a Christmas; but have a good heart, and I'll take care you shall have a merry new year. I flatter myself your brother will be in London in a fortnight. I was invited to dine to-day with a riotous party, but did not like it, so dine at home alone; and Mrs. Walsh has sent me a ticket for a concert: so I take my music and my nourishment gratis. I am very impatient to hear what Lord Barrington has determined about the War Office. I neither expect nor desire any alteration in my own situation. Very likely Mr. Bradshaw may succeed. I am afraid my poor friend Walsh is very unhappy. She has represented their melancholy state to me with tears, and would gladly retire to any farm to avoid Bath. But this is impossible. I have just swallowed an excellent fowl and roast chine, and now drink your health, and all that's dear to us at Fulham.

And so, Honesty, adieu!

P. F.

In January, Francis returns to his office, and the first fruits of his return are the celebrated letters of January 21 to Lord Mansfield, and without date to Lord Camden, which conclude the series of Junius; letters of which the composition must have cost the writer an infinity of labour, and which show a considerable amount of law research all to no purpose—for Junius fails to prove his charge of illegality against Lord Mansfield in admitting Eyre to bail. 'He was egregiously in the wrong,' says Lord Campbell ('Lives of the Chief Justices,' ii. 491), 'clearly showing that he was not a lawyer, his mistakes not being made for disguises, but palpably proceeding from an ignorant man affecting knowledge.'

On this subject the following MS. note was discovered by Mr. Parkes in the page of contents of vol. i. of Heron's edition of 'Junius,' possessed by Francis; but Mr. Parkes was not quite sure whether the handwriting is that of Francis himself.

Essay, p. 99. . . . . 'a *great* lawyer' is too large a term nor warranted by the real amount & quality of Junius's legal knowledge as displayed in these letters. Junius was a *good* lawyer, a good constitutional lawyer certainly ; but tho' the different important points of law, discussed evidently *on the spur of the* (public) *occasion* in these letters are pressed & argued with great ability, they, after all, seem to be treated in the style & tone rather of a well informed constitutionist, than of a PROFESSIONAL man. Further, Junius may have had assistance, from professional sources of very confidential friends, on points more exclusively & technically legal, of which he could avail himself sufficiently for his purpose, without at all committing himself or his secret to their enquiries or suspicions. This mistaken and false idea of the Author of these letters being 'a GREAT *Lawyer*' is evidently that which has led Mr. Heron, in the result of his examination as to 'who was not and who was Junius,' to decide in favour of Lord Ashburton; insomuch that it is plain that but for that idea so much dwelt upon, and so strongly entertained, Lord Ashburton's pretensions would have been rejected as decidedly as those of the other claimants.[1]

The so-called author's edition of the 'Letters of Junius' was published by Woodfall in 1772. It is only mentioned here to notice that the proof-sheets, with numerous corrections for the press, exist among the Woodfall papers. These corrections appear to be in the same peculiar feigned handwriting which characterises the 'Private Letters' to Woodfall.

Contemporaneously with the cessation of the letters of Junius, we arrive at the turning point in the history of Francis's life; the series of events which led to his resignation of his post of 'chief clerk' (next below the Deputy-Secretary in official rank) at the War Office.

The domestic letters of Junius, which have been thus far printed, give little or no information as to the character of the relations between himself and the chief of his department from 1766, Lord Barrington. That nobleman is reputed to have been a cold and reserved man, not pos-

[1] The italics are underscored in the original.

sessed of much popularity among his subordinates. His political history is given with abundance of spite, but no marked misrepresentation, in the letter of *Nemesis* to the 'Public Advertiser' ('Miscell.,' May 12, 1772). In politics he took no leading part, nor was attached to any eminent party leader: he was, as a relation described him, 'purely and consistently one of the King's friends.' According to Mr. Parkes's estimate of his abilities, 'he was not distinguished by any talent in literary and epistolary composition, being inferior also in grammatical expression.' Mr. Parkes adds (but does not give his authority) that Francis drafted and wrote several of the Viscount's letters, published by his son, Bishop Barrington, especially the excellent letter on the subject of military commissions.[1] But however little there may have been in common between Lord Barrington and his aspiring subordinate, there is no evidence of any quarrel between them, until the appointment by Lord Barrington of Antony Chamier to the post of Deputy-Secretary at War, in the month of January 1772.

The following were the changes which took place in the War Office about this time, as appears from its records. In the beginning of that year Christopher D'Oyly was Deputy-Secretary at War (salary 400*l.* a year), and Francis 'first clerk.' The post of first clerk, it is thought, must have been created for Francis, as Gilbert Elliot, 'chief clerk,' and next to the Deputy-Secretary in 1757, was still

[1] The editor of Bohn's 'Junius' gives an amusing extract from a letter of Lord Barrington (to Sir Andrew Mitchell, at Berlin, in 1761), showing his own very modest estimate of his abilities: 'The same strange fortune which made me Secretary at War five years and a half ago, has made me Chancellor of the Exchequer' (under Lord Bute). 'It may perhaps at last make me Pope. I think I am equally fit to be at the head of the Church as of the Exchequer. My reason tells me it would have been more proper to have given me an employment of less consequence when I was removed from the War Office; but no man knows what is good for him.'—Vol. ii. p. 412.

senior among the clerks, and next man under Francis, in 1772. On January 21, 1772, Anthony Chamier is gazetted Deputy-Secretary, vice D'Oyly, who is said in the 'Annual Register' to have resigned. On Francis's resignation (March 1772), he was succeeded by Lewis as 'first clerk,' who afterwards became Deputy-Secretary; when the first clerkship was abolished.

I cannot explain the real cause and bearing of these proceedings from the papers before me. They seem to me to have been studiously mystified by Francis. How far his retirement from office was voluntary, how far the result of measures taken by Lord Barrington which he conceived dishonourable to him, it does not appear to me possible to say. Never, certainly, was a little revolution in a public office which has caused so much of perplexity to after ages. The first announcement of the rupture between Lord Barrington and his subordinates is contained in the following letter of D'Oyly to Francis:—

Charles Street, December 21, 1771.

This morning, my dear Francis, I desired Lord Barrington's permission to retire from the War Office. My request was readily and, which is mortifying, without one civil speech, granted. I am persuaded whenever you please you may obtain the same permission on as easy terms. He mentioned Smith as the proper successor, but upon my saying I believed he would not like the place he instantly took to his friend Bradshaw, and in full possession of that idea I left him. He afterwards came in to my room about some trifling matter, and finding Colonel Roy there, soon went off—what would I not give to settle a certain point! Adieu.

I am, and never can be otherwise than,

Most affectionately yours,

C. D'Oyly.

The facts—or at least the version of them which it suited Francis at this time to put forward—are next detailed by him in the following letter (extract) to Major Baggs:—

War Office, January 24, 1772.

You will have heard that Mr. D'Oyly has resigned his employment. He did it while I was at Bath. Immediately upon my return, my Lord Barrington was so good as to make me the offer, with many obliging and friendly expressions. I had, however, solid reasons for declining the offer, and Mr. Anthony Chamier is appointed. All this I should be glad you would communicate to anybody that is willing to hear it.

I have schemes floating in my mind about a certain six months' voyage, which perhaps are not quite out of the cards, and that's all. If it succeeds, you shall hear more, but it will not bear writing about. I have just called at Martin's house: his son is in Shropshire. I hear from good authority the Princess Dowager cannot last for many days. Farewell!

P. F.

Next we have the following letter (extract) from Lord Barrington to Francis:—

Cavendish Square, February 26, 1772.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Marsh has desired to remain where he is: it will therefore be necessary that I should look out for a first clerk now a stranger to the office. I came late to-day thither, which prevented my telling you my present plan, which Mr. Chamier will communicate. The matter will soon be known to so many persons that it cannot remain a secret; I must therefore remind you of the letter I mentioned to you at my house. I hope you will be able to compose it so as to answer my wish without any inconvenience or detriment to yourself. I have no objection to your mentioning any of those things which have given you uneasiness heretofore, if you add (what I hope you may add with sincerity) that I have since made you easy as to those points. It will be absolutely necessary that I should tell some few persons the occasion of my losing you, and I had much rather do it in your words than mine.

I am ever, dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

BARRINGTON.

The story is simply told in the note to Bohn's 'Junius,' ii. 392, that 'Chamier was successor in the War Office to Mr. D'Oyly, who was *discarded* to make room for him.' D'Oyly was the personal friend of Francis. But whether the indignation of Francis was really occasioned by any

slight to D'Oyly, or by the slight to himself in not being appointed D'Oyly's successor, remains, as far as I can trace the details, uncertain.[1]

The intense fury into which Junius (not by that name, of which he carefully avoided the use in this part of his performances) lashed himself as to this matter is well known to his readers. All his dignity, all his power of keen anatomising sarcasm, all his caustic elegance of language, all the qualities which make him a classical author, desert him on this occasion. Mere brutal abuse becomes the substitute. The letters of *Veteran* to Lord

[1] The 'Public Advertiser' of January 10, 1772 (quoted by Mr. Croker in his article on *Junius*, 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xc.) says, evidently under the inspiration of Francis himself: '... D'Oyly has resigned.... The Deputy-Secretary's place, being a mere clerkship of 400*l.* a year, could neither in advantage nor honour be worth holding by a man in the station and circumstances of a gentleman.' Therefore, the author proceeds, it was given to Bradshaw—'the cream-coloured Bradshaw' of Junius—to be held as a temporary position. Again, when an attack was made in a meeting at the India House on the appointment of the three Commissioners to Bengal (February 2, 1774), Francis was rather disrespectfully treated as 'a clerk in the War Office.' The 'Public Advertiser' of the following day contains the following paragraph:—

'In justice to Mr. Francis, whose name was mentioned in our paper of yesterday, it ought to be observed that he resigned his place of First Clerk in the War Office a year and half before he was appointed by Parliament to be one of the council of Bengal; consequently he was not taken out of the War Office to be sent to India. He at the same time declined the place of Deputy-Secretary at War, which was offered to him in the handsomest and most friendly manner; and it is well known that his conduct, in both instances, was founded upon honourable and disinterested motives.'

This curious paragraph, observes Mr. Parkes, 'must have emanated from Francis himself, either directly to Woodfall, or perhaps through a third person and common friend. It is consistent with his private letters in 1771–2, with his fragment of autobiography, and his declaration in Parliament of his relations with Lord Barrington. The paragraph may be an *amende honorable* to the noble Viscount. Still there is a latent mystery, whether bonâ fide the Deputy-Secretaryship ever was offered him, or, if offered, with such conditions that Francis could not honourably accept it; whether Calcraft urged Francis's refusal of it, with promises of money and a seat in Parliament. 'Does it not appear, on the whole, that Junius (supposing Francis Junius) was intent on securing his retreat?'—[J. PARKES.]

Barrington ('Miscellaneous,' January 28 to March 10, 1772, and the private letters to Woodfall, Nos. 52 and 53) are specimens of vulgar ferocity, as discreditable to the writer's intellectual power as to his self-respect and manliness of character. As to the attacks on Anthony Chamier, and the real history and merits of that well-abused gentleman himself, I find among Mr. Parkes's papers a memorandum which it will be convenient to insert in this place.

These special and severe attacks on Chamier personally, as well as on his patron Lord Barrington, must have originated in some individual disappointment or personal interest of the writer (*Junius*). Anthony Chamier was not the vulgar or disreputable character the anonymous *Veteran* described. He was the descendant of the well-known Protestant divine, Daniel Chamier, Minister of the Reformed Church of France, one of those earnest indomitable early opponents of the Church of Rome who fought and died for the Reformation. On the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the grandson (Daniel Chamier, also a French minister), in 1691, sought refuge in England, officiating in the several French Protestant churches of London; first in the Chapel in Glasshouse Street, Golden Square, and lastly elected Minister of the Walloon Church in Threadneedle Street. Anthony Chamier was the grandson of the latter minister, born on October 6, 1725, and baptised at the same Walloon Chapel on the 19th of the same month. He received the moral and superior education which it is known was invariably and carefully bestowed on the children of the refugee families, and throughout his private and public life he justly enjoyed an irreproachable character. Anthony Chamier was early in life on the Stock Exchange. He married a sister of Mr. Bradshaw, who, from an under-clerkship in the War Office, became successively private secretary to the Duke of Grafton, and ultimately a joint-secretary of the Treasury during the Chatham and Grafton administrations. By Bradshaw's interest Chamier obtained a secretaryship in the Admiralty. Junius, two years before Chamier's change from that department as D'Oyly's successor in the War Office, had sarcastically mentioned Chamier and his future wife, Miss Bradshaw, in the miscellaneous letter under the signature of *Domitian* (December 24, 1770), describing Chamier as one of 'some capital acquisitions' of the Grafton Ministry consequent on the retirement of Lord Wey-

mouth, replaced by Lord Sandwich in the Admiralty. *Domitian* speaks of Chamier as 'that well-educated, genteel young broker, Mr. Chamier;' and that first preferment *Domitian* further describes. Therefore Francis must have well known the subject of his abuse in the letters signed *Veteran* in February and March 1772. No man could have indulged in the gross personalities against Chamier in these latter anonymous letters without some adequate cause and motives. Mr. Anthony Chamier was a highly respectable, agreeable and accomplished man; in age, fifteen years senior of Francis. Chamier was an original member, in 1764, of Johnson's Literary Club of ten members, and therefore the social selected companion of the great lexicographer, and of Burke, Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, and Sir John Hawkins; and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Boswell narrates that in the Scotch tour, Johnson in his idea of the members of the club for a St. Andrew's University designated Chamier for the chair of 'commercial politics.' Chamier had a country-house at Streatham, near Epsom, and it was to this retreat that Johnson came during his morbid seizures, and where he composed one of his celebrated prayers.

Mr. Chamier, in 1775, was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Southern Department, under Lord Wentworth, and was returned to Parliament in the same year for the borough of Tamworth; and he continued in Parliament for the same borough till his death in October 1780.[1]

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[1] There is an unmistakable observation from a close and critical reading of the Letters of Junius, and such of the 'Miscellaneous Letters' as are unquestionably authentic by the same writer: this observation or conclusion is, that Junius must not only have been individually and personally well informed of documents and proceedings in the War Office, but that he had a full and immediate knowledge of the secondary and ordinary acts of the department. This is not only an indisputable fact, as any reader may detect if he will patiently note manifold and striking proofs, but the cautious and peculiar manner in which Junius reveals the proceedings in the War Office, and comments on its acts, is a transparent corroboration. In the earlier 'Miscellaneous Letters,' in which he frequently changes his anonymous signatures, he is less careful of betraying his knowledge of or connection with the War Office. In the large body of letters under the single signature of Junius his fears of detection increase, with a corresponding increased caution. Under that signature he speaks of 'having been informed,' and of reasons why his allegations must be true.

When afterwards some circumstances induced Junius more distinctly and virulently to attack Lord Barrington, he most expressly charges Woodfall to keep the identity of himself (as Junius) a profound secret. The writer

The series regarding this transaction concludes with the letters of *Veteran* to the 'Public Advertiser' ('Miscellaneous,' No. CX. March 23, 1772), in which the editor is desired to inform the public that 'the worthy Lord Barrington, 'not contented with having driven Mr. D'Oyly out of the War Office, has at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis,' and both these gentlemen are invited to communicate to the world the reasons of their dismissal.

The following official letter to Major Baggs—perhaps the last which Francis ever signed at the War Office—and the private postscript annexed, complete the history of the occurrence. But the immediate cause and manner of the resignation are, as has been said, nowhere plainly disclosed. The portion of the 'Fragment of Autobiography' in which they would have appeared has been carefully mutilated by Francis himself:—

War Office, March 20, 1772.

Dear Sir,—My Lord Barrington has desired me to answer a letter of yours, dated the 7th of last month. The subject of it is rather of a delicate nature, and a formal official answer might be liable to inconvenience.

It is very much his lordship's desire that every recommendation given in by the Colonel to the Staff Commissions, might be with the concurrence and approbation of the commanding officer. At the same time his lordship cannot question the propriety of the Colonel's recommendation. The Secretary at War receives it in course of his office, and lays it before the King, who considers the Colonel as the best judge of the qualifications of the officer whom he recommends to his Majesty. In one article I must set you right. You seem to apprehend that the commission of Adjutant is not saleable; but in fact there is no order to prevent its being sold where the possessor was a purchaser.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

P. FRANCIS.

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also pens those attacks on the Secretary of War under different signatures; so that the attacks in the press might not be supposed to come from any individual or common source.—[J. PARKES.]

Dear Phil.—The formal letter you have just read is, I hope, the last you will receive from me in that style. At the end of this quarter I leave the War Office. It is my own act. Be not alarmed for me. Everything is secure and as it should be. I wait your answers to my last letters, in order to settle that business. You may still direct to me under Lord B.'s cover, but not any other letter but for me.

Adieu.

P. F.

I am hurried and agitated to death.

In March 1772, therefore (on what precise day we are ignorant), the official life of Francis in England terminated. Junius, as we have seen, had ceased to write. The last 'private' letters to Woodfall are dated early in May: the last 'miscellaneous' letter is that of *Nemesis*, already alluded to, May 12. In these, the warfare against the Secretary at War is continued to the very last. 'Next to the Duke of Grafton, I verily believe that the blackest heart in the kingdom belongs to Lord Barrington.'

Many years afterwards a newspaper controversy in the 'True Briton,' on the Junius question, excited a good deal of attention. The immediate subject was the theory of Dr. Chalmers assigning the authorship to Boyd. Mr. Parkes was of opinion that Francis himself mingled among the combatants. However this may be, some of them were evidently well informed as to the details of the period. A letter signed *An Admirer of Junius*, August 17, 1779, contains the following statement:—

I shall conclude my observations with an anecdote, that has already, I believe, appeared in print, which was related to me by a person of very distinguished talents and character, who was always a very powerful and sometimes a leading opponent of Lord North's administration. It was to the following purport:—

Junius having been discovered by Ministers, it became an immediate matter of consultation among them, respecting the conduct to be pursued by government on the occasion; and the general opinion seemed to be for violent measures and vindictive prosecutions. But as a business presented itself which appeared to require the aid of

criminal law, it was thought prudent to call in the knowledge and legal opinion of the first criminal judge; and Lord Mansfield delivered himself to the following effect:—

'I am decidedly against any violent proceedings. You have already tried your whole strength against this writer in the presence of his publisher, and have had sufficient experience of London and Middlesex juries to be cautious, in the present temper of the public, of trusting yourselves again to them; especially when the hazard would be increased by the added popularity, naturally attaching itself to the author, when hurried by you into a court of justice, and thus exposed to the view and admiration of the kingdom, while the consequences of his acquittal, which would be more than probable, fill me with alarm on the mere suggestion of them. Besides, as Sir William Draper and General Burgoyne have both pledged themselves, as soldiers and men of honour, to bring the concealed writer, whenever he should be discovered, to the ordeal of their swords, will it not be said, and with some reason, by the people at large, that you roused a man who wished to remain hid from his covert, in order to be hunted down by your own bloodhounds?'

It was therefore recommended by this great lawyer, that the formidable writer should be properly informed that he was known to government, and that if he remained quiet he should continue to be unknown to the world. This Lord M. thought would be fully sufficient to lay his perturbed spirit; but if such a measure did not promise success, more conciliatory means of silence should be resorted to; and such he doubted not but ministers might apply with effect. The measures that followed, whatever they were, appear to have been successful, for Junius wrote no more.

Such are the hints which I take the liberty of suggesting to your correspondent, the *Old Observer*, and if they should produce any new observations from him, it will give great pleasure to

AN ADMIRER OF JUNIUS.

For a few months after he left the War Office, no manuscript letters from Francis are to be found. For some reason or other, he seems to have left off his practice of copying those which he addressed to Macrabie and Baggs. Presumably he remained at home, as there are none to his wife preserved. And his autobiography is here equally deficient. We can only resume his personal

history at the period when, in despair apparently of attaining such employment as he desired at home, hopeless of political change to his advantage, and suffering from all the bitterness of disappointed ambition, he left England in July 1772, for a long continental tour, in company with his friend Mr. Godfrey.

Before concluding the chapter of Francis's life which coincides with the first publication of Junius, it is necessary to advert to one subject in connexion with it, on which the papers now given to the public throw additional light. It is in truth a painful topic. That Francis was intemperate, bitter, and unforgiving, former enquirers into his history have long ago ascertained. But he has generally passed for a fast friend, as well as a strong enemy. His general allegiance to the few political chiefs whom he respected has been often noticed: the occasional instances in which he turns against them (as, especially, in the case of Lord Chatham) appear sometimes grounded on honest motives, sometimes rather intended for purposes of disguise, to obviate the suspicion which an appearance of partisanship might direct towards himself. In private life, his correspondence speaks favourably for him: it shows him very attentive towards his father, tender to his wife, passionately attached to his children, and on affectionate terms with the little circle of his family and intimates. All this may be fairly said to his credit. But the darker side of his character, unhappily, is brought out by the same evidence.

The reader will by this time have had abundant evidence of the character of the relations between Calcraft and Francis. They were those of a very zealous and very attached patron towards a friend, rather than a dependent, whom he admired and esteemed. He transferred to the son the intimacy which had long united him

with the father. When Calcraft deserted the Holland party, to attach himself to Lord Chatham, and when Dr. Francis, the old household inmate of the family of Lord Holland along with himself, went to live exclusively at Bath, the ties between these two seem to a certain extent to have relaxed. But Francis the younger and Calcraft were only drawn the closer together. They were connected in the most confidential manner, during the years 1770 and 1771, in repeated and fruitless efforts to replace Lord Chatham in power. Calcraft was Chatham's 'wire puller' and political agent as well as informant. Francis aided him to the best of his ability, and with all the bitterness of his political partisanship. Calcraft inserts in his letters to Chatham several private communications received from Francis. At the very same time, we find Junius urging the very same views on the ex-Minister in private communications, which, notwithstanding their anonymous character, so far attracted attention as to be preserved by their receiver.

Their united efforts, however, failed: Calcraft remained in opposition, and Francis in his obscure occupation at the War Office. Then came the disappointment of the latter in the matter of promotion, and his resignation of his clerkship. Nothing could exceed the heartiness with which Calcraft stood his friend throughout this crisis. The particulars are narrated in the 'History and Discovery of Junius,' vol. ii. of Bohn's edition, p. lxvii., &c.[1] And. lastly, as we shall see more in detail, on the probable day of Francis's dismissal or retirement (March 20), Calcraft

[1] He endeavoured to get paragraphs inserted in the newspapers announcing Francis's appointment as deputy. He says to Almon the publisher (Jan. 1772): 'I was not misinformed: I knew Francis was not deputy, but I wished him to be so, and to cram the newspapers with paragraphs that he was so, for he is very deserving.'

added a codicil to his will, bequeathing to him the sum of 1,000*l.* and an annuity of 250*l.* to Mrs. Francis. The Doctor was surely right in naming Calcraft—as he does in his letter to his son of November 13, 1768—'the man to whom I am indebted for all your happiness, and for almost all I myself enjoy.' And when Calcraft, in his last illness, intended to leave England and winter at Naples (see his last letter to Lord Chatham in the 'Correspondence,' August 21, 1772), his object, according to the fragment of autobiography, was to join Francis there.

And yet, notwithstanding the ties which bound Francis to Calcraft, we find the following passage in Junius (October 5, 1771):—

> Even the silent vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though he riots in the plunder of the army, and has only determined to be a patriot when he could not be a peer? Let us profit by the assistance of such men when they are with us, and place them, if it be possible, in the post of danger to prevent desertion.

It is not to be wondered at that the occurrence of this attack on Calcraft has been used by those who contested the authorship of Francis, as an argument in their favour. It was especially so employed by the late Mr. Croker, in an article in vol. xc. of the 'Quarterly Review,' in which he advocated the claim of Lord Lyttelton. 'If Francis was Junius, he wantonly made this attack on Calcraft at the very time that he was in kind and confidential intercourse with him, and less than six months previously to his giving him the magnificent proof of friendship mentioned above. Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit. To assume that Francis was Junius is to stigmatise him as a monster of treachery.' And those who were not staggered in their faith by the circumstance may possibly have believed that the words thus reflecting on the writer's

private friend, were inserted by way of aiding his disguise, and not impossibly with the cognisance of Calcraft himself.

But, unfortunately, we find a too parallel passage in Philip Francis's own fragment of autobiography, where he could have had no other purpose than that of recording the impressions of his own bitter and sarcastic spirit. I extract the following part only: the whole is given in the Appendix. 'Calcraft undoubtedly owed his rapid fortune to Mr. Fox's patronage. He was the son of an attorney at Grantham, and went to town literally to seek his fortune. At the age of six-and-forty he had a landed estate, the rent-roll of which was above 10,000*l* a year.

'In his quarrel with Lord Holland I think he had as much reason on his side as an interested man can have for deserting an old friend and benefactor. There was not virtue enough in either of them to justify their quarrelling: if either of them had had common honesty, he never could have been the friend of the other. . . . From that time we may date the origin of Mr. Calcraft's patriotism.' There was, therefore, identity of sentiment and almost of language between Junius and Francis on the subject of Calcraft, whatever interpretation we may put on the circumstance.

But, in dismissing the question of the authorship of Junius, I must add a few words on what has always appeared to myself an exceedingly perplexing part of the subject; namely, the successful preservation of the secret during, and after, the period at which these famous letters appeared.

Francis, if Francis was the author, was not, as the reader will by this time have abundantly verified, a man of retired or unsocial habits. He lived very much in

the world; in the society of well-informed and active public official persons, such as Calcraft and D'Oyly; in the remnant of the old Holland circle to which his father was attached; his days were spent in a busy public office, seeing and conversing with politicians every day, and this during the time in which these letters were exciting the most intense interest, and were the subject of daily discussion in all society. And yet, so far as we are able to discover, no one suspected him of the authorship.

His own extreme precaution and suspicion must of course have been the main cause of his success. The watchfulness of Junius in this respect, his exceeding dread of discovery, is well known to all the readers of his letters, and especially of the 'private' letters published by Woodfall. And the real Francis, as we have seen, had quite as strong a tendency to concealment as Junius himself. His domestic letters, so far as preserved—full as they are of cancels and erasures—give abundant evidence that, intimate as his associates might be with him in the ordinary sense of the word, none of them penetrated below the surface of his character. None of them, by any expression, give the idea of the writer's being admitted into any real privacy with him. And of this great and successful concealment, besides, the fact itself stands incontrovertible, whether we can explain it or not. And it has always met every theorist respecting Junius, as the greatest obstacle to his particular view. If it be difficult of explanation as regards so comparatively obscure a person as Francis, *a multo fortiori* as regards Lord Temple, Lord George Germaine, Burke, and so forth. Either, it is evident to all readers, Junius must have stood very high in the political world, and then the preservation of his secret is a very unaccountable thing—or he must have been obscure enough to render that preservation easy: and

then it is very difficult to account for his extensive and minute political knowledge. The peculiar position of Francis as a subordinate official in close connection with the higher world—unknown himself and knowing much—certainly does much towards evading the cogency of this dilemma. And probably no circumstance has tended more to the general acceptance of the Franciscan theory than this, independently of the particular proofs collected by others and those now added by Mr. Parkes.

But although others certainly had no suspicion of the identity of Francis with Junius, is it possible, in the first place, that Calcraft had not?

We have seen, from the contents of this chapter, what the fragment of autobiography discloses in express language—namely, the relations between Calcraft and Francis. From 1769 to 1771 they were fellow-conspirators in a great scheme, that of overturning the Grafton government and subsequently that of Lord North, and persuading or forcing Lord Chatham into power. Such was the general outline of the purpose of their combination. Calcraft's part in executing it the 'Chatham Correspondence' fully shows. It will be seen that he was in constant communication with Chatham, urging, encouraging, advising, and informing him. And the correspondence of Francis, together with what we know from other sources, equally demonstrates his share in the business. He—unknown to the proud and recluse Lord Chatham, except as his young amanuensis of a short time—only approached the great man through Calcraft. His business was to collect materials for Calcraft; to stimulate him by use of the plentiful resources of his own wit, courage, and information; to act, in short, as the jackal's provider, who was himself providing for the lion. And while these two were thus engaged, a third auxiliary was beside them in the

field, more powerful than either—*Junius*. Junius dealt throughout similar blows, attacked the same enemies, raised the same standard; but, under the shelter of the anonymous, his weapon penetrated far more severely. He was like the spectral warrior who fights beside the living combatants, in battles of old romance—

> For under that strange horseman
> Still thicker lay the slain—

and while their efforts are forgotten, his have left a durable impression on the literature and politics of England. Such the coalition remained for more than two years. It was broken up by the force of circumstances. Nothing definite could be made of Chatham. Opposition fell to pieces. A reaction in favour of the Ministry was created (among other causes) by the violence of Junius himself. Calcraft relaxed his efforts and withdrew from the scene. Francis quarrelled with his chief and left his office. And Junius ceased to write.

These being the facts, is it not the most probable supposition that Calcraft was cognizant of Junius? Could he, the wire-puller and intriguer, have read the letters under that signature from day to day, written as it were entirely in his own sense—have observed their notoriety and strong effect on the public mind—and not have sought for, and ascertained, their author, that author being all the time close at his side? This is hard to believe; and the supposition of confederacy is confirmed by the strong anxiety shown by Francis, if some stories can be trusted, to obtain his papers from Calcraft's executors. (See Bohn's 'Junius,' ii. lxix.) Calcraft's death in 1772 prevented all later divulgation of the secret. If this be so, the abuse of Calcraft by Junius was probably a blind, as regards the public, though, as it happens, it expressed the inmost sentiments of Francis, who must

have felt that peculiar joy which none but the private lampooner knows, in finding that his associate received as a pretence what was meant in spiteful earnest. But the supposition remains a supposition only—nothing left by Calcraft, nothing left by Francis, exists to confirm it; —and one other hypothesis is certainly conceivable: namely, that Francis professed to Calcraft that he knew the author of Junius, but was bound not to divulge his name; and that Calcraft acquiesced, from not wishing to lose the services of so valuable an auxiliary.

In the next place, whether Calcraft had such knowledge or not, is it possible that Henry Sampson Woodfall, the printer of the 'Public Advertiser,' had none?

It must be remembered that the writer of this extraordinary mass of correspondence (Junius, the 'Miscellaneous,' and apparently many more) was in almost daily communication with the office of that newspaper. The interest felt by the proprietor of it in his personality and his proceedings must have been intense. He was the architect of its fortune; the appearance of a letter by Junius raised its sale by many hundreds of copies. And, on the other hand, he was the cause of its constant danger of collision with the authorities. A letter of Junius was certain to fill Woodfall's pocket, and at the same time to afflict Woodfall with a fit of nervousness on the subject of the law of libel. Is it conceivable that he, by all accounts an able man of business, would not have set every engine in motion to ascertain the identity of his correspondent?

And could he have had any real difficulty? It has been seen, from Mr. Parkes's memoir, that Woodfall was not only a schoolfellow of Francis, but through early life, though never intimate, yet more or less acquainted with

him.[1] The very handwriting of Francis—bearing the stamp of that peculiar 'Pauline' teaching to which Mr. Parkes adverts, and of which so many observers, in later times, have detected the reappearance, though disguised in the manuscripts of Junius—would surely have been enough, without the aid of other corroborating circumstances, to set Woodfall on the right line of discovery.

The inclination of my own belief certainly is, that Henry Sampson Woodfall was aware of the identity of Junius with Francis, from an early period of the correspondence —whether this knowledge was shared by other members of his family and firm, or not. In which case, the whole concoction of the correspondence must be considered as in a certain sense the common adventure of Francis and Woodfall. This would account, more easily than any other supposition, for the occasional assistance afforded to the undertaking by inferior hands, of which it is difficult to doubt in relation to the Candor and 'miscellaneous' portion.

Of course, in this case, the whole of the mysterious particulars in the so-called 'private' letters—the secrecy observed respecting the communication between Junius and Woodfall, the appearance of the 'tall man in a light coat,' and all the other details of the romance—must be regarded as got up on purpose to throw dust in the eyes of some one, and most probably of H. S. Woodfall's own associates and inferiors in his business.

It may, however, be urged, on the other hand, and with much appearance of reason: if Henry Woodfall knew the secret of Junius, and therefore was in truth a confederate, what induced him to preserve so carefully as he did all the 'private letters,' in a feigned hand, which were addressed

[1] Mr. Parkes thought that Francis avoided purposely keeping up intimacy with Woodfall. But I do not see the evidence for this.

to him by Junius in furtherance of the objects of the conspiracy? the natural course would surely have been to destroy them. I cannot satisfactorily answer this objection. But it is remarkable that it was the habit of the Woodfalls to retain equally compromising documents. The editor of a popular paper, next to medical men and solicitors, is probably by far the greatest possessor, in modern days, of secrets of the confessional. Woodfall was confidentially addressed on delicate subjects by numbers of the leading men of the time: and their communications remain among the Woodfall family papers used by Mr. Parkes. I subjoin, in a note, two or three selected from a multitude.[1]

[1] Admiralty, February 23, 1772.

Mr. Woodfall,—I shall be obliged to you if, without mentioning my name or giving any hint where this comes from, you would, if possible, insert the underwritten paragraph in your paper of to-morrow, otherwise in that of Thursday, but I wish much to have it in to-morrow: the fact with regard to the action is true.

I am your very humble servant,

SANDWICH.

'We hear that the Earl of Sandwich has caused an action to be brought against the printer of the London 'Evening Post' of the 2nd February, in order to vindicate his honour against the infamous falsehood contained in that paper.'

To Mr. H. S. Woodfall.

Strawberry Hill, March 29, 1772.

Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your kind attention in sending me the note you enclosed, as it certainly was not worth troubling the public with, yet very flattering to me. I am sorry to take up a corner of your paper; but, if you should have room at any time, it would be an additional favour if you would be so good as to insert the advertisement below, from, though without the name of, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

'The author of a work, of which a new edition has been desired by a card sent to the printer of this paper, acquaints the persons who have done him the honour to make that request that he has hitherto been prevented by various accidents from giving another edition enlarged, but intends it as soon as he can offer it to the public in as satisfactory a manner as he wishes to give anything of his writing that they are pleased to regard favourably.

'ERRAT.'

It is necessary, however, to add that the Woodfall family, whose succession has been prolonged to our time, have always denied any knowledge of Junius on the part of their ancestor; and, more than this, that the current belief in that family has been that Francis was not Junius at all.

Henry Sampson Woodfall, Francis's contemporary at St. Paul's School, died on December 12, 1805, at the age of 66.[1] His younger brother William, who printed the

The following is endorsed by Mr. Parkes—probably on evidence of handwriting—as from Charles James Fox:—

To H. S. Woodfall, Esq.

Richmond. Friday evening.

The omission of the Bellman's verses in to-day's 'Public Advertiser' could have been of no disservice to you, though the insertion of them may tend to prejudice your friend—not that I should take the least notice, if you did not suppress every syllable of the kind in the winter. I have at least a right to neighbour's fare.

My paragraphs being paid for, since you will not *gratis* tell the world they may expect a great deal of poverty, I hope you are well paid for taxing me with the want of it.

The next is from Garrick. The fear which Junius entertained of this actor's interference with Woodfall will be remembered:—

Dear Sir,—You have paragraphs in your paper which may make a lady, for whom I have the greatest regard, very uneasy.

You are too much of a man to give pain to the fair sex, and to one who I am sure could never offend you. If your own good sense and good nature will drop this persecution I shall be very particularly obliged to you, and, if you please, you shall be as free with me at any and all times.

I am, dear sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,

D. Garrick.

I need not tell you that the lady I mean is Lady Bridget Lucas.

[1] William Woodfall, the reporter, popularly called Memory Woodfall, from his extraordinary faculty of carrying away in his head an accurate recollection of what had passed in a debate, in order subsequently to commit it to paper, the only way in which reporting could then be practised, was a brother of Henry Sampson. The following letter to 'The Times,' December 24, 1859, occasioned by one of Lord Palmerston's occasional frolics in provincial speech-making, may be worth preserving.

Sir,—In 'The Times' of to-day there appears the following statement made by Lord Palmerston, in his speech to the toast of 'The Press,' at the Labourers' Encouragement Society's dinner at Romsey; and as that state-

'Morning Chronicle,' died before him. Henry Sampson's eldest son George died in 1844, at the age of 78. This gentleman communicated to Mr. Parkes the following anecdote, among others, hostile to the pretensions of Francis:—

'More than forty years since, I recollect my father returning from the Pauline dinner, and saying to some

ment is unfounded in fact, and is most injurious to the memory of the late Mr. William Woodfall, the celebrated Parliamentary reporter, for whose name the public have had some regard, and to whose career his descendants (of whom I am one) look back with pride, I trust that you will allow me to call your attention to it. The words are as follow:—

'I have heard that towards the end of the last century there was a man named Woodfall who used to publish debates, and how did he do it? It is said he used to go to the gallery of the House of Commons, listen attentively, with his face in his hands, to what passed, go home, drink two pots of porter, go to bed, get up next morning, and from his dreams and recollections make out what he called a report of a debate.'

Now, Sir, Mr. William Woodfall was an honourable, well-educated man, editor of a newspaper, endowed by his Creator with an extraordinary memory. At a time when Parliamentary reporting was in its infancy; when there were not the relays of reporters and the steam engines of 'The Times' to furnish a verbatim report of the night's proceedings for the morning's reading; and when Parliamentary speeches, being addressed less to the public than as arguments to the House, did not reach their present interminable length; he attended Parliament and reported from memory at the earliest moment the essence of the debate, honestly and with talent. His reports were true according to his power, and not made up by a drunken impostor, as Lord Palmerston would have us believe, out of 'his dreams and recollections.' They were a great boon to the public (for which his name lives to the present time), and were the germ of that political education of the people which you, by the aid of modern appliances and great expenditure, have brought to its present perfection.

The sons of Mr. William Woodfall are no more (one of them was the Chief Justice of Cape Breton, and the author of the 'Law of Landlord and Tenant'—a textbook of the law to the present time); but I, as his grandson, must indignantly deny the injurious character given to him by Lord Palmerston, and assert, from my own association with his immediate descendants (his widow, his sons, and others), that he was regarded, by those who knew him, with respect for his moral qualities, as he lives still in our annals remarkable for his intellectual endowments.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

HERNON T. WOODFALL.

5 Oakley Terrace, Chelsea, December 29, 1859.

friends that he had met his old schoolfellow Francis there soon after his return from India in 1781. A gentleman present observed to my father, "Then you have seen your old friend Junius." On which he replied, with very marked emphasis, "To my certain knowledge Francis never wrote a single line of *Junius*." Now, though my father might not have known the real author, yet it is very possible that he may have known that Francis was on the continent when Junius was corresponding with him in London.'

I have left these last erroneous words standing, because they certainly tend to show the incompleteness of Mr. George Woodfall's acquaintance with the subject. We now know, beyond the possibility of mistake, that Francis *was* in London, or near it, through the whole of that correspondence.

I add, in the Appendix, Mr. Parkes's note of a conversation between himself and Miss Woodfall, the surviving daughter of Henry Sampson, as late as 1857.

Before concluding this part of the subject, I must add one further observation as to the question how far the secret of Junius was inviolate.

There is one more associate of Francis whom it is very difficult to suspect of entire ignorance. This was Christopher D'Oyly. The two had lived together for years, as bosom intimates, in the War Office. D'Oyly must needs have been cognisant of Francis's occupation at the office every day; and from the office (according to reasonable supposition) Francis usually wrote. The letters (in the latter part of the series) related, almost exclusively, to a question in which D'Oyly was personally and deeply interested. They contained knowledge which could have been familiar only to one man capable of so using it, except D'Oyly himself, and that man D'Oyly's daily asso-

ciate. They must have been constantly under D'Oyly's eyes and in his thoughts, for no man in D'Oyly's station and position passes negligently over newspaper articles of great publicity and deeply affecting himself. It is not too much to say that, unless some very special artifice was adopted to throw him off the scent, D'Oyly must have known who wrote Veteran. It does not necessarily follow that he knew who wrote Junius; but it is all but a consequence.

To sum up, in the fewest possible words, the impressions conveyed by the papers before me on this very obscure and difficult question: If Francis was Junius, and if any one knew the secret that he was so, I believe that the initiated were three men—Calcraft, Woodfall, and D'Oyly. But it must remain an open question whether there were any such initiated, or whether Francis, by his extreme caution and his system of leading his friends off in false directions, mystified all the world including these three.

That Junius can only be described with truth as a political adventurer there is no doubt. It is plain enough that his own personal success in life was involved in that of the party whose cause he adopted, or, to speak still more accurately, in the fall of the party which he attacked. And it is equally true that he was utterly unscrupulous in his use of means; that his sincerity, even when he was sincere, was apt to assume the form of the most ignoble rancour; and that no ties of friendship, or party, or connection, seem to have restrained his virulence. All this is but too deducible from the published anonymous writings only. And the conclusions to which the sentiments and conduct of Francis would lead us, as evinced in his manuscript remains, are assuredly much the same. But when all this has been said, there remains a residue of a higher order, which must in justice to him be fairly weighed in

the balance. Notwithstanding all his sins against justice and truth, Junius was assuredly actuated at bottom by a strong and ardent public spirit. He was throughout a genuine lover of his country. He was earnest in behalf of her honour and of her liberties. He saw clearly that her road to the accomplishment of a higher destiny lay through the maintenance of that honour and the extension of those liberties. He hated with an honest hatred the meanness of principle and venality of conduct which characterised but too strongly the governments against which he fought, and tarnished the political genius of his time. And very remarkable was the success which attended his struggle against them. Great indeed were the practical victories achieved by the efforts of this nameless, obscure agitator. Freedom of the press, and the personal freedom of the subject, owe probably more to the writings of Junius than to the eloquence of Chatham or Burke, the law of Camden and Dunning. It is not too much to say that after the appearance of those writings, a new tone on these great subjects is found to prevail in our political literature. Doctrines which had previously met with almost general consent became exploded, truths which up to that time had been only timidly propounded were placed, in post-Junian times, on the order of the day. It is no doubt very true that he was only fighting in the van of an advancing cause, and that these public benefits would as certainly have been secured to us if Junius had never written. But it is just as certain that America would have been discovered had Columbus never existed; yet no one therefore contests the greatness of Columbus, or the obligations under which mankind lies towards him.

And these considerations help us to account for another great element in his success—his literary merit. Most critics, whose opinions are of value, have joined in very

high admiration of the letters of Junius, taken by themselves as works of art. The best of them are not only enormously superior to the ordinary political writing of that time—equal perhaps to the best political writing of any time—but they are certainly superior to anything else that Junius can be supposed or conjectured to have written. It has long been argued that Francis could not be Junius, because of that superiority; although those who study the remains of Francis, now given to the public, may perhaps modify that opinion. But then the letters are to the full as superior, generally speaking, to those which preceded them in the same newspapers under a variety of signatures, most or very many of which there can be no doubt were written by Junius, whoever he was. The riddle, therefore, remains thus far unsolved on any theory. But is there not really a ready solution? The letters signed Junius are of very various merit; but the best, as has been fully admitted, exceed in fire and force the writer's other productions. But the mind of Francis was singularly precocious: this the records of his earliest years plainly show; and intellectual powers of this description are apt to attain ripeness at a period of life when those of slower men are in course of development. And is not a still stronger reason for their superiority to be found in the fact that they were written under peculiar and ardent political excitement? It will be observed that the period of their excellence is coincident with that during which Francis was in close and busy, though indirect, communication with Chatham, whom in earlier life he had depreciated; when he reported his speeches, watched his every movement, adopted all his tendencies, and himself suggested some of them. Francis was one of those whose spirits 'are not finely touched but to fine issues.' It was this contagious enthusiasm, this passing fever of the brain, which made a great classic of him; which turned the newspaper

scribe into an inspired writer, the coffee-house politician into a patriot and a statesman. The fire which had blazed thus brightly for a brief space sank again when its temporary fuel was consumed. Francis remained a powerful, often a commanding writer and speaker; but the oracular spirit breathed through Junius no more.

NOTE (A).

The author of the 'History and Discovery of Junius' (Dr. Mason Goode) enumerated thirty-seven persons whose claims to the authorship of 'Junius' had been more or less seriously advocated. Mr. Parkes raised the number to forty-two in the subjoined list. He had collected materials for special disproof in almost every one of these cases. But the present work would not afford scope for such investigation.

False claims to Authorship of Junius.

1. Burke (*Edmund*).
2. Lord George Sackville.
3. Lord Chatham.
4. Colonel Barré.
5. Hugh Macaulay Boyd.
6. Dr. Butler.
7. John Wilkes.
8. Lord Chesterfield.
9. Henry Flood.
10. Burke (*William*).
11. Gibbon.
12. W. G. Hamilton.
13. Charles Lloyd.
14. General Lee.
15. John Roberts.
16. The Grenvilles (George
17. and James).
18. Lord Temple.
19. Duke of Portland.
20. William Greatrakes.
21. Richard Glover.
22. Sir William Jones.
23. James Hollis.
24. Laughlin Maclean.
25. Rosenhagen (Rev. Philip).
26. John Horne Tooke.
27. John Kent.
28. Henry Grattan.
29. Daniel Wray.
30. Horace Walpole.
31. Alex. Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough).
32. Dunning (Lord Ashburton).
33. Rich (Lieut.-Genl. Sir Robert, Bart.).
34. Dr. Philip Francis.
35. A Junto (or Political Joint Company, with *Junius's* official signature).
36. De Lolme.
37. Mrs. Macaulay.
38. Daniel Wray.
39. Sir Philip Francis.
40. Lord Littleton.
41. Wolfram Cornwall.
42. Governor Pownall.

With respect to the claim of the last of these names, advocated in a special pamphlet, I cannot forbear suggesting that if the following epitaph, composed by the Governor for his deceased wife, is actually to be found (as stated in that pamphlet) in Lincoln Cathedral, he must have indulged in a vein of sentiment and of English very little akin to *Junius*:—

'Here is entombed Dame Harriet, daughter of Lieutenant-General Churchill: wife in her first marriage to Sir Everard Fawkner, knight: in her second, to Governor Pownall. She died February 6, 1777, aged 51. Her person was that of animating beauty, with a complexion of the most exquisite brilliancy, unfaded when she fell. Her understanding was of such quickness and reach of thought, that her knowledge, although she had learning, was instantaneous and original. Her heart, warmed by universal benevolence to the highest degree of sensibility, had a ready tear for pity, and glowed with friendship as with a sacred and inviolate fire. Her love to those who were blessed with it was happiness. Her sentiments were correct, refined, elevated. Her manner so cheerful, elegant, amiable and winning, that while she was admired she was beloved; and, while she enlightened and enlivened, she was the delight of the world in which she lived. She was formed for life: she was prepared for death: which being a gentle wafting to immortality, she lives where life is real.'

NOTE (B).

Mr. Parkes, with that patient industry with which he treated the whole of this question, had examined, among the Francis papers, one of Sir Philip's folios, containing copies of articles in other newspapers than the 'Public Advertiser,' which appeared during the period of, and immediately before, *Junius* (May 1768 to April 1770). Many of these are corrected and punctuated by Sir Philip himself. It is therefore highly probable that all, or most of them, were contributed by himself.

Copies bound up in one of Sir P. Francis's folio volumes.

North Briton. No. L. May 28, 1768.—Letter to Lord Mansfield which Bingley, the publisher, in a note says was sent to him by one of his correspondents.

North Briton. No. LI. June 9, 1768.—Bingley's defence for printing No. L., &c.

North Briton. No. LXII. August 20, 1768.—On the abuse of the Civil List, an article signed P.M.; and another anonymous article (apparently by Francis) on the St. George's Fields riot and 'massacre,' with funny anecdote of an Irish soldier.

North Briton. No. LXIII. August 27, 1768.—On the same subject (the massacre), Shakespeare quoted; also, mention of Cromwell and Charles II. All probably by Francis.

North Briton. No. CXLIX. (in continuation No. CIII.), the Lords' protest and list of protesting peers. Lord Archer's name, MS. corrected by Francis, &c.

Same folio vol.

The Whisperer. No. VI. March 2, 1770.—On the City address or remonstrance. *Junius's* letter of March 19, 1770, reprinted.

King's Speech of November 13, 1770, bound up. King's printer's copy.

North Briton. Extra No. CXCIV. (In continuation No. CXLVII.) Reprint of Debate in Lords of Nov. 22, 1770. Chatham's and other speeches, with a short introduction, signed Bingley, alleged to be taken in shorthand.

Military Warrant, Feb. 11, 1767.—Requesting attendance of officers belonging to regiments on Foreign Stations.

In 4to volume of Bound Tracts.

North Briton. Feb. 7, 1770. No. CXLIX. (See above.)

Note. In another of his folio volumes, containing MS. reports in his own hand of Lords' debates, he has copied out from the Lords' votes or journals of that day the record of the division; and in the same vol. he has bound up his rough MS. report of the debate on the Middlesex election, speeches of Lords Chatham, Temple, the Duke of Grafton, &c. &c. This was evidently notes from memory, subsequently, no doubt, written out in extenso. Woodfall would rarely publish a debate, as against privilege; and the extra 'North Briton,' 'Whisperer,' 'Scourge,' &c. were set on to risk publication. (See Appendix.)

North Briton. Dec. 17, 1770.—Letter to Lord Mansfield. Bingley the publisher says sent by an unknown correspondent.

The Scourge. No. I. Jan. 23, 1771.—An attack on Lord Mansfield. Punctuation corrected by Francis in his copy.

The Scourge. No. II. Jan. 30, 1771.—Lord Mansfield is specially abused; reference is also made in a note to the question of imprisonment for debt, on which subject Francis had contemporary

pamphlets among his books; also Jackson's King's Bench Sermon is alluded to.

The Whisperer. No. LV. March 2, 1771.—Libellous art. on the King and Lords' Protest, Feb. 2, reprinted. Secret history of the House of Hanover promised in next number.

The Whisperer. The next No., LVI., contains such Secret History.

The Parliamentary Spy. No. XX. April 10, 1770.—Letter to the Third George. This copy of Francis's he has corrected in some errata. Also he has corrected a misprint in the Latin motto. The number also contains a letter, signed *Hermolaus*, against Lord Mansfield, &c.

NOTE (C).

The following letter (dated Athenæum, March 16, 1861) was written by the late Mr. Senior to Mr. Parkes on a subject which has caused much speculation—the reason which may have induced the adoption of the name 'Junius' and his motto.

My dear Parkes,—I have often tried to guess the meaning of the motto to Junius, Stat nominis umbra: 'the shadow of the name stands.' But in looking the other day at the title-page of the 'Etymologicon Anglicanum,' I thought that I could guess the meaning.

The title is:

Franciscii Junii
Francisci Filii
Etymologicon
Anglicanum.

And under the frontispiece are these words:

Franciscus Junius,
Francisci Filius.

We know that Sir P. Francis often gave obscure hints as to his authorship of Junius. I think that by the words 'Stat nominis umbra,' he meant to indicate that Junius was the son of Francis. This may seem far-fetched; but what other explanation of the motto can you give? My explanation is, that he meant to establish a claim to the authorship, without being forced to make that claim; which in fact he never had the courage to do. N. W. Senior.

The coincidence is a very curious one. But it is assuredly

a coincidence only. Had Francis ever happened to notice the title-page to the 'Etymologicon Anglicanum' (it appeared in 1743), it may be pretty safely assumed that he never would have taken the name of Junius.

As to the motto, it is scarcely necessary to remind classical scholars (and Francis was no ordinary one), that Lucan's meaning is not what Mr. Senior supposed, but 'he (Pompey) stands, the shadow of a (great) name.' A meaning, though not precisely identical with what Francis had in his mind, yet sufficiently near to require no explanation.—(EDITOR.)

CHAPTER VIII.

APPOINTMENT TO INDIA.

ÆT. 32–34.

Continental tour with Godfrey, 1772—Interview with Pope Clement XIV.—Death of Calcraft—Return to England—Death of Dr. Francis—Visit to Amsterdam—Appointment to the Council of Bengal—Supposed reasons for it—Relations with Lord Barrington—Francis visits Lord Clive—Family letters—India House disputes about Instructions under the Regulation Act—Pecuniary affairs of Francis—He sails, April 1774.

ON July 7, 1772, Francis left England on a protracted continental tour, accompanied by his often mentioned friend Mr. Daniel Godfrey; and did not return until December 14 in the same year. I have not found among the Francis papers any of his correspondence with his son, wife, and family during this absence. But (with his usual methodical minuteness) he kept a careful journal of his travels. Most of it consists only of commonplace details of journeys and expenses, and I have not found it practicable to insert it at length within the limits of the present publication. Their posting route [1]

[1] Lady Francis tells us a singular story in connection (no doubt) with their voyage to Calais on this occasion:—

'Francis was going with Godfrey to the continent during the publication of the "Junius Letters." A storm arose between Dover and Calais, and there were two English ladies aboard who were particularly alarmed. At Calais the passengers were being taken ashore in boats, the weather still being very alarming. One of the ladies begged the protection of Francis, and when he was going into the boats implored him not to leave her. He told her there were other boats less crowded than his, and the captain would see her safe. She refused to listen, threw her arms round his neck, and clung to him at imminent risk to the lives of both, until they

lay through Flanders to Liège and Spa, then a place of much fashionable resort, where he complains that 'what an Englishman would call a good lodging at Bath is not to be had under a guinea a day. As for the amusements, I see nothing yet but dancing, faro, and hazard.' Here he fell in with his wandering kinsman Major Baggs. From Spa they made their way through Lorraine, by Nancy and Metz, to Strasbourg, where the special subjects of Francis's commendation are the exquisite perch, trout, and carp, and the 'filigree' workmanship of the Cathedral steeple. 'Very hot,' he complains, 'and nothing to do. No spectacle for the afternoon. So we determine to eat a very good dinner, and be good company till supper-time. My companion slept ill last night, and looks but dull. N.B. — Billiards a great resource in travelling. We have not yet seen quite so many cities as Ulysses, but we are much better acquainted with the manners of postilions.' From Strasbourg they crossed the Rhine and proceeded through the Duchy of Würtemburg (where he was struck with the 'extreme misery and desolation of the country') to Augsburg, and so to Munich: complaining much of the manners of the country, and the 'eternal embarras of neither understanding nor being understood.' Francis was a linguist, but a knowledge of German was not among his accomplishments. 'At three in the morning (at Munich) we found ourselves between two feather-beds; at five the bells began to ring; at six a coppersmith went to work, under a window; at seven there was a fair; at nine the place was no longer tenable.'

reached the boat in safety and thence the shore. The two ladies invited the two gentlemen to sup with them at their hotel, which they did, and found that they were the Misses K., fleeing from the notoriety which the allusions of *Junius* had produced. F. used to tell this story to his wife, and speak of it as an extraordinary rencontre.'

Unless this story relates to the sister of the two Kennedys, alluded to in the famous Junius letter of May 28, 1770, I cannot elucidate it.

On August 1 they go to see the Elector's hunting lodge at 'Schleisser' (Schleissheim?), and meet his Serene Highness on the road.

In this court there is but one man who lives tolerably, and that is the Elector. All the rest are literally beggars: no trade, no manufactures of any kind: even agriculture but little attended to. The Elector has above twenty hunting seats, and probably one-fourth of the whole country is kept in forest for the preservation of the game. . . . With regard to the Elector himself, it may be worth observing that although we saw every room in three of his palaces, we literally did not see a single book, even by accident, upon a table.

They proceeded by Innspruck and the Brenner road into Italy. Though Francis dwells on 'dreadful precipices, fountains, rivulets, cascades, and cataracts,' and the other ordinary sights of an Alpine journey, it is evident that he had no special gift for the observation of nature, nor (it may be added) were his tastes in general those of an observer, except of mankind. Verona he finds gay and handsome, and swarming 'with nobility. A count served me as a cicerone: he kissed my hand for a sequin.' At Vicenza, he observes, respecting the 'Olympic Theatre,' built by Palladio in imitation of antiquity:—

'In reading Terence and Plautus, I always thought it absurd that the characters in the same scene are frequently supposed not to see or hear each other, though necessarily very near. But when I see a stage divided into streets, the difficulty is removed. This disposition of the scene is equally handsome and convenient, and of course preserves the unity of place. But the scene must always be in the street.'

The travellers reached Venice on August 9, put up at the 'Regina d'Inghilterra,' and remained there until the 19th examining the sights of the place. 'These gondoliers are fine fellows, with wonderful large noses. Plenty of

grapes, melons, peaches, nectarines, mushrooms, red mullet, and pigeons innumerable, as big as young fowls; figs, oranges, beccaficos and ortolans are next in succession.'

They left Venice by a Romagnole trading vessel, bound for Ancona; but were driven by stress of weather to land at a little haven (Porto Levante) at the mouth of the Adige; whence they made their way across country to Ravenna, 'a clean handsome city, with a multitude of magnificent palaces uninhabited by Monsignori. Formerly a sea-port, now an inland town. *Tantum religio potuit!*' Francis, on subjects like this, always favoured the cynical style of his schoolfellow Gibbon. But in what way religion caused the sea to recede from the coast at Ravenna he does not explain. They posted along the Æmilian road to Pesaro, where they were pleased with the civility and attention of a certain Abbate Grazia, who 'introduced us to his brother and sister-in-law, both very polite, and the lady rather pretty. Mem. Mr. Godfrey very uneasy about the shape of his right leg; in the lady's presence kept the left chiefly in sight.' From Pesaro they went to Ancona. 'I believe there is nothing more curious and striking than the effects of industry and idleness in places lying within a few miles of each other. This vicinity of the two objects makes the comparison the more obvious. On the coast of the Adriatic the towns are populous and well-built. Plenty of provisions, and the inhabitants apparently at their ease. A dozen miles from the shore, you see nothing but beggary, misery, nakedness, and *religion*.'

Visiting Loretto and the Falls of Terni in their road, they crossed the Apennines by the Foligno route, and arrived at Rome, 'at Benedetto's,' August 30, but only to pass through it; Francis prevailing on Godfrey, 'not-

withstanding his apprehension of the *aria cattiva*, so ridiculously magnified by travellers,' to lie one night in Rome, for the sake of seeing the Pantheon.

They reached Naples September 2, and made it their head-quarters for the rest of the month. The following tariff of daily expenditure of two Englishmen at 'Emanuel's,' 'a very pleasant, agreeable lodging on the sea-side,' may serve by way of comparison with that of a century later.

Dinner 10 carlins each . . .	= 20
Supper 5 do. each	= 10
Breakfast 3 do. each . . .	= 6
Chariot	16
Coachman	2
Valet de place	4
Lodgings	15
	73 = about 1*l.* 7*s.* 0*d.*

They suffered severely from heat, dust, and mosquitos, and what they considered the arrogant pretensions of the nobility, to one of whom (the Prince Francavilla) they had to give up their lodgings. 'These princes are apt to think themselves great persons. This is certainly the country of titles. There are princesses who are not admitted to court because they have not clothes to appear in. A tailor is magnifico, a dancing-master most illustrious.' They visited the court, and attended one or two court balls, but seem chiefly to have lived with two or three English—Mr. Smith Parry, Mr. Hart, Mr. Young. Of scenery or of art nothing is said. 'Went to Vesuvius, climbed up a little of it with great fatigue, then gave it up.' 'Went to Pompeia, a most miserable journey of about fourteen miles, through a cloud of dust and powdered ashes. As for the antiquities, I would not walk ten yards to see them!' It should be added, in mitigation, that they were both ill, having caught the

malaria fever in the Pontine marshes, and that the sirocco —a Neapolitan September sirocco—was blowing most of the time.

They left Naples October 4, and 'dined at Capua on their own provisions. Here old Hannibal might now quarter his army in safety!' They got 'an admirable lodging' at Rome near the Piazza di Spagna, for twelve pauls a day. Here they fell into the hands of an Abbé Grant, who acted as their cicerone and purveyor, and procured them the honour of an interview with Pope Clement XIV. at Castel Gandolfo. The incidents of this interview (on which Francis loved to dwell in after life) are described in a letter to Dr. Campbell, to which reference will presently be made. The remaining details of their stay at Rome relate only to the ordinary subjects of tourists—sight-seeing and extortion. 'What a set of vultures have we escaped from! (he writes, on leaving it.) The worthy Abbé Grant, who attended us but one day, and who refused to take money from Mr. Godfrey, was resolved, however, not to lose anything by us. By his advice we gave the Pope's servants two sequins; at the convent he desired us to give him four sequins, which he said he would leave with the father guardian, by way of charity; at parting, he obliged Mr. Godfrey to give him six sequins for a fan not worth one; and, to crown all, his servant took care to come to wish us a good journey! We were curious to see the Pretender and his wife; but this gentleman had his reason for not showing us the way. Yet the time has been when Abbé Grant would not have been so scrupulous.'

On October 22 Francis finds himself at Radicofani. 'Mem. It was determined by Fate that I should complete my thirty-second year in the territories of the Grand Duke. I wish I were sure of completing as many more in the

territories of any prince upon earth, even the Emperor of Angola.' Spending some days at Pisa, Leghorn, Lucca (with which he was much pleased, and where he descants on the indolence of the nobility and the prevalence of cicisbeism), and leaving Godfrey at Pistoia with some relations, Francis reached Florence, 'Vanini's,' on the 29th, where he records little but illness and dulness in the absence of Godfrey; but dines at the British Envoy Sir Horace Mann's, 'a large company, handsome dinner, and well served. Among the rest, the dear Lord Tylney and his supposed nephew Jo. . . . Travelling, perhaps, may polish the manner of our youth, but quære whether the Italian polish be worth the price we pay for it.' Rejoined by his companion, he proceeds homeward; and nothing of interest occurs in their return by Turin, Mont Cenis, and Lyons, until they reach Paris, November 28. On the 30th 'met Mr. Rosenhagen,[1] *en frac*, hat and

[1] This clerical schoolfellow and intimate of Francis was passing his time on the Continent under not very reputable circumstances, if it is right to place any reliance on the following extract from a scandalous publication of the day, the 'Town and Country Magazine' for 1776:—

'*Extract of a Letter from Paris.*

'We have a phænomenon here, an English parson, the descendant of a German minister. His name is R—s—h—gen. He was chaplain to an English regiment; but being a very active man, and abusive writer on the side of opposition, he found himself under the necessity of retiring, and commenced chevalier d'industrie at large. He was not unacquainted with the finesses at play, and availed himself of them upon every occasion. However, as this commerce is not the most certain in the world, he found it expedient to extend his credit upon paper to a very considerable amount. When the bills became due, he sought refuge in the verge of the court; but even here his liberty became perilous, and he judged it prudent to make a trip to the Continent. He went to the south of France, and sojourned for a considerable time at Lyons; here it was necessary to call his adroitness into play, by which, under the sanction of Mrs. P——t (Lady L—g—n—r's mother), who was his patroness, and with whom he lived on the strictest intimacy for some time, his hours glided in ease and luxury. But a disagreeable discovery of an operation at Lansquenette induced him

feather: by much the most important person that we have met with in our travels. Hand and glove with the first people in the kingdom. A thorough Frenchman, professing a contempt for everything that belongs to the country.' They remained in Paris ten days. Francis speaks of it as if not unfamiliar with the city, but says nothing of former visits. He obtains his passport from Colonel St. Paul, secretary to the British Embassy, and receives from him despatches for the Secretary of State. 'When this gentleman killed Dalton, his name was plain Paul. It has been wittily said of him that he went out a murderer and returned a Saint.' Crossing from Calais, Francis 'breakfasted at Ingress,' on December 14 (Calcraft, his friend, had died there in his absence, on August 23), and 'arrived in Duke

to quit that city à la sourdine, and to repair to this metropolis. He had not been here long before he made acquaintance with Madame L——, who being upon the haut-ton of demireps, she was caressed by persons of the first rank. Her house is now the belle assemblée of first-rate ladies of her complexion, and wherever they resort the men will go. Cards form the greatest part of the enjoyment of these parties. Deep play is the word every night; the ladies fleece their male friends with impunity, and the parson has a fellow-feeling. Besides, as he is a scholar, and a man of address, he easily ingratiates himself with his countrymen, who think themselves honoured to be introduced to a real marquis and an imaginary countess. Clericus has been very successful in these pursuits for some time, as an English baronet and a Welch 'squire can testify. Notwithstanding these nocturnal revels, R—— is seen every forenoon reading his Tacitus in the Thuilleries or the Palais Royal, with as much gravity and composure as if the whole night had been devoted to study.'

Rosenhagen is said, in other papers of the time, to have resided at Orleans in 1774 with his wife, the sister of a well-known Mrs. Grosvenor.

Godfrey (who had remained in Paris a few days after Francis's departure) writes to the latter on December 15, 1772, an account of a very convivial party in which 'Rosenhagen and I very calmly drank two bottles of champagne and four of Burgundy,' and of a quarrel with the landlady, which ended by Rosenhagen 'concluding a long speech to her in these words, which he pronounced with singular animation: "Madame, j'ai l'honneur de vous dire que vous êtes gueuse, que vos filles sont —— et que monsieur votre mari est bête et cocu." I never laughed more in my life, nor he; he was really inspired.'

Street about noon, as happy to return as I was to set out.'

Francis communicated a better account of his interview with the Pope than is to be found in his journal to his friend Dr. Campbell,[1] in the following letter from Rome. (It was printed some years ago in the 'Athenæum' newspaper.)

Rome, October 17, 1772.

Dear Sir,—At last I have an opportunity of keeping the promise you were so kind as to exact from me, when I left England. I have not been unmindful of my engagement, but I wished to perform it a little more to your satisfaction, than by a detail of the ordinary occurrences of a journey, or the common observations of travellers. You are not to be entertained with the rattling of French roads, the famine of an Italian inn, or the velocity of postilions within a given time. As for pictures and statues, I have really seen so many that I remember nothing. In a very large mixed company, one seldom contracts a lasting acquaintance. Neither would my advice be of much use to you, for I fancy at present you have no thoughts of travelling. But, my good and worthy friend, I have the pleasure of thinking that I can meet you upon your own ground, upon your favourite topic, a great and good prince who does honour to a throne. I know to whom this glorious character most eminently belongs. Yet, trust me, there are princely virtues on both sides the Alps. The present Roman pontiff is worthy of his station. He had no family connexions, he had no private interest nor foreign protection, and circumstanced as the affairs of the Holy See then were, it was impossible for him to have been Pope if he had not deserved it. Yet it is not his personal merit I admire so much as the ready concurrence of so many rivals to acknowledge and reward it. The success of his administration he piously attributes to the goodness of Providence. His modesty will not suffer him to insist upon the influence of second causes. As to matters of religion, I would not debate the point with him. In worldly affairs, I believe we may affirm that common men are not usually the instruments of wise councils or of important events. At his accession to the pontificate,

[1] Author of the 'Political Survey of Great Britain,' 1774. He took an active part in the debates of the Court of Proprietors at the India House, and was a strong partisan on the side of Francis until his death (December 1775). His house in Queen Street, Bloomsbury, was much frequented by literary and other distinguished men. Francis took out to India with him a son of this gentleman, who died on the voyage.

he found the affairs of the Church in the utmost disorder. Portugal totally alienated; France dissatisfied; Spain little less than hostile; and Naples actually in arms upon the frontier. Scarcely had he reigned a twelvemonth, when everyone of these untoward circumstances was reversed. I ask no other proof of the wisdom of his councils. As for his personal deportment, I can affirm from experience that it corresponds with his public character, and contributes to adorn it. A great man preserves his dignity, even when he wishes to lay it aside, and discovers the force of his abilities while he seems to make no use of them. The bow is unbent, but we may judge how far it carries.

After seeing the Laocoön, Meleager, and Apollo, the next thing to be seen was the Pope. We had heard that Englishmen were well received by him. His Holiness takes every opportunity of honouring them with the most distinguished marks of his regard. This condescension of course encourages them to wait upon him; and even without it, I think it would be absurd to see Rome and not to visit the head of the Roman Catholic Church. His Holiness being in the country it was necessary to send beforehand, to know at what time we might be admitted to his presence. This part of the business was arranged for us by Abbé Grant, to whose friendship and politeness we are much indebted. An answer was quickly returned, that the Pope would be happy to receive us whenever we should do him that honour, for so he was pleased to express himself. The day before yesterday we accordingly set out for Castello Gandolfo, under the auspices of our friend the Abbé. The Master of the Ceremonies happening to be out of the way, we were obliged to wait about twenty minutes in an antechamber, for which his Holiness condescended to make us a multitude of excuses. The moment he knew we were arrived, he ordered us to be admitted, and received us at the door of his chamber with an exclamation expressive both of satisfaction and goodwill. I never saw a more venerable nor a more benevolent countenance, yet not unmixed with keenness and sagacity. Instead of permitting us to observe the usual ceremony of kissing his slipper, he insisted upon our sitting down by him upon a little sopha, a distinction of which we are assured there never was an instance before. Our introducer, who has been accustomed to see English gentlemen well received, was at least as much astonished as we were at finding himself seated in the Pope's presence. In a moment his Holiness began the conversation, with the utmost familiarity and good humour; and as it was my chance to sit very close to him, he frequently laid his arm upon my shoulder, and always called me *caro mio figlio*. This, and *cari miei signori*, was his constant address to us both.

But whatever he said or did was accompanied with an ease and cheerfulness, that without lessening the reverence due to so great a person banished all restraint. His discourse was rapid, and included a variety of topics; yet there was none upon which he seemed to dwell with greater pleasure than upon his esteem and affection for the British nation. I acknowledged how much we were obliged to him for this favourable opinion, but he insisted vehemently that we were only obliged to ourselves; that his regard for us was well known, and that he was pleased the world should take notice of it. He informed us that the Venetians, having lately doubled the duty upon English salt-fish imported into Venice at second hand from Civita Vecchia and Ancona, and having found themselves disappointed in the produce of that duty, had accused him of having formed a commercial treaty with Great Britain; and that his nuncio at Cologne, having asked leave to visit England last summer incognito, it had been industriously reported that his Holiness had sent him thither upon some special commission. He laughed heartily at these reports, and wished they had been better founded. He assured us that if he had been Pope in the time of Harry the Eighth, he would have prevented that unfortunate separation of England; that Clement the Seventh was a weak man, and duped by Charles the Fifth; and Wolsey a man of abilities, but blinded by his ambition; that the same temper and moderation on the part of the Holy See, which had lately recovered Portugal, would probably have preserved England. On his mentioning Portugal, I took the liberty of telling his Holiness, that I was at Lisbon when Cardinal Aiaccioli was so disgracefully dismissed, and that I had the honour of being known to the Marquis of Pombal. This circumstance seemed to lead his Holiness to enter largely upon the late reconciliation with that court. His management of it undoubtedly does him honour. It was the first measure of his government, and the success of it has fully answered the rectitude and piety of his intentions. He said that the instructions given to Cardinal Aiaccioli were certainly injudicious, and that the Cardinal's zeal in carrying them into execution was, in his opinion, rather more to be commended than his discretion. That, upon his accession to the Pontificate, the first object he aimed at was to reconcile Portugal to the Holy See. That he immediately appointed Monsignor Conti (a name highly grateful to that nation) to be his nuncio to the court of Lisbon, and had given him no other instructions whatsoever, but to carry with him Galateo and the Decalogue. (You may not know perhaps that Galateo is a book much esteemed here for the rules it contains of civility and politeness.) That his letter to the Marquis of Pombal was cordial and unaffected; reminding him

of his former attachment to the interests of the Church, when he was minister at Vienna, and expressing a confidence in his piety, and in his well-known zeal for the support of the Catholic religion; that if the King of Portugal wished for the nomination of a cardinal, he was ready to grant it; and that, in short, he desired a reconciliation with the court of Lisbon, upon no other conditions, but such as might best express his paternal tenderness and affection for his most faithful Majesty. This language, said his Holiness, came directly from my heart, and it pleased God to give it success.

If I were to repeat to you the many just observations he made upon this event, as well as upon the means he constantly employed to maintain a good understanding and correspondence with the Princes of the House of Bourbon, I should write you a letter too long for an ambassador. As there was no formality, so there was no exact order in his discourse. The most serious parts of his conversation were mixed with expressions of personal kindness and attention to us his humble audience. He spoke of the Duke of Gloucester with tenderness and regard, and seems sensibly touched with the acknowledgments his Royal Highness had made him of the civilities he had received at Rome. He also mentioned a late Declaration, but in the most moderate and guarded terms. From these subjects he descended to enquire how we had passed our time at Naples and Rome, where we dined, and what was our plan of amusement for the day. We told him we had provided a dinner, and meant to eat it at a Franciscan convent in the neighbourhood. He then was pleased to conduct us through the apartments of the castle, opened all the casements himself, and pointed out to us the most striking parts of the prospect. At parting he attended us to the outer door of his apartments, gave us his benediction, and said that, being in the country, he was sorry he had nothing to offer us by way of *ricordo* or token of remembrance. After a short walk we returned to the convent, and found that he had sent us six bottles of Burgundy, and a large *pasticcio* from his own table. The good Franciscans omitted nothing in their power to show their hospitality, nor were they unwilling to drink long life to their holy Father in his own wine; but this with moderation.

Our obligations to his Holiness were not to end here. In going to Castello our axletree unfortunately broke. We had it patched up, but it broke down again within a hundred yards of the castle. There was no remedy but to apply to the Pope's Master of the Horse for a carriage to convey us to Rome. He asked his Holiness's permission, and it was granted immediately with a

readiness to which I should be far from doing justice if I called it only polite.

This letter you may consider as an involuntary effusion of gratitude for favours great and unmerited. I expect that you will share with me in the pleasure of this day. It was a pleasure not only high in degree, but of the purest sort, for it was unattended with regret. Though not a convert to the doctrines of this Church, I am a proselyte to the Pope. Whoever has the honour of conversing with him will see that it is possible to be a Papist without being a Roman Catholic.

I will not conclude without a formal protest against your taking the trouble of answering this letter. I know your punctuality in these matters; but I also know how much better and more usefully you are employed. *In publica commoda peccem.* A line from my old friend and fellow-labourer, to acknowledge the receipt, will be quite sufficient. He will be so good as to direct it to the care of Messieurs le Coulteux, at Paris. In a few weeks I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you. My friend James, by whom I wish to be kindly remembered, is a ready penman, and will give me the news of the day. I have not been long enough out of England to be indifferent about politics. I beg of you to present my best compliments and sincerest good wishes to Mrs. Campbell, and that you will believe me, with truth and affection,

Yours,

P. Francis.

P.S. To show you that I have not travelled over classic ground without improving my faculties, I send you an epigram, of my own conception, upon a marvellous antique lion in the Medici palace. Modern lions are mere whelps to him. This, I take it, is a performance that would do no dishonour to the pen of Scriblerus. But, good or bad, I am sure you would forgive the poetry if you saw the subject of it. The sight of such an animal inspires nothing but fear.

Ungue oculoque minax, orisque horrendus hiatu,
Imperia in silvis tristia solus habet.
Hunc catuli fugiunt, conjux, fulvique parentes;
Vix domini gressus auserit umbra sequi.

Further records of this episode in Francis's career are contained in a paper headed 'Hints to a Traveller,' preserved in his letter-book of this date, printed in the Appendix.

With regard to these notices of travel, and especially

the 'Hints,' the reader will not fail to be impressed, and unfavourably, with the assumed tone of hardness of a man of the world—such as the character is and was too often conceived—the cynical affectation of profligacy as a quality of good society, which pervades it. This is unfortunately too characteristic of Francis. Much must be allowed for his breeding: for the company kept in the Holland clique and at Calcraft's, the style of which he, a youth of somewhat inferior position, was likely enough to catch and admire. But it is too characteristic also of a large portion of our social history, and of our literature likewise, especially in poetry and fiction, from Dryden to Churchill. Perhaps (in literature) the influence of Dr. Johnson was one of the principal correctives which ultimately purged us of it. As regards Francis himself, the copious records of his life and habits, as a young man, exhibit him as one of strong domestic attachments—fond to a certain extent of good company and good wine, when he could get it, and with a decided addiction to the card table—but nothing more. He had not the leisure or means to cultivate the vices of fashion, even if he had the taste for them. His character rather appears that of a man in whom the vulgar passions, even if naturally strong, are kept in check by an overmastering ambition, and by the pressure of intellectual labour. And it is impossible not to be amused at the travelled air with which he communicates his experiences about 'cicisbeism,' and the intimate usages of Italian family life, when there is no evidence whatever in his minute diary that he ever conversed with an Italian lady in the whole course of his travels. The subject, therefore, would be scarcely worth remarking on, were it not for the striking similarity, as it appears to me, between his tone on these subjects and that of Junius. The superficial rakishness, constantly degenerating into

coarseness, which is so frequently put on by the latter, and the forced, unnatural manner in which it contrasts with the ordinary severity of his style and subject, has often been noticed by critics. In Croker's opinion, it proved him to be a 'young and dissolute man.' I should rather say, one who affected that character. Either way, it is a feature as marked in Francis as in Junius.

The reasons why Francis, on arriving in England, paid his first visit to Ingress, even before he reached his own home, arose no doubt out of the intricate and mysterious connection between him and its deceased owner, Mr. Calcraft. Francis appears (according to Mr. Parkes) to have got back from Mr. Calcraft's executors all his own letters. Whether these disclosed any acquaintance on the part of Calcraft with the great Junius secret must be left to conjecture: it is difficult (as has been seen) either to believe or disbelieve it. But, in the next place, Francis had to see after the legacy bequeathed him by his deceased patron. The following are the two codicils of Calcraft's will which concern this matter. Francis could not obtain his legacy without the help of the Court of Chancery, as he complains in his fragment of autobiography.

January 23, 1772.

In consideration of my regard and esteem for my friend Philip Francis, of Duke Street, Westminster, Esq., and from the sense I have of his real ability to be an useful representative in Parliament, it is my intention to endeavour to procure him to be elected and returned for the first vacancy in the borough of Wareham. And in case of my death in the minority of my sons, who will become respectively entitled to my estates in Dorsetshire by virtue of my will, I do request and enjoin my executors and the guardians and trustees of and for such sons during such minority to use their interest and endeavours to cause the said Philip Francis to be elected and returned a member to serve in Parliament for the said borough, as witness my hand.

JNO. CALCRAFT.

March 24, 1772.

Also, I give unto my much respected friend Philip Francis, of Duke Street, Westminster, Esq., the sum of one thousand pounds, to be paid to him within six months next after my decease; and in case the said Philip Francis shall depart this life leaving his present wife without a provision equal in value to three hundred pounds a year, then and in such case I give to her an annuity of two hundred pounds out of my estates to be paid to her during so long as she shall continue the widow of the said Philip Francis, by half-yearly payments clear of all deductions, for the better support and maintenance of her and her family. And I direct the said annuity in such case to be effectually secured out of some part of my estates, and that the first half-yearly payment shall begin at the expiration of six months from the death of the said Philip Francis.

The following curious memorandum of Calcraft, written only six weeks before his death, gives the last directions of the departing 'wire-puller':—

In case of a vacancy at Wareham,[1] I would desire Mr. William (his executor) to go down and choose Mr. Francis. He will be at home about Christmas, and ready to attend him. In case of another [vacancy?] during this Parliament, though very improbable, the three persons I think of are Mr. Hulse, though I can't promise him, at the general election, Mr. Godfrey, whom Mr. Francis will inform you about, or Mr. Lucas's brother George, or General John Hale of Gisborough, Yorkshire. At Poole, if John Pitt[2] chooses to be elected as my member there, he should have the preference, joining hand and heart and remembering the former agreement. If not . . . .

At Rochester I hope to be chose:[3] but I will also be elected with Mr. Francis at Wareham.

Sent 2,500*l.* Scarborough . . . .

Francis, on his arrival in England, is met by the follow-

[1] We have seen that Mr. Calcraft acquired his interest at Wareham by purchasing the estates of the Pitt and Drax families there in 1767.

[2] If this Mr. John Pitt was connected with the 'Surveyor of Forests,' and was one of the associates of Calcraft and Francis, the peculiar information and interest exhibited by Francis in the matter of the Whittlebury Forest Grant (*Junius*, September 28, 1771) may perhaps be accounted for.

[3] 'The death of Calcraft,' writes the King to Lord North, August 24, 'will, I trust, bring the borough of Rochester into its ancient hands.'

ing mysterious letter from his close friend D'Oyly, of which I cannot offer any explanation :—

Tylney Hall, December 1, 1773.

My dear Francis,—Calcraft's will is locked up at my house, but I shall be in town next Monday, and will have your point about the [legacy ?] well considered before your return from Bath. You acted spiritedly to take the first opportunity of talking with L. N. (?) about Wm., and I am glad that he behaved properly on the occasion. Don't lose your money at Bath, or *play much*. Everybody is observing your actions. Adieu. I am,

Ever yours most affectionately,

CHR. D'OYLY.

Just going a-shooting.

Immediately after his arrival in Duke Street, Francis was summoned (as his fragment of autobiography informs us) to the bedside of his father, whose strength was now failing him. Why—unless in pursuance of some of his mysterious plans—Francis should have desired his father's state to be kept secret, according to the directions given in the following letter to his wife, it is impossible to conjecture.

Bath, January 3, 1773.

My dearest Betsy,—I got here yesterday afternoon a little after five, had very fine weather and agreeable journey. My poor father's condition would be the most deplorable that can be conceived, if he himself were in any degree sensible of it. As it is, the sight is only distressing to those about him. Sally is well and does all she can. He does not know me, nor indeed does he seem conscious of anything. Keep this to yourself. If you see Stephen, bid him tell Mr. Macro that my father is much better than usual in his health and spirits. I have just sent to know how Mrs. and Mr. Chandler are, and hear they are both very well. Walsh is not at Bath. Love and duty to all the children.

Yours most affectionately,

P. F.

Mrs. Chandler has just sent a servant to knock at the door, but, finding you were not at Bath, came no further.

Francis's absence from London on this occasion exactly tallies with the date of the single letter addressed by

Junius to Woodfall subsequently to Francis's departure on his tour. That note is of the date January 19, 1773, the last prior communication of Junius being on May 16, 1772. The silence therefore exactly extends over Francis's absence. Writing to his wife from Bath, January 9, 1773, Francis tells her, 'I shall leave this either Tuesday or Wednesday.' The latter day would be January 13. Why this letter of January 19 was not acknowledged in the 'Public Advertiser' until March 8—'Answer to correspondents: The letter from an old friend and correspondent, dated Jan. 19, came safe to hand'—I cannot explain.

The long-expected decease of Dr. Francis took place on March 5. The following death-bed memorandum speaks for itself. Whatever other sins may be laid to the account of Philip Francis, he ever discharged to his father the duties of a faithful and affectionate son, and their mutual attachment seems only to have been interrupted by their brief quarrel about his engagement to Miss Macrabie.

I have desired my ever faithful Sally not to send you this paper until the wretched writer shall be no more. Take, then, my dearest Phil., my last farewell. Take all my thanks, for your kindness and tenderness, your care and punctuality in my affairs. With regard to this world, I have only to hope that the money arising from Mr. Jennings' bond may be remitted to Sally, to pay the expense of burying me, with my servant's wages and the present quarter's rent of my house. I have no other debts.

I am no longer able to hold my pen, and I shall end with my best assurances of my affection and esteem for you and all your family. Farewell for ever!

I received this letter on Monday, March 8, 1773. My good father died on the preceding Friday, at three in the morning, at Bath.

P. Francis.

Among the papers of Dr. Francis, inserted together with his own in Philip's letter-book of this period, is one

headed 'Copied from a foul draught of my father,' containing the Doctor's opinion on the character and authorship of Junius. It is inserted in the Appendix to this volume. Unless there is some mystification concealed below the surface—and this seems to me improbable—it is clear that the Doctor, though deeply interested in the subject, was not master of his son's secret, though he may have suspected it: clear, also, that he, who lived in the middle of the Junius coterie, had no doubt of the real unity of most of the different anonymous writers in the 'Public Advertiser.'

Francis evidently derived no accession of fortune from the decease of his father, who appears to have accumulated nothing. Without place or employment, with a wife and several infant children to provide for, his patron Calcraft dead, his political friends in hopeless opposition, his position continued melancholy in the extreme. Some of the passages in his fragment of autobiography describe it, and his feelings under it. Two months after his father's death, he made the short journey to the Hague, mentioned in the same paper: his object being to consult Monsieur de Pinto, the author of an 'Essay on Circulation,' with a view to translate it, with notes. This author 'received him with transports of joy. He was a perfect atheist, with a benevolent heart.'[1] The translation was published, but, for some reason in accordance with Francis's habits of mystery, under the name of his kinsman, the Rev. Stephen Baggs.

This absence appears only to have lasted a few days.

[1] Isaac Pinto, a Portuguese Jew by descent, and a literary man of some repute, died at the Hague in 1787. Besides his 'Traité de la circulation et du crédit,' he was chiefly known, in singular contrast to what Francis here says of him, as the defender of the Jewish nation and Scriptures against certain imputations of Voltaire, and the writer of a 'Précis des argumens contre les matérialistes.'

Immediately on his return to England, the events occurred which determined his farther destiny.

For the history of the troubles which beset the administration of the East India Company after the return of Clive in 1766, and of the Parliamentary debates and other proceedings which took place in England respecting them, I will only direct the reader at present to Chapter 67 of Lord Stanhope's History of England, as a convenient source of reference. After resisting to the utmost of their power all projects of government interference, 'it was agreed (says his lordship) by the directors, that commissioners of enquiry, under the name of supervisors, should be sent to India with full powers over the other servants of the Company. Three gentlemen of old standing and long service—Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Scrafton, and Colonel Ford—were selected for this important trust. Accordingly they embarked on their mission towards the close of 1769. But after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, the ship in which they sailed, the Aurora frigate, was never heard of again; it is supposed to have foundered at sea.

'It is not improbable that this system of makeshifts might have been long continued, and the necessity of any more decisive measures been longer postponed. But in the ensuing year, 1771, a new and more grievous calamity overspread Bengal.'

Lord Stanhope then describes the terrible famine of that year, equalled as yet by no succeeding visitation; and the accusations against the government of the Company which were founded on it. He points out the financial difficulties into which the Company had now fallen. In April 1772, a select committee of enquiry was appointed in the Commons. The directors attempted to baffle it, by sending out a new batch of 'supervisors.'

But Lord North's government overruled this manœuvre. In all the proceedings of ministers on this subject, they had up to this time the hearty support of the king; who had wrought himself into a high state of indignation, as his letters to Lord North show, against those whom he called the 'fleecers of the Indies.'

In the spring of 1773, Lord North proposed and carried through, against all gainsayers, his own measure of reform. This, after it had passed, was commonly called the Regulating Act. In the first place, he granted to the Company a loan of 1,500,000*l.* for four years, and relieved them from the annual payment to the state of 400,000*l.* On the other hand, the Company was restrained from making any greater dividend than six per cent. until the loan should be repaid, or any greater dividend than eight per cent. until the public should have some participation in the profits. It was then enacted that instead of annual elections of the whole number of directors at the India House, six should go out of office each year, and none keep their seats longer than four years. At the same time, the qualification for a vote in each proprietor was raised from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.*, with more votes in proportion, up to four, to each proprietor of a larger sum.

In India, the Act provided that the Mayor's court of Calcutta should be restricted in its jurisdiction to petty cases of trade, and that in its place should be constituted a Supreme Court, to consist of a Chief Justice, and three Puisne Judges, appointed by the crown. The Governor of Bengal was henceforth to have authority over the other Presidencies, as Governor-General of India, but was himself to be controlled by his council. In that council, as previously, he was entitled only to a single, or in case of equality, a casting vote. It was proposed that these nominations should be made by Parliament, and continue for five years; after which they should revert to the directors, but subject to the approbation of the crown. In the progress therefore of the bill through the Commons, the members of the new council were expressly named, so as to become a part of the enactment.[1]

The provisions of this Act regarding the home government, says Mr. Marshman, in his recent 'History of India'

[1] The powers of the Council were to last for five years after the arrival of the new councillors in India. But this term was prolonged by temporary Acts passed in 1779 and 1780.

(vol. i. p. 341), were 'highly judicious and beneficial; but those which referred to the government in India, concocted without knowledge or experience, only seemed to increase the complication of affairs, and shook the power of Britain in the East to its foundation.' Such was the general Anglo-Indian verdict. Francis, on the contrary, with the ardour of a reformer, thought the 'instructions' with which the new councillors were hampered injudiciously restrictive, and only regretted the want of absolute power to reconstruct the administration of the new empire.

We have seen that India had for some time occupied a considerable share in Francis's ambitious visions of the future. He was, in his small way, a proprietor of India stock, and interested in the affairs of the Company. As his hopes of the advent of Lord Chatham and his friends to power grew fainter, so his desire to try his fortune in the country which was in those days the Eldorado of the political adventurer became stronger. The final gratification of his hope must be described in the language of his own autobiographical fragment.

It was in vain to shut my eyes to my situation. Wherever I went or whatever I did, the spectre haunted and pursued me. Mr. Alexander Macrabie was lately returned from America. He had purchased a thousand acres for me in Pennsylvania, where I meant to secure a retreat for myself and my family, if ever England should cease to be the seat of freedom. The question now seriously agitated in my mind was whether I ought not to transplant myself at once, and take possession of this establishment, before my little capital was exhausted. This was actually the subject of a dismal conversation between Macrabie and me, on the fourth of June; when we accidentally met with a gentleman in the park, who informed me that John Cholwell, one of the intended Commissioners for India, had declined the nomination. I immediately went to D'Oyly, who wrote to Grey Cooper. It was the King's birthday, and Barrington was gone to court. I saw him the next morning. As soon as I had explained everything to him, he wrote the hand-

somest and strongest letter imaginable in my favour to Lord North. *Other interests contributed*, but I owe my success to Lord Barrington.

Such is the only account which Francis vouchsafes us of his extraordinary promotion, from the position of a young and obscure retired clerk in the War Office, of the most adverse political antecedents, to that of a member of the new Council of India, with a salary of 10,000*l.* a year, and power and patronage greater than that possessed by a minister of almost any European country; for such was the 'little provender,' as Lord Campbell calls it, thrown to 'the great boar of the forest' on this occasion. As far as the outline of the story goes, it is exactly corroborated by the letters of George III. to Lord North. 'As to the other gentlemen who have applied to you' (writes his Majesty on June 8), 'I do not know anything of their personal qualifications except Mr. Francis, who is allowed to be a man of tallents.' (I preserve the royal orthography.) Lord North's note of the same day to Francis, asking to see him, is preserved, endorsed by Francis, 'Concluded a long complimentary speech with desiring my concert,' &c. Within a few days more, the Act passed, with the title, 'For establishing certain regulations for the better management of the affairs of the East India Company, as well in India as in England,' and the appointments under it took effect. The colleagues of Francis in the council of Bengal, besides Hastings the Governor-General, who was to preside over it, were General Clavering (afterwards Sir John), a friend of the King, with a strong Parliamentary connection—an honest and high-spirited gentleman, but of moderate abilities, and of so pugnacious a turn that he wanted to fight the Duke of Richmond about Indian politics before he went out;[1] and Colonel

[1] The fashion of having recourse to the pistol in every 'difficulty' was now at its height. It furnishes Bishop Barrington with a story—the only good

Monson,[1] who, in George III.'s opinion, 'though not a strong man, had excellent brains.' So much more will be said of these gentlemen in the narrative of Francis's life in India that nothing need be added at present. The fourth councillor, named to please the Company, was Mr. Barwell, one of their servants, already in India. It is pretty clear that, of Lord North's triumvirate, Francis was expected to furnish the brains.

Nevertheless, his appointment to such a post, under all the circumstances, remains a provoking mystery. Of the 'other interests' of which he speaks, his papers, cautiously mutilated as they have been, offer no indication. No one was more surprised at it than his own intimates.

As for the justice, or the policy of the thing (writes Tilghman from America, in answer to a letter from Francis of July 17) I know nothing about them. *But how did you get the appointment?* It is miraculous to me that a man should resign his office in 1772, and in 1773, without any change of the ministry, be advanced in so very extraordinary a manner. Your merit and abilities I was always ready to acknowledge, Sir; but I was never taught to think much of Lord North's virtue, or of his discernment. His treatment of you has in some measure redeemed him in my opinion.

But it has been, of course, a common suggestion that Junius was, in effect, bought off by the court through the appointment of Francis to India. According to a well-known anecdote related by Sir N. Wraxall, 'the King, riding out in 1773, accompanied by General Desaguliers,

one contained in his Life of his brother. A young officer, who considered himself passed over in some promotion, called at the War Office, and demanded satisfaction of his lordship. 'If,' said Lord Barrington, 'I had fought every officer who considered himself injured by me in the matter of promotion, I should not now have the honour' (pointing to the door) 'of wishing you a very good morning.'

[1] Colonel Monson is described by his enemy, Sir Elijah Impey, as a 'proud, rash, self-willed man, though easily misled, and very greedy for patronage and power. Francis seems to have ruled him by making him believe that he was ruled by him.'

said to him in conversation, We know who Junius is: he will write no more.' With respect to this very apocryphal story, it may be observed that it is impossible that on June 8 (when George III. wrote the letter above quoted) both he *and* Lord North could have known, in common, that Francis was Junius. One of them may have known it, and kept it back from the other; but this seems highly improbable. The author of the 'History and Discovery of Junius' expresses himself as follows:—

> It was on this occasion that Sir Philip Francis avowed himself to be the author of Junius, and his avowal was made known to the King and the Government; whether to the whole of the ministry, or exclusively to his Majesty and Lord North, does not appear. The only names that have been mentioned to me as in the secret, and taking part in the engagement of secresy, are those of Lord North and Lord Chatham. This statement I make on the authority of communications from Lady Francis and other survivors of the family of Sir P. Francis.

For reasons mentioned in the preface, I cannot attribute much weight to the tradition recorded by Lady Francis. And I have found no trace in the Francis papers, as far as I have examined them, of any evidence to corroborate the story. It must rest, as far as our knowledge goes, on its own intrinsic probability as a conjecture.[1] One thing must be remembered; the post had been already refused, certainly by Cholwell and by Burke, probably by others; which seems to render its use as a bribe somewhat less likely.

It remains to notice one suggestion, which I find in a

[1] Mr. Dubois, in later life Sir Philip's friend, who acted frequently as his private secretary, says positively in a letter before me:—'George III. knew who Junius was; and so did Lord Grenville; and through the latter Sir Philip was on the eve of going out Governor of Buenos Ayres (and I with him) when Whitelock showed the white feather, and Sancho lost his government.' But too much reliance must not be placed on Dubois.

remarkable paper on Sir Philip Francis in the 'Calcutta Review' for 1844, which I believe I am correct in attributing to our most eminent Indian historical writer, Mr. Kaye. It contains the Calcutta traditional view of Francis's character, by no means a favourable one.

It has been alleged that there was a condition attached to the appointment, which somewhat diminished its value. Francis consented to carry a *rider*: that is, to submit to the subtraction from his salary of a certain part, which went to furnish a pleasant sinecure to some friend of the minister. But of the rider's name and the weight of the incumbrance we do not find any record.

There is nothing in the circumstances of Francis or the practice of the times to render such a fact improbable. But I have found no evidence or indication of it, and it seems quite inconsistent with the large savings which, as we shall see, he made out of his salary.

Francis had now become a great man, in the public eye, from a very small one, and the dispenser (at least so it was augured) of a good share of the much-coveted patronage of India. And the burdens of office immediately fell upon him. As soon as his appointment became known, he was beset with applications for writerships and other favours, several of which are preserved among his papers: one from his old chief, Lord Kinnoul; one (which must have given his sarcastic spirit some gratification) from Lord Barrington himself.

To P. Francis, Esq.

Cavendish Square, September 4, 1773.

Dear Sir,—Many persons, knowing the long connection which has subsisted between you and me, have pressed me to recommend their relations in India to your favour and protection. In general I have excused myself from this; but I have two friends to whom I can refuse nothing. One of them recommends young Mr. Cadogan, who is on the civil line, the other Lieutenant Bucknall, who is on the military. If you can with propriety do any service to these gentlemen, you

will lay me under a real obligation. I am, with my best wishes for your health, happiness, and success,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

BARRINGTON.

This note Francis acknowledges in terms of the courtliest politeness. 'When you confer a favour, you make the impression deep and distinct!'

This, however, is only the commencement of a series of correspondence between Francis and Lord Barrington. On whatever terms Francis may have quitted the War Office, it is clear that no ostensible quarrel remained between the two, and that Lord Barrington must have been wholly unaware of any rancour lingering in the heart of his subordinate. For several years after his arrival in India, Francis addresses to Lord Barrington long and confidential reports of matters there—seeks to inoculate his lordship with all his own personal views and enmities —invokes him as his mediator with Lord North—terms him and Welbore Ellis his only two real friends in the government. 'To Lord Barrington,' he says to another correspondent, 'I have at all times laid open my heart with unlimited freedom.' Lord Barrington's answers, though few, are very friendly, and often familiar and gossipping: and it is strange enough to 'Junian' readers to find these two exchanging complimentary enquiries and answers about Chamier, and condolences on the death (by his own hand) of poor 'cream-coloured' Bradshaw;[1]

[1] The number of suicides which occurred about this time in the political world was sufficiently alarming. The following verses were ascribed to 'the late Mr. Goodenough, a young gentleman of great talents, but of greater spirit. He was always proud to be distinguished as a friend to Mr. Fox, previous to his being made Secretary of State: a few weeks before which period, scorning to be a burthen on a party he wished to support, he bequeathed fifty pounds to pay all his debts, and parted from life like a Roman.' They are inserted (with this introduction) in a very scarce volume of bitter libel against George III., the 'Intrepid Magazine,' 1784.

'an irreparable loss to me and others,' says Lord Barrington (March, 1775). After Francis's return from India, we shall find him visiting at Lord Barrington's house in the country.

To those who have doubted the authorship of Junius, the subsequent intimacy of Francis and Lord Barrington afforded a fair ground of scepticism. But to those who are convinced, it throws a peculiar light on another aspect of the question. Many have been surprised at the extreme pertinacity of the silence maintained by the author of Junius concerning his own identity. In the lapse of years, most of the reasons which accounted for that pertinacity and for the artifices of concealment which accompanied it gradually passed away. But one remained in full force. Francis was not only under much obligation to Lord Barrington, but was bound strongly to him by the ties of personal interest also. Lord Barrington lived until 1793. During all his life, at the very least, disclosure was absolutely impossible. It would have stamped the confessing party as a traitor of the worst stamp, and completely excluded him—the man of high social position, the object of strong friendships and strong political hatreds—from the company of gentlemen.

The following letter of congratulation is from Thomas

His measures so bloody were grown
That some of his time-serving elves,
For their share in his crimes to atone,
Did cut their own throats for themselves.

The first was a lawyer from *York*,
Cajol'd by his coaxing and art,
But who, rather than do dirty work,
Chose out of the world to depart.

Next Clive and eke Bradshaw the bold,
Last, Stanley with cynical grin,
Show'd the folly of treasuring gold,
Where the heart has no treasure within.

Pitt of Boconnoc, afterwards Lord Camelford, who, as we have seen, was Francis's fellow-traveller in Portugal.

Tuesday, June 8, 1773.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for the early communication of the ministers' favourable intentions towards you; which I should be very happy to assist with my single voice, if I had not declined attending through the whole session, so as to make it very particular if I voted upon this occasion only; and if I was not also persuaded that it would be extremely useless to you, as the ministers' nomination will of course secure to you a very great majority, unless there is a fatality that renders a minister only impotent when he does right. I could wish something had been found agreeable to you on this side the water without giving you the voyage and climate to struggle with, but hope it will afford you the means of obtaining your great object *ut in otia tuta recedas*. That and every friendly wish I beg you to accept from

Your faithful, humble servant,

THOS. PITT.

The following, to his wife, now at Margate, explains itself:—

Friday, August 27, 1773.

Dear Wife,—I sat an hour with Lord N. this morning, and had a great deal of very satisfactory conversation. It looks *very* probable that we shall depart about the end of October. He agrees that I shall return to Margate and stay as long as I proposed. I am to see him again to-morrow in Downing Street, and intend lying at Ingress, so I shall be with you on Sunday to dinner.

Lord N. asked me to dinner, but it was inconvenient, so I dined at Twickenham. . . . .

Just returned from Fulham. Found the old folks all well, and in the fact of playing at quadrille. Called at the school, and took the three girls into the carriage, healthy and handsome, though in their bedgowns. I have hardly time to seal this, so farewell.

To Mrs. Francis, at Mrs. Granger's, Bowling Green, Margate.

Shortly after his appointment, Francis went to Walcot, in Shropshire, to spend some days in consultation with Lord Clive in his retirement. There is an obscurity about the early relations of Francis with the great Anglo-Indian chief which I am unable to clear up. I do not

find any trace of acquaintance between them in his earlier papers. It is highly probable that the introduction was effected, at this time, by Christopher D'Oyly, the constant friend of Francis, and the friend also (and executor) of Lord Clive. But the remarkable circumstance is, that immediately after the first visit, which lasted only a few days, we find Francis established as the close ally and counsellor of the Clive family. The 'autobiographical fragment' is so mutilated just in this part as to afford us little light.

The situation of Lord Clive at this period was a very anomalous one. Half condemned, half absolved, by the proceedings of the House of Commons against him, he lived in a kind of royal seclusion of his own: the object of censure, suspicion, almost superstitious terror, to great part of his countrymen; but enormously rich, courted for his wealth and influence, and probably directing extensively from his retirement the proceedings of government in respect to India. He was, in truth, of himself a power in Indian politics not to be despised; besides his reputation and his host of friends and dependents, he possessed the control of eighty votes in the Court of Proprietors, with which government had to deal as well as it might in the continual contests of the India House as to the manner in which the Regulation Act was to be put into force. There can be little doubt, I think, that Clive was in a considerable degree the real author of the policy embodied in that piece of legislation. That he was personally hostile to Hastings, I am unable to say from any records which I have consulted. But it appears plain that he was much alarmed at the financial state of the Company, with which his own affairs were much involved—his 'jaghire,' or charge on the revenues of Ben-

[1] Whether this 'jaghire' was the produce of the legacy of Meer Jaffier, which was finally handed over to the widows of Indian officers, and constitutes the foundation of the Clive fund, I am not sure.

gal, about which he was now peculiarly interested, was at stake.[1] But I am strongly inclined to believe that the fierce and determined enmity of Francis to the Governor-General, and, possibly, the plan of campaign to be carried on by the three new councillors against the local government of Bengal, had their origin, to a great extent, in this meeting at Walcot.

'At Lord Clive's,' he writes to D'Oyly (Sept. 30, 1773), 'I led a kind of transitory life between Walcot and Oakley, with great hospitality and good humour on all sides. I hold myself much indebted both to him and Lady Clive. She is benevolence itself.' Burke says of Francis about this time, in one of his letters, that he understands him to be entirely in Lord Clive's interest. 'We continue here' (he wrote to his wife from Walcot) 'in the same good humour and good living; I never saw so much of both in one house. Yesterday came two Druids from Plynlimon, with harps and fiddles; we had plenty of company, and danced all the evening like dragons.' And again :—

Thursday, Heaven knows what day of the month, in the year 1773.

My dearest Betty,—I snatch one moment, being all that I can spare from feasting, singing, gaming, riding, and sleeping in a bed as wide as our best parlour, to tell you that I perform all the offices of life above-mentioned to admiration. I had the pleasure of travelling two days in company with a very good-natured man, who never once opened his lips but to complain of his misfortunes. N.B. He is melancholy mad, having lost a trunk at his outset from London, from behind his chaise, containing the title deeds of all the estates in Shropshire—Lord Clive's among the rest. I have got into a set of the most good-humoured people upon earth, a charming house and fine park, seven dogs and two dozen of cats. Lady Clive has it much at heart that her guests should sleep well, and the beds are incomparable. This, you know, is a capital circumstance. I am just risen from a monstrous dinner with twenty-three of Lord Clive's free-voters at Bishop's Castle. Lady Clive drinks your health every day, not forgetting the bairns. Mem. Kiss them in my name repeatedly. Bid your brother write to me copiously. I have just

one quarter of an hour in the day which I can dedicate to the reading of letters. Farewell, dearest! Compliments to your aged father and mother and Patty.

Yours, yours,

PH.

Direct under cover to Lord Clive, at Walcot, near Bishop's Castle, Salop.

After leaving Walcot, he received a letter which he has preserved, from Mr. (afterwards Sir) H. Strachey, Lord Clive's private secretary, purporting to convey his lordship's views about the Council of India; and one from Lady Clive, the sister of Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal, of whom Lord Macaulay, in his essay on Clive, speaks in high terms. It adds a melancholy interest to it to remember that while Francis was on his voyage to India the glory of that house fell into the dust by the suicide of its great but unfortunate owner. The letter from Strachey is not without interest, as conveying Clive's last views—and very characteristic they are—on some points connected with the government of India.

Walcot, August 30, 1773.

Dear Sir,—Your first letter has remained long unacknowledged because Lady Clive undertook to answer it for me, and intended writing in Italian. You will hear from her ladyship by this post, so that I have only to reply to the favour I received last night.

I lent you the Regulating Bill one morning, and never saw it afterwards. We have not one here complete, and Lord Clive cannot without studying the bill be full or accurate in his opinion. He desires me, however, to say that he objects to the annihilation of the old Council. His idea is, that a council should still remain, who would be of great use to you in conducting business, although the power of deciding would be in the Governor-General and council. Another capital objection is that no discretionary power is given you to suffer the army to receive money upon any occasion whatsoever. The consequence may be very mischievous when they take the field, or are ordered to besiege a town. Besides, what officer of credit will hereafter enter into the Company's service, where he can merely obtain a subsistence—not the least prospect of ever returning with a competency to his native country?

You know that Lord Clive has all along disapproved of the new court of justice. Be assured you will be now obliged to go to law every year for the greater part of the revenues. The natives are remarkably litigious and fond of money. Every man, for the pleasure of a lawsuit, and the satisfaction of looking at the rupees, will withhold his payments, and leave you to sue for them. I say nothing of our present judges, but that I wish we may never have worse.

These are the principal objections which occur at present. We shall, however, have some more talk with you before you go, for Lord Clive intends being in town for a few days towards the end of September, to stir about qualifications. He has ordered 10,000*l.* stock to be bought for himself, and I foresee we shall have a very stout corps at a ballot.

I hear no particular news from Bengal, except that the military expenses only amount for the last year to one million and seventy thousand pounds. Mr. McLeane indeed could not have arrived.

We wonder much at your sailing so early as October. Is Parliament to meet and settle matters before you go, or is everything to be done by the new general courts?

The directors are inclined to co-operate with government in carrying the bill into execution, at least so one of them told us the other day at Oakley Park; but they are much puzzled what instructions to give you, and will be embarrassed by the 500*l.* voters till October.

Lord Clive, having read the above, desires me to add to what I have said about the army, that besides the policy of excluding the military from everything but their pay, it is unjust to put them upon a footing different from those in any other service.

I suppose Lady Clive has conveyed all compliments, and said everything upon our gloom at your leaving us as soon as you did. She said she would press you to come to Shrewsbury races. Perhaps she has forgot to mention Mrs. Francis, and as the post is just going I have not time to put her in mind, but I will pass my word for an hearty welcome to you and yours.

I am, dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

HENRY STRACHEY.

From Lady Clive to Francis.

Walcot, near Ludlow, August 31, 1773.

In English, being too weak in Italian, I will in a few words take upon me to answer Mr. Francis's letter to Mr. Strachey, and I am to begin by returning him thanks for the kind remembrance in

which he holds me and my family. Lord Clive, the Stracheys, and Miss Ducarel, and my three daughters, desire to offer to Mr. Francis every good wish, and to inform him the time he passed in our house passed too quickly away; moreover that as he does not go till next month for India, they think he might bestow one more look upon us in this country. It is wonderful that without Mr. Francis Ludlow races should have proved so delightful, and yet they have dismissed our large party in better health, and in better spirits than when they first commanded our unwilling attendance. Those of Shrewsbury are to begin on September 14. How charming it would be if Mr. Francis would accompany Colonel Tonyn to that place of gaiety and pleasure! Colonel Tonyn, if still in the land of the living, would probably prove a more lively companion than poor dear Mr. Ashby, who, amidst all his sorrows, nevertheless won Mr. Francis's affection and liking; but if Mrs. Francis will come I shall be most glad.

You need not be apprehensive, dear Sir, of exciting in my mind groundless fears of future events, since the past has so exactly corresponded with those you fear may happen, that I am always prepared for such disasters, and give away my pets as fast as they are brought into life, in order to make others share in the grief of losing them, and that the whole burthen may not rest on me. Domenico Balestrieri[1] lamented one cat, fallen from the top of a house and crushed to death; I not only one so lost, but two besides, the fathers of families, basely assassinated and put to death by wretched boors, that pretended to believe the lovely creatures were wild and mischievous animals; one fair snowy female hurried out of life by an odious rat at two months old, another overcrammed at Walcot, another still-born at Claremont, some of both sexes crushed by doors, others lost by bad nursing, and some hundreds now begging their bread.

Let me tell you, Sir, I think you have, with the utmost modesty, chosen for yourself a very proper situation between the two extremes of high exaltation and the lowest degree of favour, but will you be content to remain there, and not seek to supplant Tufty as well as Beaumy? According as ye all behave so will I be unto ye, and no other promise will I make.

I am now to thank you for a very signal favour. The present you have made me is very acceptable, and has afforded me great pleasure and satisfaction. The sonnet upon mewing is happily expressed by *gnao, gnao*; and many others of them in wit and pleasantry exceed everything I ever met with. The lamentations

[1] A Milanese poet of the 18th century.

are very affecting, and fitted to the subject. I should have written to you in Italian, but that I found, upon making an essay, I was too much out of practice, and that the post would not wait. I should think the book complete, where there is to every sonnet a picture of the dear Micio or cat prefixed. I may say with equal truth of each of my murdered cats, as does Domenico Balestrieri of his—

la stampa
Natura fece, e poi ruppe il modello.

In return for your present I am willing to bestow on you a loan, and then to ask a very great favour of you; but first for the loan. There is in my drawer of papers a well-told and true description of the earthquake at Lisbon in the year 1753. Upon hearing me mention it, you once expressed an inclination to read it, and I was desirous you should. Now, if you care about it, and will take the trouble of asking Mr. Crisp for it, I shall be pleased with you. I should not be sorry to have one copy taken of it. So you may order that too.

Now for the favour.

Mr. Ives of Titchfield, near Fareham, has long been known to Lord Clive and me. A man of great worth and honour, and one we wish to show friendship to: an opportunity now offers of proving our sincerity by doing what he requests to us, recommending to your protection and good offices a son of his, gone to Bengal, a writer.

I hope this will find you, Mrs. Francis, and the little ones well, and that every happiness may attend you and them, is the wish of

Dear sir,
Your most obedient and humble servant,
M. Clive.

From this time (as I have said) the connection between Francis and the Clive family was very intimate. Several of Francis's first letters from India are addressed to its chief, of whose decease he was, of course, long ignorant. He corresponded regularly for some years with the second Lord Clive, then a young man commencing his studies at Geneva; and with Lady Clive, the widow, who reported to him her frequent visits to Mrs. Francis, and the progress of his son, who was at school with one of her own younger sons. Thus much by way of anticipation. 'I am attached to your lordship and family,' he says to the young Lord

Clive, in a letter of 1777, 'by every tie that can bind an honourable mind.'[1]

The following, in Francis's playful mood, are to a fair neighbour at Fulham who seems to have made him a very acceptable present; to Mrs. Hay, wife of the Governor of Barbadoes, who had been our minister in Portugal at the time of Lord Kinnoul's special mission; and to Miss Baggs, a sister (I presume) of his kinsmen the Major and the clergyman.

Duke Street, November 13, 1773.

My dear Miss Holden,—It was bad policy in you to suffer me to run so deeply into your debt. I should not have been afraid to acknowledge a moderate obligation, because I should have lived in hopes of being able to return it some time or other. But when I consider the favour you have done me, the pains you have taken, and the wonderful elegance of the performance, I own I am tempted to be ungrateful. I can hardly persuade myself to thank you at all, since I never can thank you enough. But if I say little upon the subject, be assured I pay you off in thinking. I shall for ever esteem this waistcoat as the dearest and most ornamental part of my dress. It shall only be worn upon festivals, that I may bring it back as bright, if possible, as when I received it, and shine as long as I can in the lustre which you have lent me. From waistcoats there is a natural transition to potted snipes. Instead of trusting hereafter to Providence for food and raiment, I propose to trust entirely to you and your mother: you shall both be better treated in return than Providence usually is upon these occasions.

To the Honourable Mrs. Hay, at Barbadoes.

London, November 4, 1773.

Dear Madam,—I have rather more reason than yourself, because I am going to a greater distance than Barbadoes, to wish that people in England were a little more attentive than they usually are to

[1] Poor Mrs. Francis's simple recital of the impressions produced on her by her first introduction to worldly grandeur, through this intimacy with the Clives, is amusing. In April 1774, she enters in her Journal, that she went in the coach to Esher, to visit Lady Clive for the first time, 'but was disappointed; she was gone. Mr. Churchman was so civil as to ask me if we chose a ride through the park, which we readily embraced, and had the finest ride that could be; had a fine look at the house, which is truly magnificent and charming, everything round most beautiful, and our Polly says nothing less than Claremont with twenty thousand a year, and a most amiable and charming man, will do for her.'

their friends in banishment. But it is in vain for us to be angry. They have the rod of Silence in their hands, and may plague us to death without any trouble to themselves. I hope, however, that our letters from Margate have recovered Mrs. Francis and me, in some degree, in your opinion. I really have all the dispositions in the world to be a good correspondent, if time and place would co-operate. I am also very well disposed to live long and see good days. Your kind advice about my health shall not be neglected. You already know that Mrs. Francis is not to accompany me to India; it is her own choice and resolution, and severely felt by us both. She dreads the effect of the climate upon her nerves; and even if there were no apprehension on the article of health, what are five little girls and a boy to do, deprived both of mother and father? Your own feelings and judgment suggested to you what her determination would be. But all this will come right again. If I survive the trial, it will have made me an independent man. You know my way of thinking, and that to a temper like mine independence is the first ingredient of happiness. Difficulties about the mode of conveyance have retarded our departure. Everything is now settled to our entire satisfaction, and I think it looks probable, that we shall not spend next new year's day in England. I will not promise much for myself about correspondence from Bengal, but you will hear regularly from Mrs. Francis, who will think herself happily employed in giving you advice of my proceedings. This, however, will not be the last letter you will receive from me before I go. In your next I hope to receive the confirmation of a report current among the West Indians here, that the two Miss Hays have quitted that title. Our best wishes wait upon them in every state. Shall we all meet again, and compare notes about the atmosphere? When you are languishing at Barbadoes, think what it is to be dissolved at Calcutta, and comfort yourself with the idea that some of your friends are hotter than yourself. This is one of the principal consolations to be derived from friendship. Allen is well, though not much the better for my leaving him in Portugal.

To Miss Baggs, Donnybrook, Ireland.

London, January 27, 1774.

My dear Madam,—Having no other means in my power, I have taken the liberty this day to remit you the noble sum of three half-crowns by the same channel which you directed me to make use of before. I paid it to Mrs. Este in Craven Street, who will give credit for it to your friend Miss Tighe.

I am now preparing in good earnest for my departure, which I think will take place in about three weeks. Everything about me

is in a monstrous hurry and confusion. Phil. arrived a few days ago from Paris. Stephen is here, very busy about a book. My wife desires her respects to you. Again many thanks for the arms.

In October 1773, occurs the first correspondence between Francis and Edmund Burke of which the papers before me afford any trace. According to Francis himself, the introduction of these two men to each other was effected by John Bourke, of Tokenhouse Yard, a city merchant of the same original family with the great Irishman, and an early friend of his;[1] who was extremely intimate with our hero, though a much older man, and one of his most familiar correspondents while in India. The letters now in question merely relate to appointments to meet each other on some common business not mentioned—probably concerning Francis's Indian prospects. I have said that the place of Councillor had been offered to Burke, but declined by him.

Although Lord North had at first warned Francis to be ready to sail as early as October, his departure was delayed by a variety of causes, partly of a public nature, which are referred to in the fragment of autobiography. The councillors had to await their instructions: being bound by the Regulating Act to pay due obedience 'to such orders as they shall receive from the Court of Directors.' The quarrels to which these projected Instructions gave rise between the Court of Directors, the Court of Proprietors, and the new councillors themselves, are described, in the fragment in question, sufficiently for our present purpose. The following memoranda among Francis's papers relate to them:—

Lord North presents his compliments to Mr. Francis, and desires to have the pleasure of seeing him to-day in Downing Street at half-past 12 o'clock.

Downing Street, January 10, 1774.

[1] See Burke's works, edition 1852, vol. i. p. 312.

Met Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Wedderburn, General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Robinson at Lord North's. The danger of being defeated in the ballot proposed yesterday, considered and admitted. Great unwillingness in the ministers to go to Parliament again. Clavering and Monson resolute not to act under the second set of instructions proposed by the directors. Agreed that the first thing to be done is to bring the instructions, proposed by the committee of proprietors, by themselves to a ballot, before any other question whatsoever. That amendments shall then be proposed to the directors' instructions, and a ballot demanded thereupon.

N.B. I never saw such wretched management in any important business.

Mr. Robinson presents his compliments to Mr. Francis, and should be glad if he would do him the favour of calling upon him as soon as it is convenient to him.

Parliament Street, Wednesday morning, January 12, 1774.

The plan laid down for yesterday's proceedings in the India House remains unexecuted, by Rose Fuller's non-attendance.

N.B. He had undertaken to move for the separate ballot. Robinson promises that it shall be done this day, to which the general court stands adjourned. Charming confusion.

January 14, 1774.

Meeting at Lord North's.

PRESENT.

Lord North	Mr. Thurloe
Sir Gilbert Elliot	Mr. Wedderburn
Mr. Rigby	Mr. Robinson
Mr. Ellis	Mr. Cowper
Mr. Dyson	General Clavering
Mr. Jenkinson	Colonel Monson
Mr. Stanley	Mr. Francis
Mr. Jackson	

After a great deal of conversation, in which the minister's unwillingness to go again to Parliament, and his wish that we should act under the instructions proposed by the court of directors rather than attempt any third expedient, appeared very manifest, it was at last agreed—

That it was of great consequence with respect to carrying any future questions in the general court, and to the influence of government over the future proceedings of the Company, that the first questions supported by them should be carried by a great majority.

That if we supported the instructions proposed by the directors

we should probably succeed, and that the strength of government being confounded with that of the house would then appear to the greatest advantage.

That therefore it should be the plan of the members of the government to send the two sets of instructions to be balloted for together, and that care shall be taken not to let them be separated.

That for this purpose there shall be as great an attendance as possible at the next general court appointed for the 17th instant.

The 'instructions' in question, to which Francis and his colleagues so strongly objected, are addressed by the Court of Directors to the Governor-General and four Councillors, January 14, 1774, and certified by five counsel to be legal and consistent with the provisions of the Regulating Act. The points which particularly gave him umbrage were the constitution of a Board of Trade, to manage the commercial affairs of the Company, with such powers as to render it in his judgment almost independent of the council; and the restrictions placed on the council's interference with existing leases of the lands of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa.[1]

On a note from Mr. Robinson (Secretary to the Treasury) asking for an appointment to meet Francis (January 2, 1774), the latter has made the following indorsement:—

Jan. 3. Had a long conversation with Mr. Robinson. It appeared to me that he felt great embarrassment about the consequence of the new instructions: and that he was conscious of having been duped by the directors. Impossible to come to any conclusion with a man whose own error or oversight makes it necessary for him to undervalue great difficulties which he ought to have foreseen and prevented.

It is evident that Francis's official experience and habits had taught him the wisdom of making express notes of everything to his advantage which might have passed in private in conversation with a minister. He writes at the foot of a note from Lord North offering to 'see him in Downing Street,' January 23, 1774—

[1] See the autobiographical fragment.

Received the strongest assurances from Lord North that, in Mr. Keene's negotiation with Mr. de Grey about exchanging his seat at Wareham for Luggershall, care had been [taken] not to prejudice my interest at Wareham. His lordship also confirmed in the most cordial manner the promise which he gave me at Bushy on November 28, 1773, that I should have the utmost support of government, if it should be necessary, for the appointment of Mr. D'Oyly to represent Wareham at the next general election, in case I should be abroad.

It is not uninstructive to note the very great interest which the 'Public Advertiser' took in these debates at the East India House, and discussion elsewhere, touching the instructions to be given to the Councillors. In December 1775 and January 1774, *An Old Proprietor*, *Porus*, *Sujah*, *Æsop*, and others besides, all take the field, and all to persuade the public of the same truth—the impolicy of hampering the Indian reformers by creating authorities in India not subject to their supremacy. And Sir Philip Francis has carefully extracted and pasted their letters into one of his folios; with occasional MS. notes, and supplying mutilated paragraphs. The probable inference is that they are chiefly his own compositions, inserted by reason of his old command over Woodfall's columns.

The government measure (subject, however, to these obnoxious Instructions) was practically carried on Feb. 3, 1774, at the India House in an unusually large meeting of proprietors. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Robinson, had issued a circular for the attendance of every member of the Government holding stock. Lord Sandwich, Sir G. Elliot, Sir L. Dundas, Hans Stanley, Welbore Ellis, Lords Falmouth and Gage, Mr. E. Lascelles, and every ministerialist attended; 120 members of the government and ministerial partisan proprietors were present to the termination of the proceedings. Those pro-

ceedings were reported in the 'Public Advertiser,' in three columns, on the following Monday, the 7th; partially, however, in favour of the opponents of the Act. The great question was the military command proposed to be invested in General Clavering. During the discussion and speeches the new commissioners were treated rather unceremoniously. Francis, in Woodfall's report, was described as 'a clerk in the War Office.'[1] This designation caused the insertion in the 'Public Advertiser' of the next day the following curious paragraph :—

> In justice to Mr. Francis, whose name was mentioned in our paper of yesterday, it ought to be observed that he resigned his place of first clerk in the War Office a year and a half before he was appointed councillor.

George III.'s letters to Lord North (see especially that of February 11, 1774) express his satisfaction at this result. On February 24, General Clavering was appointed Commander-in-chief of the East India Company's forces; with Colonel Monson to succeed him in that command in case of Clavering's becoming Governor-General. The last obstacles to the proposed arrangement being thus removed, Francis prepared for his voyage.

On the eve of departure,[2] Francis effected the arrange-

[1] Francis's friend, Dr. Campbell, is thus mentioned in the 'Public Advertiser' report: 'Good old Dr. Campbell was brought from Queen's Square, and stayed till the last, though every one expected he would have expired in his seat.'

[2] Just at the period of the departure of Francis for India (1774), appeared a pamphlet entitled 'The Irenarch: or, Justice of the Peace's Manual; addressed to the gentlemen in the Commission of Peace for the County of Leicester. By a gentleman of the Commission.' To which is prefixed 'A Dedication to Lord Mansfield, by another hand.' Of this singular volume (according to Mr. Parkes), one copy only is known to exist, which belonged to Sir P. Francis, and was bound by him with other tracts. It contains a vindication of Junius's views on the Law of Libel, with extracts from the 'Letters,' so significant that, in Mr. Parkes's opinion, it 'could be written by none but Junius himself.'

ment indicated in the next letter with the executors of Mr. Calcraft, to which (it appears) he had Lord North's consent.

London, February 28, 1774.

Gentlemen,—Being appointed by the legislature to be one of the Council of Bengal for the term of five years, and now preparing for my departure, it becomes necessary to state to you what my wishes are, with respect to the choice of one of the representatives for the Borough of Wareham, at the general election or at the next vacancy.

On the other side of this letter is a copy of a paper, written and signed by my late worthy friend, Mr. Calcraft, the original of which is in your possession. It contains a request and injunction to you, his trustees and executors, in my favour, which I doubt not you will implicitly comply with. But as my absence from England will prevent my immediately availing myself of the benefit and honour intended me by Mr. Calcraft, it is my earnest desire and request to you, that you will employ the interest vested in you by his will, to return my intimate friend Christopher D'Oyly, Esquire, of Little Charles Street, Berkeley Square, as member for the Borough of Wareham, at the next general election or at the first vacancy that may happen, instead of myself. He is a man whom Mr. Calcraft highly esteemed, and to whom there can be no objection on any account. My own particular reason for wishing that he may be elected in my room is, because I can depend upon his honour that if, on my return from India, I should require of him to vacate his seat, he will be ready to do so; and that in the meantime he will supply my place in parliament with the greatest honour and ability. In case of his death while I am abroad, I hope and expect that due care will be taken of my interest, and that whoever succeeds him shall be bound by an honourable obligation to vacate the seat, if, upon my return from India, I should require it.

Christopher D'Oyly (with Single-speech Hamilton) was accordingly returned for Wareham at the general election of 1774, and again in 1776, when he had accepted the office of 'Commissary-General of the Musters.' The complaints of Francis, in his autobiographical fragment, that Calcraft's executors had played false with him in the matter of the representation of Wareham, are not to me intelligible.

Whatever may have been Francis's faults, it is certain

that he succeeded in earning as zealous and disinterested friendships as often fall to the lot of man. Several letters addressed to him at this period are full of kindness; but the following from a member of a family related to his wife, with which the correspondence shows a long intimacy, breathes no ordinary spirit of generosity.

Preston Street, March 30, 1774.

Dear Francis,—I intended visiting you to-night before I saw you this evening, and missing Mrs. Francis shall not prevent it, although to say how she was as late as possible was one motive. You may depend on Mrs. Chandler's and my seeing her to-morrow and every day that we possibly can, to alleviate her great loss all that friends can. Another motive was to tell you I won't make your insurance. God preserve you very long to your family! He has been already bountiful to you and yours in His blessings. If His Almighty will disposes of you otherwise than we wish, depend on it your dear children shall never want the sum the insurance would have raised them. God preserve you! The four hundred shall be taken care of. A happy speedy voyage, and every good that can befal you, is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend,

GEORGE CHANDLER.

'I do not suffer Mrs. Francis,' says D'Oyly, in a letter of nearly the same date, 'to indulge her melancholy thoughts too much: upon the whole she behaves well, and we will endeavour to think as little of you as possible; and in return I expect that you are not at all anxious about your wife and family, for you have left those here that will take care of them.'

It is due to Francis to say that he had himself made as ample provision on this head, prospectively, as his now altered circumstances seemed to allow. It is detailed in the next letter to his wife, and accompanied with very characteristic instructions as to the management of his children during his absence.

London, March 30, 1774.

I have paid into Messrs. Drummond's hands the sum of 500*l.* for your use, and subject to your orders. This, with the sum of 93*l.*,

which I leave with you, amounts to 593*l.* My intention is to allow your father 25*l.* a year, to be reckoned from the day I embark. Of this he has already received ten guineas on account. You will pay him the remainder (14*l.* 10*s.*) any time within the year; but do not advance any more till this time twelvemonth.

You are to pay my father's pensioner half a guinea on the twelfth of every month.

On April 1, 1775, my trustees are directed to pay you 63*l.* 6*s.*, or such a proportion of that sum as you may desire, and so on annually. You will leave it at Drummond's, and draw for it as you want it. Keep an account of your drafts that you may know how your money lasts. If the above annuities fall in, you will have the advantage of it.

As you are to have the above sum paid annually on a stated day, it is not material to you whether I leave the rent, taxes, schooling, &c., paid up or not to the day of my departure, but I shall leave you an exact state of those articles, as they stand due. I wish you may be able, for three years at least, to live on this allowance; but I should be very unhappy to think you were distressed. You are therefore at liberty to apply to my trustees for 50*l.* more, if you find you want it at the end of the year. This, I hope, will remove all difficulties and apprehensions.

I have made the best provision I can for my son's education. I need not recommend it to you to see him often, and tell Mr. Ribouville freely anything you think amiss. The girls will fall more particularly under your care. Sally is to come home at Christmas next, or at Midsummer 1775 at farthest. I leave that and everything relative to the periods of their going to and quitting the school to your own discretion.

I wish you to live rather a retired, but not a dull and melancholy life.

You have acquaintances enough, and I wish you to avoid new ones. In general, prefer those friends who live nearest to you. Let the girls be taught a grave, modest, reserved carriage. I dislike hoydens. Keep them constantly in your company (when from school), and observe everything they do. Let them have exercise abroad, and constant occupation at home. Take care what books they read; and if you take them to a play, which should not be above once in a winter, let it be some ridiculous comedy and pantomime at which they may laugh, but nothing sentimental, or that borders upon indecorum. Above all things, never suffer them to be idle. The older they grow the more necessary you will find this rule to be. When you want medical assistance you may always

have that of Mr. Adair and Dr. Macnamara. Keep an account book for all the money you pay (exclusive of your house and private expenses), and mark the day to which every article is paid up.

This may be the proper place, although occasioning some anticipation, to notice a feature in Francis's character which has been often dwelt on, and exaggerated, by his enemies. He had the reputation of being very close in pecuniary matters. 'His warmest admirers,' says his hostile critic in the 'Calcutta Review,' 'do not seek to conceal the fact that he was utterly without generosity. His avarice and meanness were proverbial. It has been alleged, indeed, that he invited men to take up their residence in his house, and then sent them in a bill for their board and lodging.' Lord Brougham says in his 'Statesmen of the Reign of George III.': 'His nature was exceedingly penurious; and, like all men of this cast, he stooped to the smallest savings. His little schemes of economy were the subject of amusing observations to his friends.' Lord Brougham (who is confirmed on this point by Lady Francis) is no doubt referring to current anecdotes of Francis's later days; and we all know how common it is, after a life of ardent passion and superabundant energy, for men of his temper to expend the last superfluous eagerness which remains to them in half-serious addiction to the 'good old-gentlemanly vice.' As to the Indian stories, it is to be remembered that Francis went to India to make a fortune, and did succeed in making a moderate one; and Indian civilians, always a hospitable, often an extravagant race, are very apt to judge thus contemptuously of 'uncovenanted' interlopers who do not spend their income. But a mean and penurious man, during the better part of his life, Francis was not. On the contrary, those who study his private history from the materials which he has left will be disposed to think him

at once a generous and a just man. While he was struggling on with an income which must have barely sufficed for his maintenance, we have seen how his careless father depended on the more thoughtful son for assistance, and how he did his best to help his wife's needy family. He was fond of money doubtless; a gamester in his younger days on the Stock Exchange, in after times (as will be seen) at the whist table to a most extravagant extent; but he was certainly no miser. His careful and repeated attentions to the pecuniary comfort of his family, during his Indian absence, are creditable both to his head and heart. We have seen that his original allowance to Mrs. Francis, on his departure, was at the rate of £600, or rather £630 a year; but he complains, comically enough, to his friend Godfrey in a letter from Calcutta (June 25, 1776), 'I have repeatedly directed my trustees' (D'Oyly and Chandler) 'to increase her allowance to £800, and not to allow her to be on any account distressed for money. Instead of complying with these requests, they give her good advice, and, in the midst of their own insolent unbounded affluence, prescribe economy to the most careful and prudent of the human species. Among other things they will not let her have a coach, though I positively directed her to have it, and am positively determined she shall, as well as every other comfort and convenience that money can purchase.' At the same time, Francis was, as it seems, contributing largely to the support of his wife's poverty-stricken father Macrabie.

Mr. Chandler and I (writes D'Oyly to him some time later—April 20, 1777) take as good care of your money matters as we can; but if you choose that your family should not spend more than 800*l.* a year, you should not specify that sum in our letters, and in theirs call upon them to spend whatever they please, and rather charge them to live liberally and expensively in that way. This you cannot but see must breed a little uneasiness when we try to keep expenses

within what you point out to us, and indeed I suppose they will now reach 1,200*l.* a year, instead of 800*l.*

Poor Mrs. Francis, however (to sum up the events of later years), though the simplest of women, does not seem to have been qualified to shine as an economist. She quarrelled with her trustees for stinting her: particularly in the matter of a house in Harley Street, which cost the very considerable rent (for those times) of £180 per annum. 'Harley Street is all the *ton* now,' writes one of Francis's correspondents. She complains to her husband in India (August 27, 1775), that—

Mr. Chandler has been rather harsh, though I believe well meant. I gave up buying a gown which was to cost 10*l.* though I have not had one before since you went. . . I wished him and Mr. D'Oyly to examine my accounts, which they both declined. What can I do? I meet with some difficulties, but must swallow them. Both their ladies are very advising, without knowing anything of the matter: but they live in plenty and may do what they please without being called to account: they know nothing of children or their expenses.

On April 20, 1777, she sends the following list of her expenses:—

House rent and taxes in Harley Street . .	205*l.*	
Housekeeping at 4 guineas a week . .	222	
Philip's school, and clothes, &c. for him .	100	
Servants' wages, five in number . . .	42	
Men's liveries	12	12*s.*
Girls' clothes: there are five . . .	100	
Coals and wine, and apothecary . . .	80	
Coach, &c.	120	
Monthlies, for myself	60	
	941	12*s.*

which sum she afterwards raised, by supplementary estimate, to 1,085*l.*, including her girls' schooling. In 1779 expenses had advanced much farther. Bristow, one of Francis's Indian friends coming to London, finds her in Harley Street: 'her establishment and style of living are elegant without being extravagant, at least according to

my ideas, and I imagine she does not spend you above £2,000 a year.'

His son Philip was entrusted to the charge of a French emigrant teacher, M. Ribouville, who also had the care of a son of Lord Clive. Francis had strong dogmatical notions on the subject of education, as on so many others; and he left a carefully-written paper in the hands of M. Ribouville,[1] containing his view of the training to be adopted for his boy. For years after his arrival in India, Francis carefully enters in his letter books, along with the political and private correspondence of his fiercely agitated life, the formal communications in French which he receives from the worthy M. Ribouville, and the scrawls of his little boy to 'papa.'

After delays which must have tried his impatient spirit, Francis left his house in Duke Street for Portsmouth, where he was to embark on board the Ashburnham with Clavering and Monson, at half-past eight in the evening of March 30, 1774. His companion was his favourite friend and brother-in-law, Alexander Macrabie. Alexander had reached England from America some months previous; whether in consequence of disappointment in the commercial or other schemes to which he had applied himself when in that country, does not appear. But he now accompanied Francis in the quality of private secretary. They slept at Epsom; and only reached Portsmouth (though posting with four horses) at eight o'clock the following evening. 'N.B.,' says Macrabie, 'in some emergencies two nags will move as fast as four; an extraordinary shilling has amazing influence.' On the following day they embarked.

[1] Printed in Appendix.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

COPY, *verb. et lit.*, of a Fragment of an Autobiography of (Sir) Philip Francis's early life. It was evidently written in India, at Calcutta, not later than 1776, if not a year earlier. The original is on the Government paper he used at that period in India; and the allusion to current, unconcluded affairs in India fixes beyond doubt the place and above period of the manuscript.

I found the fragments within a large parcel of unsorted mixed papers chiefly on Indian Finance. On perusal, I was immediately aware of the great value of the fragments. The breaks with dots represent passages cut out with scissors in the original.

The mutilations of the Autobiography there can be little, if any, doubt were made by Francis himself; probably at some after time on his return to Europe. Occasionally in the manuscript sentences or words have been interpolated (not originally written) in a varied or later handwriting of Sir Philip. The Autobiography, or its fragments as above found, must of course have been brought home by him. Also, in the same parcel I found his own copy of his letter to Calcraft of 1st December 1770.[1] It is probable that on second thoughts, later in

[1] This copy was written on War Office paper.

life (and he is known before death to have destroyed numerous private papers), he mutilated portions of this early autobiography—preserving the fragments as memoranda for another similar composition. Or, the fragments might have been mislaid by him in his packages on his return from Calcutta in a loose mass of India Financial documents, and remained unobserved and unknown in the bundle.

The remains of this singular record by Sir Philip are all important, as illustrating his political opinions and active co-operation in the opposition to the Grafton and North administrations—his confidential communications with Calcraft—his relations with Lord Chatham, not direct, but through Calcraft—in solving the mystery as to his obtainment of his place in the India Council—and generally, as expressing his views of the political and private characters of the leading public men of the Junius period.

The autobiography (with the other discovered proofs) is most confirmatory of Sir Philip's authorship of the 'Junius' Letters. It records, further, the remarkable confession, that on reconsidering his own political services of the Opposition, he had entertained mistaken political views, though his convictions at the time were 'sincere.' This distinct admission is clearly an apology for some of the extreme personalities and anti-ministerial attacks of Junius.

The autobiographer's allusion to Woodfall's Trial and the Press, and especially to the Middlesex Election Question and Wilkes, betrays Francis in relation to Junius. Also, his character of Chatham and Calcraft exactly tallies with the Letters.

J. PARKES.

The Condition of our Commerce with Portugal was very little improved by Lord Kinnoul's negociations. His Instructions, it is true, did not intitle him to hold a peremptory Language. We were involved in a most expensive War, and notwithstanding our successes, had no Allies to spare. This at least, in Mr. Pitt's Opinion, was no Season for increasing the number of our Enemies. With respect to Portugal, I am convinced he was mistaken; but, even if he had thought it advisable to adopt a firmer System of negociation with that little Court, the Execution of it must have been disgraced by so feeble an Instrument as Lord Kinnoull. We found a French Ambassador at Lisbon, whose Organs were very differently constituted from ours. It was not possible for the French Nation to be more truly represented than by the Comte de Merle. He was lively, vain, insolent and polite. With respect to us, the most unlucky part of his Character was his Penetration. He saw in a Moment what Sort of a Rival he had to contend with, and resolved, if he could, to lower the Triumphs of the English Nation by mortifying and degrading their Ambassador. He asserted that he had an indisputable right to take the Pàs of the English Ambassador on all Occasions whatsoever; that the point had either never been disputed by us; or that it had been formally yielded and did not admit of a question;—and that he was determined, at all Events, to maintain the right and Honour of the Crown of France. It was in vain for the Portuguese Ministers to propose Expedients to a Man of this Temper. He would not listen to anything that conveyed the most distant Idea of Equality, and in fact he carried his point. The question was, which of them should go first into the King's Closet.—The French Ambassador always took his Station at the Door till it was opened, and would suffer no Man to enter before him. In this Situation Lord Kinnoull had no honourable Remedy but to go up to the door and remove the French Ambassador by Force. The other of course would have drawn his sword, and a Battle must have ensued between them in the King of Portugal's Presence. Lord Kinnoull had too much Discretion to run the risque of such an Extremity. Instead of taking the Quarrel upon himself, he stated the Case pretty fairly to Mr. Pitt, who in return sent him Orders, in the King's Name, to assert the Precedence due to the Crown of England, and dispute the Pàs with the French Ambassador. By this Instruction, which he

neither had Courage to execute or disobey, Lord Kinnoull's Distresses were compleated. At last however the Condé de Oeyras helped him, in some degree, out of his Difficulties, by obtaining a prior Audience for him on the day on which the Marriage of the Princess of Brazils with her Uncle was declared. But as this Audience was granted at an unusual hour, the Point in dispute with the French Ambassador never came in issue, and in Effect was left upon as disgraceful a footing for us as ever.

Lord Kinnoull, by constant Assiduity and Compliance, had ingratiated himself with the Prime Minister, and of course was a sort of Favourite at Court. His Favour indeed did not serve to promote the Object of the Embassy, but it occasioned his being treated with a great deal of personal Distinction and Respect.

In Consequence of a Difference between the two Courts about the Value of a Present offered to Carvalho, when he was Envoy in England, it had been agreed for some years that no Presents should be given at the Departure of their respective Ministers. Lord Kinnoull had his audience of Leave in the usual Form, and was dismissed with a multitude of gracious Expressions. A few minutes after he had quitted the Closet, the King of Portugal sent to desire to speak with him again.—'My Lord,' says he, 'I have taken Leave of the English Ambassador, but I should be sorry that the Earl of Kinnoull should leave my Court, without receiving some Mark of my personal Regard for him.' So saying, his Majesty presented him with a gold Snuff Box, in which was a Brilliant, valued at twelve hundred Moidores. —When a Favour is conferred in this handsome manner, the Portuguese call it a *Fineza*, and no People understand better how to refine upon a Compliment.

I do not think it difficult to account for their Conduct, tho' few Events have created a greater Variety of Speculations. The Tone, given by the Court and adopted by more than their dependants at that time, was to rail at the Arrogance of a Minister who deserted the Service of his Country at a critical Conjuncture, because the Privy Council did not yield to his Opinion for an immediate Declaration of War against Spain. This was the substance of the Charge. The rest was Ornament or Invective. There was some Appearance undoubtedly, but no Truth in this kind of Language. Mr. Pitt's resolution must

have been founded on a Consideration of three Facts, of the reality of which he had very sufficient Reason to be convinced. —1st That the King's Confidence, without which the Post of Minister, excepting some few extraordinary cases, is either unsafe or precarious or dishonourable, was intirely engrossed by Lord Bute.—2d That the King and Lord Bute were determined as soon as they could to patch up a peace with France, almost upon any Terms.—3d That if the War with France was continued, a War with Spain was inevitable. In this situation he had the Choice of three Systems of Conduct before him.

If he concurred with the secret Views of the Closet, and made himself the Instrument of an ignominious Peace with France, the Consequence would be, that he must lose all Credit with the Nation and be turned out of Office whenever the King thought proper. If he continued to act, after his Advice against Spain had been rejected, he had nothing to expect but perpetual Contradictions from a decided Majority in Council, a total Loss of Dignity, Responsibility without Power, and the Regret of having missed the most graceful Opportunity of resigning. It remained then for him to insist on a War with Spain, which in spite of the King would have fixed him in the Ministry, or to leave to his Enemies the Task of continuing the present War, with the prospect of another before them, or the still more difficult Task of putting an End to it on terms adequate to our Successes and satisfactory to the Nation. His Conduct, in my Opinion, was a Masterpiece of personal Policy, of which, at the same time, his Country had no reason to complain. He might have sacrificed himself by continuing in a Post no longer tenable with honour; but neither would the King have suffered him to hold it longer than was necessary to disgrace him, nor would it have been of any Benefit to the Nation. His Conduct, thus far, was too bright and too elevated not to receive some Shade or Diminution from the Acceptance of a Peerage and a Pension. He deserved greater Rewards from the English Nation, but, at that moment, he should have refused them from the King.

The first Measure adopted by his Successors was in effect the highest Compliment imaginable to the Man whose Advice they had rejected. As a French Author expresses it,—'they paid a sort of Homage to his superiority.' They had hardly taken their seats in Council before they were obliged to declare War against Spain.

. . . . . he might deserve to be called ingenious. But in the Conduct of Affairs he was literally Mr. Pitt's Clerk, with hardly any qualification but Zeal and Assiduity. I never saw anything like a masterly Performance from his Pen. In private Life he was amiable and respectable. No Man did more for his Family and his Friends. He was chearful too, and happy in Society—until he came into Office again with Lord Weymouth. Conceiving then that he governed the Nation, he grew proud, reserved, and miserable. Never was a better Man more hurt by Advancement.

On the Expectation of a War with Spain in 1770, he sold large sums in the stocks on Speculation, and concluding that Lord Chatham must necessarily be called upon to take the Lead, he persuaded Lord Weymouth to resign. Neither of these Events taking place, it was suspected that the considerable loss he suffered in the Stocks, added perhaps to the Reproaches of Lord Weymouth, drove him to despair, and that he put an end to his life.[1] . . . . . .

As soon as the peace was concluded Lord Bute determined to resign, yet to continue to govern the King and Kingdom, if he could, without appearing in any ostensible or responsible Employment. His Friends pretended to say that this was originally his Plan, and that he never meant to remain in Office, after he had once accomplished the great work of Pacification; but I have good ground for judging differently of his motives. I have no doubt that both he and the Princess Dowager meant that he should continue Minister for Life, but that he was frighted from his Post by the Clamours of the Nation and the growing antipathy against the Scotch, excited and fomented by the writings of John Wilkes. He yielded to a storm, which he might possibly have weathered, if he had possessed courage enough to face it. He thought however that his secret influence would still be secured, by committing the Government to three of his dependants. These were Halifax, Egremont, and George Grenville. The two first were

[1] I can only fill up this mutilated passage by the conjecture that it refers to Robert Wood (the Greek antiquary, Francis's early patron), who was Under Secretary of State under Lord Chatham, and again in 1768, when Lord Weymouth came in. He died at his country place on September 9, 1771. But I have not seen anywhere else this suggestion as to the manner of his death.

little more than names. It was apparent that the weight of power would follow the Treasury, and devolve upon Grenville. Fox now saw, with Spite and Rancour, that he had been labouring for the Advancement of a Man he hated. . . . . There was a Time, at which he might have been Minister himself and succeeded Lord Bute at the Treasury. His heart failed him at the Juncture, and he repented when it was too late. After the new Arrangement was settled, he sent Calcraft to Lord Bute to say that he was ready to act. From that moment I date the Dotage, which has since reduced him to nothing. The King however rewarded his Services with a Peerage, which had before been given to his Wife, and continued him in the Pay Office. His Friends of course fell from him very fast, Rigby and Calcraft among the first. He accused them both of Ingratitude, as if a Minister out of Power had any claim to Friendship. How far the first was engaged to him I know not. Calcraft undoubtedly owed his rapid Fortune to Mr. Fox's patronage. He was the Son of an Attorney at Grantham, and went to London literally to seek his Fortune. At the age of six and forty he had a landed Estate, the Rent Roll of which was above ten thousand Pounds a year. In his quarrel with Lord Holland I think he had as much Reason of his Side, as an interested Man can have for deserting an Old Friend and Benefactor. There was not Virtue enough in either of them to justify their quarelling. If either of them had had common Honesty, he could never have been the Friend of the other. Lord Shelburne, Marquis of Lansdowne, who was then no more than a Messenger between Fox and Bute, had heard the former, in a fit of Passion or Peevishness, declare that he was determined to quit the Pay Office, and retire from public Affairs. This Intelligence he . . . . . carried to Lord Bute who made his Arrangement accordingly. Fox, who had no thoughts of relinquishing seven thousand pounds a year, and certainly had not commissioned Shelburne to answer for his Intentions, denied his having ever made such a Declaration. Shelburne appealed to Calcraft, who, preferring the Interest of Truth to every other Consideration, gave Evidence against his patron. The Question between these virtuous Men was, how far Honour was to yield to or prevail over Gratitude. Fox affirmed that, if his service required it, Calcraft was bound to foreswear himself. Calcraft on the other hand, seeing the Decline of his Patron's

Influence, which it was apparent he could never recover, did not apprehend that Gratitude ought to carry him so far. They parted with more public hostility than was quite prudent in men so well acquainted with each other's Defects. A Reconciliation was impossible, for each of them knew the Heart of his Enemy. From that time we may date the Origin of Mr. Calcraft's Patriotism. Before he openly went over with Shelburne and Barré to Lord Temple and Chatham, he thought proper to declare War with Lord Bute by the most violent and outrageous Manifesto that ever was penned against a Minister or a Gentleman. Bute shewed his Letter to my Father, and complained of it as the grossest Insult he had ever received. What were the Causes of Calcraft's Resentment I know not, but I can answer for it he preserved it to the moment of his Death.

Amidst all these villainous Transactions, my Father had more reason to complain of ungrateful Treatment than anybody. From the year 1756, he had been incessantly employed. He almost lived at Holland House, and was the Friend and Favourite of the Family. He taught Stephen and Charles to read, and Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangeways to declaim. The Conduct of these Ladies, it must be confessed, has not done much Credit to his Instructions. Lady Susan thought proper to marry a Player, whose Person promised more than it was able to perform. Lady Sarah, encouraged by the Vanity or Ambition of the Family, looked at nothing less than the Crown. The young King was evidently more partial to her than suited the Views of Bute and the Princess Dowager. Yet he permitted them to choose a Wife for him, and had not Spirit enough to choose even a Mistress for himself. Lady Sarah was ready to be either. When that hope failed, she accepted of Sir Charles Bunbury and was married by my Father, who, I presume, has been heartily cursed by them both for the share he had in bringing them together. It is remarkable enough that both these Ladies were disappointed in their Men. Considering all Circumstances, my Father was not unreasonable in expecting an Irish Bishoprick or some handsome Provision in the Church. Lord Holland affected to lament his Inability to serve a Man, whom he professed to love and esteem; yet had Interest enough to make Mr. Young, a poor Curate, who married his natural Daughter, a Bishop in Ireland. I have

often seen that worthy Prelate and his Wife at Breakfast and Dinner with his Patron's Servants. Such Christian Humility entitled him to a Mitre.

When Lord Holland went to Italy in 1763, he left my Father as unprovided for as when he found him; except that he bequeathed him as a Legacy to Lord Bute, who transferred him to George Grenville. Thro' this Recommendation, he afterwards obtained a Pension out of the Privy Purse of three hundred Pounds a year. In the meantime however, he felt the Distress of his situation, and was stung with the Idea of so long having been the Dupe of a Scoundrel. His Resentment burst into a Flame. He wrote to Lord Holland in violent terms, which . . . . . where, for want of better Employment he busied himself in laying schemes. In these . . . . . I concurred with him heartily. I had no hope of advancement but on the line of Opposition. I was sincere tho' mistaken in my Politics, and was convinced the Ministry could never stand the Consequences of the Middlesex Election. In the separation of Chatham and Temple, when the former accepted the Privy Seal, Calcraft had carefully kept up an Interest and secret Correspondence with them both. It was not long before Chatham discovered that . . . . . had cajolled and deceived him, that the Duke of Grafton was undermining him in the Closet, and that the System of the double Cabinet, which had ruined Lord Rockingham's administration, ... continued to operate as powerfully as ever. As soon as there was a prospect of a rupture between Lord Chatham and the Duke of Grafton, Calcraft made it his Business to reconcile the Brothers, and effected his purpose by convincing them that their mutual Interest required it. This indeed was obvious, and to such Men no other Motives were necessary. The next Step was to effect a reconciliation between Chatham and George Grenville. This would not have been a difficult matter, if nothing but Demonstrations of Enmity had passed between them. Expressions of hearty Contempt are not so easily forgiven. The three Brothers consented however to a Meeting, at which every Man was ready to throw the Blame of former Mistakes upon himself, and shed Tears in abundance. They were all good Actors, and performed their parts to Admiration. Another Object still required the good Offices and Mediation of Mr. Calcraft. His great property

and constant profession of wanting nothing for himself, gave him a considerable weight with all Parties. The Marquis of Rockingham was at the head of the only Set of Men, that, in point of Numbers, deserved to be called a Party. He considered Chatham as the immediate Cause of the Dissolution of his own Administration and hated him accordingly, tho' in effect it was Northington who gave the finishing Stroke to his Credit with the King. This Temper carried him so far that, when Chatham afterwards made him some Advances, Lord Rockingham refused to receive his visit, and turned him out of his House without seeing him. But lasting Enmities are much upon the same footing with lasting Friendships in the Breast of a Statesman. The Interest of all parties evidently required a Coalition, and Calcraft was again the Mediator; at least he told me so. To his Industry and activity the Opposition were in some measure indebted for the formidable Appearance they made in the beginning of the Year 1770, when Chatham, Camden, and Granby resigned, when Yorke put an end to his Life, when Grafton abandoned the Government, and North succeeded to what I believe he himself and every Man in the Kingdom at that time thought a forlorn Hope. It is not easy to say, by what means all these flattering Expectations were disappointed. Calcraft thought we might have succeeded, if Camden had not given the Duke of Grafton a respite of some days, and kept the Seals after they had been demanded of him, while the Negotiation with Charles Yorke was depending; or if Granby had resigned with Spirit, and thrown all his Commissions at the King's feet; or at last, if the Leaders of the Opposition could have agreed among themselves about the Treasury. It was soon discovered that they were quarrelling . . . . . about the spoils, before they had gained the Victory. The Court were well informed of these Divisions, and determined to hold a steady Countenance. The Influence of the Crown is so powerful, that if the Administration can but gain time, they must always conquer.

Notwithstanding the famous Protest of forty-two Lay Lords, and all Chatham's Eloquence, Calcraft and I soon saw that the Game was lost with respect to Opposition in general, but we still thought it possible that Chatham might be sent for alone. This would have suited him . . . . . much better than a general change of hands and we knew he had no scruples

about deserting his new Friends. On the Approach of a Rupture with Spain about Falkland Islands, these views revived. Chatham came forward again, and attacked the Ministry with wonderful Eloquence. I took down from Memory the famous Speech he made on the 22nd of Nov. 1770, and had it published in a few days. It had a great Effect abroad, and alarmed or offended the Ministry so much, that they determined to shut the Doors of the House of Lords against all Strangers, even Members of the other House. I was present at that ridiculous Scene of Riot and Confusion, when Lord Gower, first Marquis of Stafford, interrupted the Duke of Manchester in the middle of his Speech, and moved that the House should be cleared. After a loud and shameful Clamour, which lasted half an hour, the Opposition Lords retired in a Body and protested. The Stroke however was fatal to the Opposition. It was in vain to make Speeches, when there was no Audience to be informed or inflamed, nor any means of dispersing them among the people. Still however we thought a Spanish War inevitable, and that Chatham must be employed. Lord Weymouth, on that Conviction, resigned the Secretary of State's Office; and I lost five hundred pounds in the Stocks. By that loss however I gained Knowledge enough of the Mode of transacting Business in the Alley, to deter me from entering into such Traffic again. The Convention with Spain sunk me and my hopes to a lower State than ever. If Chatham had come in, I might have commanded anything, and could not but have risen under his Protection.

In the Course of the above Debates in the House of Lords, a circumstance happened, which I think deserves to be remembered, that it may appear how much the greatest Men may be and often are indebted to little ones. Woodfall the printer had been tried before Lord Mansfield at Nisi Prius for printing a Libel,—I think it was Junius' Letter to the King, and found guilty of *printing and publishing only.* Lord Mansfield accepted the Verdict. The Attorney General moved the Court of King's Bench that the Verdict might be entered up according to the legal sense of the Words. Woodfall's Counsel petitioned for a new Trial. According to the established Proceedings of the Court, the Grounds for granting or refusing a new Trial must arise from some defect in the Verdict itself, and must appear on the face of the Record. Lord Mansfield, in making his Report to the Court, stated the Charge which he had given to the

Jury, and went into all the Proceedings at *nisi prius*. All this Discourse was calculated to serve other Purposes. With respect to the question before the Court, it was extrajudicial and improper,—as the Lawyers call it, he travelled out of the Record. I caught a hint of this Irregularity from Bearcroft one night at a Tavern, and immediately drew up an Argument upon it in proper Form, and sent it to Calcraft, desiring him to transmit it to his Friend. Within three days after, I heard the great Earl of Chatham repeat my Letter verbatim in the House of Lords, not only following the Argument exactly, but dressing it in the same Expressions that I had done. His Speech the next day flamed in the Newspapers, and ran through the Kingdom.[1]

Such were the Triumphs or Amusements of a Party that had almost all the Wit, and Popularity, and Abilities in the Kingdom to support them, but never could carry a question in either House of Parliament. I saw plainly that my Connections would never lead me to any solid Advantage . . . . . 1775, or till a Vacancy, of which there was no Expectation. Even then I must resign my place, and fight my Way to advancement with a broken and languishing Opposition. The Prospect on every side was gloomy and dispiriting. From that time I never ceased to form Projects for quitting the War Office. India was the only Quarter where it was possible to make a Fortune, and this Way all my Thoughts were directed. They were rather Thoughts than Views, for I saw no Opening, and only Observation; and, by changing the Scene, helped to relieve my Thoughts. Calcraft agreed to join me at Naples in the Autumn. We parted with every possible Mark of Affection,—never to meet again.[2] The Journal of my Travels which is preserved among my Papers in England, contains little or nothing of Importance except a curious Interview with the Pope, Ganganelli. I wrote a particular Account of it to Doctor Campbell. Nothing could exceed the Courtesy with which his Holiness treated us; but there was no dignity in his deportment nor Judgement in his discourse. He seemed to have got a set of speeches by heart, calculated to please and flatter such

[1] Apparently this is the letter printed in the present Appendix.

[2] See Calcraft's last letter to Lord Chatham, August 21, 1772 (*Chatham Correspondence*).

Englishmen as went to see him. His Encomiums of the English Nation were too extravagant to be sincere. The scene however was curious, considering who were the parties, and deserved to be remembered.

To compleat my Afflictions I received an Account of Calcraft's Death, while I was at Naples. I knew what I had to expect and was not much disappointed at hearing that he had left me nothing but a thousand pounds, and an Injunction to his Trustees to bring me into Parliament for Wareham during the Minority of his Sons.

Nothing could be more express than this Injunction, nor more explicit than the Refusal of his worthy Representative to comply with it, when, before my departure for India, I called upon them to substitute Mr. D'Oyley during my absence.[1] In this Instance they undoubtedly departed from the Intentions of the Testator, but they adhered scrupulously to his. While my Ruin was in suspence I had felt infinitely greater Distress of Mind than now when it was determined. Extremities, once clear and unavoidable, reduce a Man to take his Resolution, and the very Act of resolving gives Vigour to the Mind.

After an Absence of five months, I returned to England, leaving my Companion at Paris. Constant Anxiety made me restless and impatient. The Place I was not in seemed always preferable to my Actual Situation. I felt that I was a burthen to my Friends as well as to myself. But the generous heart of D'Oyley never failed me. He hardly had a Thought, a Word, or Action, that was not directed to do me Service. We immediately agreed that all former Schemes or Views, in the political line were to be buried in Oblivion; that my Certainty of a Seat in Parliament was to be made as public as possible, and in the meantime that I was to . . . . . .

Soon after my return, I went to Bath to see and take a final leave of my good Father. A Succession of paralytic Strokes had gradually destroyed his Faculties, and ruined a noble Constitution. I found him reduced to a State lower than Infancy, and insensible even to the pleasure of seeing a Son he adored. May I never exhibit so melancholy a sight; or may they who

[1] D'Oyly, however, did obtain the seat for Wareham. I presume, therefore, Francis only alludes to some delay.

behold me, look forward, as I do, with Tenderness and Sympathy, to their own decline, and to the possibility of a similar Misfortune! My Father died on the 5th of March 1773. I have kept all his Letters with several of my own, and earnestly desire that they may be preserved for ever in my Family.

The Hopes of Employment were yet distant and uncertain. The Interval was to be amused, and if possible with Credit. Mons^{r} de Pinto's Essay on Circulation had fallen into my hands abroad. I thought I might reap some Benefit from giving a Translation of it with Notes to the Public. I went over to the Hague in May to consult the Author, who received me with Transports of Joy. He was a perfect Atheist, with a most benevolent heart. He was vain of his Book, but had no Notion of Fame, except that which he could enjoy in his Lifetime. I had a Letter of Introduction from Lord Suffolk to Sir Joseph Yorke, the Prince of Coxcombs. It was the time of the Fair, so I passed a Week tolerably well between . . . Jews and Gentiles. The Work was nearly finished, when I was called upon to act. . . . Upon accepting my present Appointment, I surrendered all my Papers to Stephen Baggs, in whose name the Translation has been published.

But neither this nor any other Occupation was sufficient to defend me from Fits of Despondence. It was in vain to shut my Eyes to my Situation. Wherever I went or whatever I did, the Spectre haunted and pursued me. Mr. Alexander Mackrabie was lately returned from America. He had purchased a thousand Acres for me in Pennsylvania, where I meant to secure a retreat for myself or my Family, if ever England should cease to be the Seat of Freedom. The question, now seriously agitated in my Mind, was whether I ought not to transplant myself at once, and take Possession of this Establishment before my little capital was exhausted. This was actually the subject of a dismal Conversation between Mackrabie and me, on the fourth of June, when we accidentally met a Gentleman in the Park, who informed me that John Cholwell, one of the intended Commissioners for India, had declined the Nomination. I immediately went to D'Oyley, who wrote to Grey Cooper. It was the King's Birthday and Barrington was gone to Court. I saw him the next morning; as soon as I had explained my Views to him, he wrote the handsomest and strongest Letter imaginable in my favour to Lord North. Other Interests con-

tributed, but I owe my success to Lord Barrington. It was remarkably fortunate for me that Cholwell had deferred his Resignation to so late a Day. The Regulation Bill had been some days before the House of Commons. If the Minister had had more time to look about him, I should probably have been defeated by some Superior Interest. He sent for me on Tuesday the 8th of June, and with a multitude of flattering Expressions desired my leave to recommend me to Parliament to be one of the Council General at Bengal, in addition to Mr. Hastings, General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Barwell. From the Tenor of his Discourse I conceived an Idea of the intended Bill, very different from the Truth. I conceived that we were to be armed with extraordinary Powers to correct enormous Abuses. If such Abuses did not exist, the Interposition of Parliament invading the positive Rights . . . . . Fortune, he was true to himself. Such a Man will be true to his friend. He cut his Throat a few months after I left England.[1] This was the Effect of Distemper. When I see the Mind of such a Man so governed by his Body, what am I to think of the Machine!

Ten months elapsed between the passing of the Regulation Bill and our departure for India. A great part of this Interval was lost in mere Inactivity. The rest was employed in debates and Intrigues at the India House. The Duke of Richmond and George Johnstone, at the head of a numerous Party went every possible length to retard, embarrass, and disgrace us. In the Event, however, they wore out their real strength, by mixing Passion in their debates, where nothing but the public Good should have been profest, and by obstinately disputing little points. The numbers they shewed in the Ballot against General Clavering, plainly demonstrated the power of the Party, if they had had prudence enough not to exert it but upon questions of Importance. In consequence of very injudicious Management, they were not able, at several of the last general Courts, to muster above thirty or forty voices, whereas, at the Ballot against General Clavering, they had voted above Three hundred. The Duke was vehement and unguarded in his Speeches, but the Newspapers often attributed more to him than he said. Some Reflections on General Clavering's Character, supposed to have

[1] Lord Clive.

been delivered by the Duke, produced a Challenge from the General. The Challenge produced a disavowal of the Words. This Event did not tend to conciliate the affections of our Opponents. On the other side, the Minister not only had not a Majority in the Court of Directors, but could not rely even upon the few, who professed to be attached to him. When those shameful Instructions were produced, on which I gave him my Opinion at large, he had not Interest enough to get them altered, and was afraid to bring the Affairs of the India Company again into Parliament. Colonel Monson had private reasons of Disgust, and wished to get rid of the business at any rate. General Clavering appeared to be very uncertain whether he should act under such Instructions or not, and dropped hints of resigning. Lord North was equally weary of hearing objections, and alarmed at the stile in which they were made. Provided he could once dispatch us out of England, I believe he cared but little what became of us afterwards. To a man behind the Curtain, it is really pitiful to observe in what manner the affairs of a great Nation are conducted. At last, however, all Difficulties were surmounted, if not removed;—that is, Objections, which could not be answered, were undervalued. The Solicitor General did not scruple to tell us that, in spite of our Instructions, when once we were in India, we might act as we thought proper; and indeed, it must be admitted, that, considering the uniform Conduct of the Company's former . . . . .

The Prospect now before the Governor General and Council of Bengal is by no means flattering. A great and important Trust appears to be reposed in us, when in fact, unless we hazard the Consequences of assuming an Authority which strictly does not belong to us, we do not within ourselves possess the means of doing either Good or Evil. Since the Interposition of the Legislature was first deemed necessary to save the East India Company from ruin, the Powers, intended to be annexed to this Commission, have been so strangely qualified, corrected and reduced, not only by the Company's Instructions, but by the King's Charter establishing a Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William (of which, being an Act of the Crown, we have so much the greater reason to complain), that very little of the original Idea of Government, in altering the Constitution of the Company, seems to be left at present, nor is

it easy to say what is the clear distinct Object of our Mission, or what is the Nature of the Services expected from us.

We are to collect and manage the Revenues of Bengal; but the Board of Trade may draw every Rupee out of the Treasury; and the Court of Judicature, by awarding Damages to the Natives against our Collectors, may render it impracticable for us to collect the Revenues in the only way in which they ever were or can be collected in that Country.

The other Presidencies are not to make War or Peace without our consent; yet a special Order from the Court of Directors makes that Consent unnecessary; and tho' it was evidently the view of the Legislature to unite the whole Force of the British Empire in India into one System of Policy, that wise purpose will be defeated, whenever the opinion of the Court of Directors, with respect to the expediency of a Commencement or Cessation of Hostilities in any particular Presidency, shall differ from ours.

We are to reform abuses; yet, tho' we are the Executive Power of the State, there is a considerable number of the Company's principal Servants, whom, we have no discretionary Power to remove or suspend, and who may continue in Offices of high Trust, unless their Offences fall within the reach of the Law, and can be proved according to the strict forms of a Court of Justice.

We are vested with the whole Civil and Military Power of Bengal, yet, by our Instructions we are confined to observe the strict Rule of Rank and Seniority in filling up all Vacancies whatsoever,—so that Parliament and the Company between them have constituted us a Government without the Power of Rewards or Punishments. In the History of Mankind there is not an Example of such an Institution.

We are the Executive Power of the State, yet the Power of reprieving or executing Convicts is lodged with the Court that gives the Sentence. We are not trusted with the Exercise of Mercy, possessed by our Predecessors. We can neither stop a Prosecution nor pardon after Conviction. Even the office of recommending to the royal Mercy is reserved to the Court of Judicature.

We are the Legislative Power of the State, yet, our Laws are not valid, unless they are approved and confirmed by the Court

of Judicature. The Wisdom of the English Constitution carefully separates the Judicial and Legislative Powers. In Bengal they will be in a great measure united in the same hands.

When we see the present Government of Bengal, which (considering the Occasion of its Appointment and the high Authority under which it acts), ought to have been invested with new and extraordinary Powers, in effect disarmed of those ordinary Powers which are incident and essential to the Constitution of every Government, it may be thought frivolous or superfluous to cavil at Regulations which seem only to affect our personal Consequence and Dignity. Yet since in all Countries, and in the East more especially, the Authority of the Ruler and the obedience of the subject depend much on Opinion, and since Opinion is chiefly determined by Appearances, we have Reason, in a public view, to remonstrate against the Degradation we suffer by the Rule of Precedence established in the Charter of Justice.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature, who is not a member of the Council, immediately takes place of all those Persons, except the Governor, to whom the Regency of the Country is committed; and the same Pre-eminence is secured to the present Puisné Judges over those who shall succeed us in the Council. The natural Conclusion, in the Mind of the Native, must be, that the Judicial is the first Power, and the Judges the first Persons in the State. This is not a principle admitted in any other Government; and least of all should it have been adopted in a Government, where the Executive Branch has in fact no real Power to compensate for a Diminution of Dignity and Appearance.

But when all the objections to the plan and construction of the Bill are considered, I see none so powerful and judicious as one stated by the dissenting Lords, in their protest of the 11th of June 1773, viz.—'We think ourselves bound to declare 'against the manifest Contradiction and Absurdity of this Bill, 'which, stating Abuses as now existing in India for the Ground 'of its Regulations, yet appoints the very Persons to preside 'there, who, if the Allegations in the Bill be true, must be 'concerned either by Neglect or actual Commission, in all the 'abuses complained of.'

The person who drew up this protest, I presume, knew something more of Hastings and Barwell than we do.

No. II.

Rough Notes by Mr. Parkes on the Manuscripts of the 'Private Letters of Junius to Woodfall,' and other Woodfall Papers. (See p. 199.)

BEFORE returning Mr. Woodfall the tin box of all the Junius extant manuscripts, six months and more in my possession.[1]

1. All the MSS. and the divers corrections of the press in the extant Letters are in one and the same handwriting; and that in *that* of Sir Philip Francis. *All* the arbitrary marks are his, and *contemporaneously* the same as Sir Philip's corrections in his own copies of the contemporary bookseller's re-publication of the Junius' Letters.

2. The fictitious writing varies between No. 1, 20 April, 1769, and the last MS. letter 13 January, 1773, no doubt according to leisure or pressure of time in writing, materials of manipulation, place, convenience, and instruments of writing, or as in one instance (of the lost but engraved letter No. 6) according to *sobriety!* And see Sir Philip's specimen of the same 'loose' hand in one letter to Mrs. Francis, in which letter he intimates that though not drunk he is not sober!

MSS. answering to 'Private letters' in Woodfall's ed. of Junius (1812).

[1] They were subsequently purchased by Mr. Parkes.

No. 1.—No day or date,[1] nor any identity of time of writing. It is a slip of War Office folio paper, by waterlines of one inch and a half (rather more), signed C. The postscript is in the corner of the scrip—rather smaller writing than the body. The handwriting is fictitiously upright, smaller than his after hand, but disguised, palpably Sir P's.

Cover, if correctly given, posted and post marked, directed 'Mr. Woodfall, Printer, Paternoster Row;' and in a more anonymous and different, and earlier hand of Francis.

No. 2.—A note sheet, small, made out of *thinner* paper; no watermark; paper, *no* War Office identity, and apparently on a sort of waste or rough copy; cheaper paper. Handwriting easy, not regular Junius' disguised hand; not particularly upright, but Francis's hand palpably.

Not dated more than 'Friday.' No cover. The note written longitudinally; C. disguised hand, same as No. 1; some capitals common: whether waxed or wafered doubtful, remains so small (apparently and probably wax); no impression remaining. May or may not have been in a posted envelope, or put in at the City or Gray's Court office by hand. *Note.* The file of the P. Adventurer proves the date within a day at most. Directed, 'Mr. Woodfall,' '*to be opened by yourself only.*'

No. 3.—A note paper, probably cut from War Office paper, by watermark *lines*, small disguised but less later Junius' hand.

No direction to Woodfall; marked on outside 'Private;' probably an envelope, whether posted or hand delivered unknown. Note wafered, with large (like official) wafers; dated on 'Saturday.' No date, only '*Saturday.*' Marked outside, *private.*

No. 4.—On small 4to paper, apparently a half folio War Office paper then in use, doubled into small 4to, and War Office watermark, cut in half at the watermark. On outside no direction, only '*private*;' no wafer or seal mark; whether by post or hand can't be known. First clear marks of Francis' hand. The Latin quotation palpably Francis' hand. No date whatever. Marked outside, '*private.*'

No. 5.—On War Office gilt-edged 4to writing paper, War Office watermark. No date, except 'Friday night;' folded as a

[1] Few of these private notes are dated. The dates in the editions of Junius were presumably added by Mr. Woodfall.

letter, lightly waxed impression purposely obscure—begins 'i have.' Directed, 'Mr. Woodfall, *private*.' No postmark, or exterior envelope identifiable.

No. 6.—A note of Woodfall's or Goode, 'Lent to Duppa (in pencil), in ink, and never returned.' This note, however, is luckily copper-plated in the Woodfall 1812 three vol. ed., and was in a loose, less disguised hand than any other of these singular autographs, being probably penned on a Sunday, perhaps late; the writer was 'fresh.' And see a letter of Francis to his wife, of exactly same varied hand, wherein he says he was not drunk and not sober. And the War Office records abound with similar loose or careless slanting handwriting of Francis.

Whether dated, or enveloped, or on what paper, can't be known—unless the autograph letter (as probable) some day comes to light in private possession or sale. I have tried in vain to trace it through Duppa's relatives.

No. 7 is a posted, postmarked letter, marked in letter deliverer's or postmaster's MS., name outside, 'Lanemand,' or some such name. Obliterated coronet wax seal (Barrington's), and impression stamped with a watch-key or blunt point. Envelope quarter of a folio sheet. War Office paper, and divided watermark ditto. Folded 4to. Inside letter a small 4to. folded War Office folio, and ditto, but *different* watermark. Only dated, 'Wednesday *night*.'

No. 8.—Half a sheet of false note paper, not to be identified as War Office, but apparently so. No day or date. Directed in one of Francis' peculiar *larger* hands, 'To Mr. Woodfall;' no cover, nor wax or wafer; must have gone in an envelope.

No. 9.—No date, only 'Friday night;' written (not note ways), on half 4to sheet. War Office watermark, divided by knife or scissors—apparently a folio half-sheet of War Office paper, doubled 4to. The first bold Junius' fictitious hand, and wide lined, two-thirds of an inch between lines.

No. 10.—War Office watermark—the larger office folio paper, half a sheet made into large 4to full sheet. 'Thursday night,' no other date, folded as a usual letter, waxed, seal partially preserved—remains not one-eighth of an inch, and never full impression apparently. Remarkably bold clear hand. More palpably Francis' hand than any preceding. No postmark.

No. 11.—Cut half folio War Office 4to page. War Office cut in two, watermark. No day or date. No direction, cover or post-mark, but (apparently) in old Woodfall's hand, endorsed, 'private letters,' 'JUNIUS.'

Another also marked 11. *Postmarked*, and the real one. No date. C.

War Office, gilt-edged. 4to paper.

No. 12.—

No. 13.—War Office gilt-edged full 4to letter paper—water-mark full. Only dated 'Thursday;' *black* waxed down inside folding and apparently only wafered. No post-mark—direction, 'For Mr. Woodfall, Printer, Paternoster Row.' Wax smudged.

No. 14.—A slip, 6 inches long by 4½ inches wide; no water-mark; waterlines of a scrap of War Office folio paper; apparently Woodfall had cut the original paper, as at back is a direction cut, the remains,—'*oodfall.*' No day, date, or cover.

No. 15.—4to sheet of War Office gilt-edged paper; no day or date; no postmark: folded as a usual letter. Large and double impressed disguised impression seal (probably remains of Lord B.'s arms), *coronet*; smudged, and inside waxed.—*Note.* Insides evidently waxed to prevent letter being 'barrelled.' *Unsigned.*

No. 16.—Half folio page of War Office paper, made into 4to sheet (small); no signature. Outside directed to 'Woodfall, Paternoster Row; no day or date. Sealed—no impression; intentionally obscured impression. War Office watermark.

No. 17.—MS. beautifully written (query, at Bath, 26th December, 1769); no date; no direction; no day; no cover. Quarter of a folio War Office paper, and watermark cut. *Pencil* note that it must have been written about the time of the prosecution of Woodfall's father, which the context proves, though exact date unascertainable.

No. 18.—Posted and postmarked; 'Mr. Woodfall, printer, Paternoster Row;' waxed and obscured; 'punched.' Blank 4to half-sheet; envelope, 5-inch War Office folio slip; partial cut watermark. No date; no signature or initial.

No. 19.—No date or day, nor direction; half a folio War Office watermarked paper, folded into small note paper.

Exact date (beginning of February, 1770) must be doubtful, though probably correct.

No. 20.—A quarter of a half folio page only; no date; no

direction; no cover. War Office paper; a fragment of War Office watermark left, at bottom of the scrap—not above quarter of an inch.

No. 21.—4to gilt-edged War Office letter paper, and War Office watermark.

First *post-marked* and posted letter to 'Mr. Woodfall, Printer, Paternoster Row.' 'Saturday;' no date. Waxed inside and outside; seal outside flattened purposely.

Nos. 21, 22 (marked probably 22, 23).—A scrap—part of folio; fragment of War Office paper and watermark. Dated 'Sunday' only; no cover, and no direction.

No. 23.—Posted and postmarked; fragment of direction only, but certain posted, by postmark date. War Office watermark and waterline. Wax seal; disguised. 'Friday noon' only. 4to from folio half page.

No. 24.—Half a sheet of 4to War Office gilt-edged letter-paper (outside page). No date; no signature. Marked outside '*Private.*' This is in the *running* Francis' private hand; but evidently his and Junius' by the marks. '*Private*' (flying hand).

No. 25.—A scrap single note paper, from folio paper; no watermark, but waterlines War Office apparently. Dated only 'Wednesday night.' No envelope; but see vol. i. p. 215, for Endorsement. Signed 'C.' Outside—'The inclosed strikes deeper than you imagine.' The 'i' an unfinished afterthought also, but finished outside.

No. 26.—Half a sheet of note-paper. 'Friday, 1 o'clock.' No direction, envelope, or postmark; no watermark; apparent fragment of War Office folio paper. Paper lined 'W.O.'

No. 27.—Posted; postmarked paid. Postmarks (two) illegible. Paper, War Office; no watermark, but War Office lines; half a folio sheet, doubled (and cut less) into 4to sheet. 'I have rec^{d} y^{r},' &c. No day or date. Smudged seal—undecipherable.

No. 28.—No date, day, or signature. One of the first Junius' fine fictitious handwriting. War Office folio paper and watermark, made into small rough-edged 4to. Seal quite obscured (fragment seal).

No. 29.—Posted; postmarked '31 Jan. 177 . Woodfall.' War Office *folio* paper; watermarked. Half made into 4to letter-paper. Seal.

No. 30.—'Tuesday noon.' Half a page of note-paper; no watermark; War Office paper, by waterlines. No envelope or direction.

No. 31.—Slip—an inch and half of folio; watermark; War Office paper; no day, or date, or envelope. (Apparent haste, and written after some notice of newspaper signal?)

No. 32.—Half note-paper; no date except 'Monday;' War Office folio paper; a small fragment of War Office watermark of folio lined paper. No ascertainable envelope.

No. 33.—Half-sheet of War Office watermarked folio paper; no day or date; marked outside '*Private.*' 'It will be, &c.' No envelope; fine bold Junius' hand.

No. 34.—3-inch slip of folio War Office lined paper. 'Friday noon' only. No envelope; a darker after-ink.

No. 35.—Half note-paper; slip of War Office folio paper; no date, except at bottom '*Thursday.*' No postmark; hand delivery; seal obscure; *paper of envelope unknown.*

No. 36.—No day or date; no envelope; a note sheet of War Office folio paper; the watermark cut, but part extant.

No. 37.—No day or date; a cross cut of folio waterlined War Office paper; lined; no watermark; no envelope.

No. 38.—No day or date, or signature, or initial; cross half-sheet note-paper (scrap); a fragment of War Office watermark; no signature or initial. '*the,*' &c.

No. 39.—Scrap of two inches, and more, cut from folio War Office paper, with small fragment in corner of its watermark. Envelope apparently half a sheet of gilt-edged 4to War Office paper; seal obscured, and not distinguishing. 'Yours,' &c. outside; following, to 'The Printer of the Public Advertiser,' in Junius' hand; '14 March.'

No. 40.—War Office folio, cut into half-sheet of small 4to.; War Office watermark partly left. 'The above,' &c.; no envelope. 'For Mr. W.'

No. 41.—One half-folio War Office sheet (not the watermarked half); lined; doubled into a 4to sheet, and letter written not on first page, but within; no day or date. Superscription; evidently hand-delivered, unless post envelope. Seal palpably obscured; indeed, stamped by a blunt instrument.

Directed—'Mr. Woodfall. Private and particular.'

No. 42.—Posted; postpaid; post mark evidently the month of November. A folio half-sheet of War Office watermarked paper, folded into a small 4to sheet; rough edges. Little post-

mark, '*Six* o'cl.;' letter carrier, 'Hay.' Sealed; seal not recognisable, *apparently* a man's head in armour, but impression is 'stumped' by some blunt instrument.

No. 43.—No day or date; two-thirds of a folio half-sheet, written fully, but doubled down as a note, and marked only '*Private.*' War Office paper, folio, and full middle watermark. Bold and careful writing, but smaller than usual. (Inserted in the 'Public Advertiser,' 13th November 1771.)

No. 44.—*Full date,* '27 *Nov.* 1770.' Woodfall, Jun.'s pencil notes, 'this date should be 1771;' 'the,' &c. A bit of folio, about two-fifths; a fragment of War Office watermark; folio War Office lined paper. 'D. G.,' not 'David Garrick;' and just above two carefully erased and paper-scratched outlines, quite illegible. Paper scratched thin by knife or other means in erased two lines.

No. 45.—Relating to the proofs of the author's edition. No envelope, date, or direction. Written on *half* of a page of folio; War Office watermark and paper, with mark entire.

No. 46.—No envelope; no day or date. Half of a 4to War Office folio paper, and its watermark, partial fragment. (Noble specimen of hand.)

No. 47.—Ditto, ditto in all respects. Watermark, fragment.

No. 48.—Half a 4to page; thinner paper, and no distinctive War Office paper, nor any watermark.

Date, '6 Jan. '72,' in darker ink, and different tint to body of letter. *Query.* Is this paper not that of his London written letters? It so looks, and that he was away from Town.[1] The ink, paper, and writing also vary from his London modes, except his *dating* the letter as above.

Note. The envelope is *London* War Office half 4to sheet and watermark fragment. No postmark; only directed—'To Mr. Woodfall, Printer, in Paternoster Row.' Seal palpably messed.

No. 49.—No date except 'Saturday.' A posted, postmarked letter directed to 'Woodfall, printer &c., Paternoster Row.' Written on half folio War Office watermarked paper, doubled into 4to sheet. Pale ink.

No. 50.—No date or day; bit of 5-inch cut of folio; water-lined War Office folio paper; no watermark; no signature. Stronger ink.

No. 51.—Posted; post marked. (*Alarmed.*) Only dated on

[1] He was at Bath (see p. 271).

'Saturday.' (Noted by Woodfall, Jun. See 'Answers to Correspondents,' January 20, 1772.) Half folio, War Office watermark, made into 4to sheet. Large official wafer, same exactly as War Office!

No. 52.—No day, or date, or envelope. Woodfall or Goode's pencilled note outside clearly only noted it as 'about 1772,' which doubtless it was, and in *January*. The hiatus is 'BLOODY WRETCH BARRINGTON.'

No initial or signature; half a note-sheet of apparent War Office folio, fragment cut; no watermark, but War Office waterlined.

No. 53.—On a 4to sheet, folded out of a half folio War Office sheet; posted and post marked; BLACK waxed; directed to 'Mr. Woodfall, Paternoster Row.' Seal disguised—flattened; insides also waxed. No day, date, or initial, or signature.

No. 54.—No date—'Monday' only; first word of three lines. No signature or initial. 4to sheet of half folio, and another, War Office watermark and waterlined. Postmark, '12 o'cl. G.' Penny paid apparently 'Monday.' Red sealed; palpably key-stamped out impression. Directed to 'Woodfall, Printer, P. R.

No. 55.—'Monday night.' 4to sheet of War Office half folio sheet, c. watermark perfect. Pencilled 'about 17 Feb. 1772.' Sealed; keyed out.

No. 56.—6-inch scrap of War Office folio paper; no watermark, but same waterlined; no day or date. Postscript hiatus, that '*bloody wretch*.' No envelope.

No. 57.—Half a sheet of folio War Office watermarked, waterlined paper. Letter written within side, natural side blank.

Posted and postmarked; postmarks illegible (*Thrale*?) BLACK waxed; impression disguised. Directed 'Mr. W., Printer, P. Row.'

No. 58.—A different War Office watermark. 4to sheet, made out of half folio; no date; 'Tuesday.' Posted and postmarked; postday illegible, except 'paid' (as all). Black waxed, apparently by a wafer seal. No initial, date, or signature. Directed 'To Mr. Woodfall, Printer, Paternoster Row.' The pencil note on this renders the date quite uncertain, unless the 'P. A.' can fix it.

No. 59.—Watermark no longer War Office. In a 4to sheet; posted; postmark partially left. No seal or wax (gone a little); directed as always to 'P. Row.' 'Thursday' only.

Latin quotation, in exact hand of Francis. Letter lapped inside. War Office watermark.

No. 60.—Folio half-sheet, 4to'd. Water and line water not War Office (doubtful paper). Red wax sealed; key stamped out. 12 o'clock postmark; posted and postmarked 'L A G.' (?) before. War Office watermark.

No. 61.—*Blank* cover, posted; postmarked cover, red wax head (copied). Slip of folio War Office paper, watermarked—no watermark. Two inches only.

No. 62.—An inch only of War Office folio water *lined* paper; apparent cover probably sent with MS. Cover oblong, about 7 inches; thin; rather broken in parts by wear; no postmark on any of the larger bulk remaining; probably delivered by hand, as over post weight. Seal nearly perfect; apparently No. 3 in engraved seals.

No. 63.—Posted and postmarked letter, by London penny post; cramped Junius date, after beginning letter, in close margin, '19 *Jan.*,' '*i*,' &c. His final autograph letter. New mode of parenthesis. No time mark remaining. Less Junius fictitious hand, smaller, but same. 4to; apparently a 4to folded half folio, and same watermark. 'Mr. Woodfall, printer, Paternoster Row.' Wafered.

N.B.—All the letters to Woodfall are folded in the exact same form his contemporaneous posted letters are to Mrs. Francis.

No. 64.—Henry Sampson Woodfall's letter to Junius. This letter is evidently the *original* letter of the printer to Junius. It is sealed with his family seal; has been opened. It must have been reclaimed by the writer. It is directed, 'For Mr. F. H.' The seal is apparently a fox's head; I think a crest of a female branch of the Woodfall family. *F.* may be assuredly thought to denote the surname initial of *Francis*, but it is almost certainly that of Mr. Fretley, and was, probably, almost certainly, by the correspondence, sent to the 'Fretley' direction. Not claimed; Woodfall probably 'recouped' it.

N.B.—Mr. Dilke is of my opinion, and had noted the above facts in his 'Notitia.'

The Title of the Author's Edition.

Woodfall sent Junius a proof of a first title, in type, not engraved title. Junius returned the proof, with a note at back of proof title:

'I think a plate would look handsome thus—

Junius.

All these are miserable.' (As though other specimens had been sent by Woodfall, and returned by Junius with this observation.)

Note. The proofs of the author's edition (1771–2) are all corrected, and the notes in MS., by Junius himself; evidently by the corrector arbitrarily and on the spur of the moment—not by any *copyist.*

The dedication and preface are all in his, the same exclusive handwriting. They are evidently clean copied by the writer (not the one only original MS.); but the copies are so altered in *sense* and *after* copy as to demonstrate that the copyist was the author himself, and that he improved his composition by corrections, or rather by additions in the copy.

Moreover, all have the numerous and arbitrary marks, as corrections, of P. Francis—the *, the ν—and divers other individual marks; and the same as in his own printed corrected copies of Junius.

Also, the paper of the dedication and preface is War Office folio; two distinct and the same watermarks and waterlines being in every single page; the half pages answering.

Scotus.—MS. all extant, in clear but more than ordinary smaller hand than usual in Junius; closer lined. Half a sheet of folio; War Office watermark and lined; no assignable envelope.

The proof-sheets of the author's two volume edition, and the notes in MS., alone incontestably show that Junius was his own copyist. The sense and arrangement of sentences, transpositions, and *deles*, demonstrate that the composer wrote all such emendations. The handwriting is often less disguised, i. e. more careless and natural, especially in occasional corrections of numbers of the 'P. Adventurer' (used as copy), and in the figures of the manuscript dates. Also, all the arbitrary marks of correction—carets, addenda, asterisks, &c.—are palpably those of Sir Philip Francis, not only as used by him habitually in the War Office, but in his private letters at the period.

The poem 'Harry and Nan' also, in similar respects, is equally the same as MS. poetry of Sir P. Francis, contemporary.

J. PARKES.

No. III.

MEMORANDA, 1 *September*, 1857, of Conversation with old Miss Woodfall (æt. 89), of Dean's Yard, Westminster, surviving child of H. S. Woodfall, proprietor and printer of the 'Public Advertiser' in the period of Junius' Letters.

Miss Woodfall has always resided, of late years, with her present surviving nephew, Mr. Henry Dick Woodfall, printer, in Dean's Yard. I had known her for two years past, and dining occasionally with her nephew. Her faculties are perfect, excepting a slight deafness. She is a clever, educated old maid, of singular vivacity and physical health, taking daily walking exercise alone, and attending Morning Prayers in Westminster Abbey daily.

Miss Woodfall's memory is perfect on subjects past as well as present. I called to-day chiefly to get information on some dates respecting her own family. She told me that she was born on the 8th October, 1768, at ; the year of publication of the first Junius' Letters. Her grandfather, Henry Woodfall, was a printer, and first founded the newspaper. He died in middle life. Her father, the succeeding printer and part proprietor of the journal, printed and published it in premises at the corner of Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. His name was Henry Sampson Woodfall,—Sampson the maiden name of his mother. He died 12th December, 1805, aged about 66. He was first educated at near London, and subsequently was placed in St. Paul's School. Miss Woodfall says he was a particularly intelligent, well-informed man, for his times; that when he entered St. Paul's School, he was a proficient in all the usual elementary knowledge taught in the latter public school, and that he used to say that in truth he had acquired little at St.

Paul's beyond the acquirements he took there. She says that her father had a younger brother, William Woodfall, who was also a printer, and who set up the 'Morning Chronicle,' (?) that her father did not consider himself well used by the rivalry of such latter journal, but so particularly attached was her father to her uncle, that the circumstance never interrupted their strong fraternal attachment. That her uncle William was the well-known first good reporter of Parliamentary Debates, that he reported exclusively from memory, that she remembers when she was young her uncle would come into the house where she resided near the Houses, and write his reports in the family sitting-room, that she recollects some of the young people talking and laughing, and her saying, 'Shall we not disturb you, uncle,' and he said, 'No, I don't care for your noise; talk on as you like.'

Her father died 12th December, 1805. From all conversations she had with him, or was present at, she is certain that her father was altogether ignorant of the authorship of the Junius' Letters, and up to the period of his death she never recollects any suspicion in any quarter that Sir Philip Francis was the writer of, or concerned in, those Letters. Nor did she recollect ever having seen Sir Philip Francis in her father's house, but she thinks that she generally knew that Mr. Francis was a public man known to her father, or rather that she may have heard her father mention his name. She had heard discussions before her father on the mystery of the Junius' authorship, and the claims of divers public men discussed by him or by others in his company, but she feels confident that her father had no preponderating suspicion of the real author, though he may at different times have considered that circusmtances and evidence pointed strongly or weakly to this public or literary man or the other.

Henry Sampson's elder son, her brother, died 22nd December, 1844, aged 78. She had a second, a younger brother, Henry, Secretary to the London Assurance Company. He was an intelligent well-informed man, and when superannuated received 600*l.* per annum from his company.

She thinks, from memory, that the 'Public Advertiser' was given up after a fire at the Ivy Lane Printing Office, and that it was merged in another journal called the 'Oracle.'

In fact, she expressed her opinion that the different members of her family never had any more knowledge of the mystery and true authorship of Junius than the public, and no materials of discovery, except so far as her father's possession of certain, of the MSS. and private anonymous correspondence afforded; and which MSS. descended to her brother George, and subsequently to her now living nephew, H. D. Woodfall.

J. PARKES.

No. IV.

THE following paper of Remarks on Junius is printed from one contained in a letter-book of Sir Philip Francis, written in his best clerical hand, and indorsed, 'Copied from a very loose incorrect paper of Dr. Francis,' probably written in the year 1772. Bound up with it is a foul draft in the hand of Dr. Francis himself. (See p. 320.)

It is plain from the last paragraphs that the Doctor's suspicions pointed to Edmund Burke as the author of Junius; and various passages in his son's correspondence show that he endeavoured to create this belief in the minds of his acquaintances. (See p. 220, 243.) The earliest published disavowal by Burke is contained in a letter to Charles Townshend, of November 24, 1771 (*Burke's Correspondence*):—'I have, I dare say, to nine-tenths of my acquaintance, denied my being the author of Junius, or having any knowledge of the author, as often as the thing was mentioned, whether in jest or earnest, in style of disapprobation or compliment. . . . I now give you my word and honour that I know not the author of that paper, and I authorise you to say so.'

When Mr. Almon published the Letters of Atticus, Lucius, and Junius, collected from our newspapers, I bought them with impatience, and read them with all that admiration which they truly deserve. Yet, although I am perfectly convinced that a liberal intention of preserving them from the daily mortality of our newspapers, was the sole motive that engaged him to publish them, I cannot submit, without a little reluctance, to the critical licentiousness (pardon a little honest warmth) with which he hath presumed to correct and alter the sacred text of

these papers, which he hath himself now consecrated to immortality. Let no man imagine that I dare accuse him of partiality in the choice of his authors; but is it not an indignity, justly to be lamented, to the glorious cause in which we are engaged, that only three of our numerous, indeed almost numberless, writers are sufficiently animated by the sacred spirit to be distinguished from the common herd of our political scribblers? Is not this distinction a tacit acknowledgment that all the rest, however they are signatured by the greatest names of Greece and Rome, are only a parcel of miserable men of genius, or patriots out of place, who wish once more to serve their country? Are these enough to transmit to the future sons of liberty, the characters of their sires, the great examples of the coming ages, as they are the ornaments of the present year;—the guardians of our rights, natural, political, and religious, the friends and patrons of human kind, the asserters of the Bill of Rights? The strong emotions with which I read the epistles addressed to Mr. Printer, by an Aristides, a Socrates, a Plato, by the temperate spirit of an Atticus, or the fiercer virtues of a Brutus, a Cato, a Julius, or a Junius, the first tribune of the Roman people, the first popular magistrate and patron of their liberty. (Sic.) Methinks the ghosts of all the great names of Plutarch's 'Lives' are rising from the dead to form our expected republic, whether it shall be a democracy, an oligarchy, or a military execution. I confess I have long expected the letter of a Clement, a Ravaillac, a Damiens, a Felton, or a Shepherd, to complete our collection, and surely some bold hints from our illustrious writers have encouraged the correspondence.

When I first read the letters of Atticus, I could hardly forbear crying out with old Demea—'Not even the Goddess of Safety herself, if she took it into her head to make the experiment, could preserve this nation. But when I laid down the book and looked round me to consider the real state of facts, I was no longer terrified by this laboured description of our approaching dissolution. There is a genius among painters that delights in subjects of horror—a storm, a tempest, a shipwreck, dogs pulling down a stag, a lion devouring a horse, a Prometheus with his vulture, a St. Lawrence on the gridiron. The very fine lines with which Zanga opens the 'Revenge,' are they not most applicable to such writers and such painters?—'Whether first Nature, &c.'

But whatever terrors Atticus had impressed upon my imagination were almost totally dissipated by the letters of Lucius. The liberty, the fate, the very being and existence of the nation now depend upon the dismission of Sir Jeffery Amherst, although it survived the dismission of the Duke of Marlborough even amidst his victories. But the Letters of Junius restored my perfect peace and tranquillity of mind. He is himself my great evidence against his own calamitous state of the nation. If he was himself convinced of our nearly approaching ruin, if he were bravely determined . . . . . would he have employed his great abilities, which he had dedicated to the service and preservation of his country, in an uninteresting contest with Sir William Draper? Did it require those great abilities to charge, and not indirectly charge, that gentleman with perjury? Might not this office have been given to some of the clerks of the press, employed by the proprietors of our newspapers? They would have urged his insinuations, his best and only proofs, in stronger expressions, though probably of less classical purity; with less art, perhaps, but with greater force. They would have directly called him a villain, a traitor to his friend and his country.

Would he have wasted his precious hours in an unprofitable inquiry into the avarice and personal feelings of the Duke of Bedford's heart? How is the public interested in the first instance? Not even in the least degree. How is it affected by the Duke of Bedford's disposal of his private fortune? Very inconsiderably. Junius, who had undertaken of his own mere motion *ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat*, could not have suffered his attention to have been diverted from that one great object, if indeed he thought it deserved his attention. Or did he think it worthy of his acknowledged abilities, as the Heberden of the State, to publish a cure for a sore finger amidst the raging of a universal plague, or even like ours, an epidemical disease? No, Junius is only playing his well-imagined terrors upon us, and we, like children, are terrified at the masque which we ourselves have seen him put on. I could here, with pleasure and gratitude, acknowledge my obligations to this writer for the relieving me from the terrors with which the letters of Atticus had alarmed me. But I am persuaded that Junius and Atticus, yes and Lucius too, are one and the same ndividual penman.

'Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis
Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personat . . . .

I know how uncertain are our best critical conjectures when we pronounce upon the style of an author.

'I cannot choose but smile
When every coxcomb knows me by my style.'

So says Doctor Swift, as justly as humorously. Yet so strong is the resemblance between the letters of these three writers, that we may be most assured they have only one original author. It is the same portrait drawn in different attitudes, and to be seen in different lights. The same correctness, perspicuity, and elegant simplicity of language, the same arrangement of ideas, and form of composition, the same rapidity of thinking, the same knowledge of men and characters; the same spirit of patriotism, or, if you will, of opposition; the same sorrowful sighing over the approaching ruin of our country; and the same honest indignation against the very same persons, whom they would sacrifice as victims to public vengeance, as the sole authors of that ruin, do indeed eminently distinguish these letters from all others that have been lately addressed to the printers of our newspapers. Even Junius, therefore, will permit me to conclude that there are not three writers in the kingdom who can pretend to the honour of having written these letters. Yet, if there were any crime in writing them, the strong evidence of circumstances would in a court of judicature convict our Junius of being their author; for circumstances, as the civilian assures us, cannot lie. The same ardour of declamation, the same intrepid spirit of asserting, the same unblushing, unembarrassed countenance in being detected in a falsehood, the same subtlety of disputing, the same art of drawing strong conclusions from weak premises, and in spite of the logical maxim *negativis propositionibus nihil concluditur*, deducing from negative facts the most forcible reasoning of affirmation. But the peculiar felicity of this writer seems to consist in compelling the person whom he accuses to condemn himself. 'Did you, or did you not, give your word of honour or take an oath upon such an occasion?' This interrogatory method of accusation he probably learned in his first religion and the Christian history of the Inquisition, as the subtlety of his arguments from his first masters, the Jesuits.

No. V.

THE following copy of verses is among Dr. Francis' papers, preserved by his son, and apparently in the Doctor's handwriting. Considering the familiarity between the parties, Mr. Parkes was disposed to believe them Lord Holland's own, and that Dr. Francis had taken a copy. I have not myself seen them in print.

L. H.

Returning from Italy, 1767.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.

Thus Holland spoke, as from the summit vast
Of Cenis, eastward his fond eyes he cast:
Regions of health, adieu! To you I owe
Doctors dismissed, with their whole train of woe.
Regions of health, adieu! you knew t' assuage
The ills of sickness and increasing age.
When shattered nerves that worst of evils brought,
Spleen, that to misery swells each anxious thought,
Your cloudless sky dispersed it, and I find,
With health restored, serenity of mind.
White-livered Grenville, and self-loving Gower,
Shall never cause one peevish moment more;
Not that their spite required I should repair
To southern climates, and a milder air;
Slight was the pain they gave, and short its date;
I found I could not both despise and hate.

But, Rigby, what did I for thee endure?
Thy serpent's tooth admitted of no cure;
Lost converse never thought of without tears!
Lost promised hope of my declining years!
O what a heavy task 'tis to remove
The accustomed ties of confidence and love!
Friendship in anguish turned away her face,
While cunning interest sneered at her disgrace.
And what has he, mistaken man, attained
For broken faith, for truth and honour stained?
Shelburne and Calcraft—Oh! the holy band,
See, see, with Gower, caballing where they stand!
O may nor time nor accident divide
This knot, by mutual love of virtue tied.
It will not be: for lo! the word scarce spoke,
The league confirming, but the league was broke.
Soon Shelburne's falsehood taught thee to repent:
Then, Rigby, why didst thou not then relent?
But I am doomed to long and bitter grief,
Till Time and Italy have brought relief;
Drawn every sting of memory from my breast,
And soothed each passion of my soul to rest.
Nor do I go in dread of a return,
Again to trust false friends, again to mourn:
But fear and sorrow to the western breeze
To be transported to yon Cretan seas,
I give; resolved my close of life to spend
In idle cheerfulness, the Muses' friend.

No. VI.

THE following paper is extracted from one of Francis's folio vols. of MS., and is printed as a singular specimen of his peculiar method of reporting.

On Feb. 2, 1770, Lord Chatham spoke twice: once on the Marquis of Rockingham's motion, once in incidental discussion; on the question of privilege of Parliament. The two speeches are confusedly jumbled together in the 'Parliamentary History.' They are reported separately in the 'Anecdotes of Chatham.' But the editor of that work describes his report as taken from the British Museum, vol. i. p. 190. 'It is not known,' he adds, 'that any other account of this debate was taken.'

In this paper we have, first, Francis' rough notes of Lord Chatham's second speech, as taken, no doubt, by himself at the time; secondly, the same materials worked up for publication. But I cannot find that the publication ever took place. His report is as different as possible from that in the 'Anecdotes.'

The result, I fear, is not very favourable to the probable authenticity of the speeches which pass as Lord Chatham's.

HOUSE OF LORDS, *Veneris, 2d February*, 1770.

Motion by the Marquis of Rockingham,

Seconded by the Earl of Coventry.

Viscount Weymouth moved that the Marquis of R. should apprize the House of all the Motions he intended to make.

Earl of Chatham.

Apology to Lord Rockingham for stopping him.

surprised that so many hours sh^{d} have been spent in disputing about a Proposition evident from every page of the English History,—viz. that each of the three Estates had a right to interpose, if either of the others exceeded, &c.

boldly meets and contradicts L^{d} Egmont upon that ground; there he wo^{d} stand.

that he wo^{d} adhere to his Lp's principle of standing supra vias antiquas.—& take even Bracton, whom Lord Egmont had quoted, for an authority—

that honest, tho' prerogative lawyer had said, there is nothing above the K. nisi deum et legem, quia lex facit regem.

did not think the particular merits of the Mx. election were then before the H^{o}, was ready, however, whenever the question came.

that it was a general question whether the Lords might interfere, &c.—proved that each house had mutually done it in numberless instances.

that his health wo^{d} not permit him to read much, and his memory might fail him, but there were four instances of which he thought he might give them the substance.

1. a Suit before the H^{o} of Lords, in which a Member of the other house was a party—privilege.

2. a case of Skinner and the E. India Company.

3. the affirming the sentence of Titus Oates, the y^{r} after the Revolution.

4. the case of the Aylesbury election—privilege.

did not value the menaces thrown out against the promoters of petitions nor the resentment of the H^{o} of Commons, as if his Head were in danger, &c.

the case of this Interposition, tho' not ordinary or common, yet strictly within the system of the Constitution.—Allusion to Eclipses and Comets—these accounted for, by the best lawyers in Natural Philosophy, on the Principles of the greater System of the Universe.

that L^{d} Egmont had not only endeavoured to stop the question that day, but wo^{d} prevent its coming back—had set his foot upon the neck of it; and shall it not turn again?—if he lived it sh^{d} return every day till the people had satisfaction; did not doubt of being backed by the whole people of England—

hoped they wo^{d} use every means constitutionally—come to that H^{o}, to the Throne, &c.

excuses his warmth—bodily pain might contribute—compliments Lord Egmont—20 & 30 y^{rs} in Parliament.

Loved the entire Freedom of Debates, but took notice of Lord Sandwich's speaking of resentments—by what means had Lord Camden been dismissed.

did not know who was the Minister, but sh^{d} address that noble person (the D. of Grafton) who certainly might have been Minister.

that when they talked of fomenting disagreements among the people, they sh^{d} recollect what was the original cause, was it not that unhappy measure of making an officer of the Army vacate his seat, &c. to set up for a County where he was sure of having a great majority against him.

that he hoped he sh^{d} sleep one night more with his head on his shoulders; (*in scorn*)

the ancient Barons obtained Magna Charta for the people,—if more of the Lords had taken part with the Long Parl^{t}—if there had been more Essex's & Bedford's, another M^{a} C^{a} might have been obt^{d} without bloodshed.∧—that Lord Shaftsbury & 5 other Lords were sent to the Tower by Charles the 2d. but it had a good effect.

∧& the descendants of that unhappy prince might now be on the Throne.

that saying there was no remedy, that it all lay between God & their own consciences was in effect exhorting the people to make an appeal, &c. to Heaven.

the Persecution of that poor unhappy man.

shall not we, who are cousins to the King, who are permitted to kiss the royal cheek, &c.

Earl of Chatham.

Lord Rockingham,—I ask pardon of the noble Lord, who I see intended to speak. The condition I am in may not permit me to sit out the debate, and I should be sorry to lose this opportunity of delivering my opinion to the House.

My Lords, I have no words to express my astonishment to see that your Lp's can have spent so many hours in debating upon

a proposition, which, to *my* understanding, is the plainest, the nearest to self-evident, that ever came before this House. I did not think it possible that any member of this House should deny, or that your Lordships sh[d] suffer it to be disputed, that the H[o] of Lords have a right to interpose, whenever the Constitution is invaded, whenever the Laws are violated by either of the other branches of the Legislature. Have you read a single page of the English history?—You are undoubtedly masters of every page of it; and is it possible for any man who is at all acquainted with that history, to forget the generous spirit with which your ancestors constantly came forward and placed themselves in the breach, whenever the liberty of the subject or the rights of the Constitution were attacked? They justly and truly considered themselves as the Guardians of the Laws, & from whatever quarter the violation of those Laws was attempted, whether a mistaken prince exceeded the Limits of his Prerogative, or whether a seditious or a corrupt House of Commons attempted to stretch their power beyond the line drawn by the Constitution, Your Ancestors, my Lds., thought it equally their duty to interpose & defend the people & that not more against the ambition of one man, than against the usurpation of a multitude.

My Lords, I speak from Facts upon which I shall challenge the noble Lord to contradict me. I do not pretend to be deeply read, but here I know my ground & will speak firmly. It is not only true that the Ho. of L[s] have interposed when either of the other Estates have exceeded their due limits, but I undertake to prove that the other House have acted upon the same principle, that they have interfered in their turn, & checked this H[o] whenever they thought we were transgressing the bounds prescribed to us by the Constitution. Both Houses have, in a multitude of instances, reciprocally interfered with each other, in the very rights and powers which we all acknowledge are appropriated to each H[o] of Parl[t] whenever one H[o] saw the other attempting to alter the nature or to extend the effect of those Rights & powers beyond their Constitutional boundaries, or to apply them to purposes for which they were not intended by the spirit of the Constitution. There is no point of Privilege, of Jurisdiction, of Inquest, or of Council in which this reciprocal right of interference has not been claimed and exercised by both Houses of Parl[t].

No. VII.

THIS letter (from Philip Francis to Mr. Calcraft) has been preserved in the form of a copy among Mr. Francis' papers. It appears to be that mentioned in the Autobiographical Fragment. (See p. 364.) From the formal style of composition (considering the intimate relation between the two), it is presumable that it was intended to be shown to some third party—probably Lord Chatham.

London, 1st December, 1770.

Dear Sir,

As I do not know by what particular Motion You mean to begin your Inquiry into the Administration of Justice in the Courts of Westminster Hall, nor whether any particular Plan of Measures be fixed upon, my Opinion must go to the general Question, whether such an Inquiry, in the present circumstances, would be expedient or not. Supposing the Expediency established, the second question is, by what Steps the Inquiry ought to be conducted. You will not, I believe, suspect me of wishing to spare Lord Mansfield. But while a measure is in Debate, I would speak freely of either Side. The Moment it is determined, I would support it with Ardour.

I take for granted, You are not sanguine enough to expect that, with the present Parliament, You will be able to punish Lord Mansfield, or even to reform the most trifling Abuse. With such a Parliament, I am persuaded You will place but little Dependance on the Goodness of Your Cause: Or supposing You had an Expectation of Success, You would not carry it so far, as to aim at reforming every Thing at once. Your only rational View, as I conceive, must be, to intimidate the capital Offender by the Terror of a parliamentary Inquiry, and to check and discourage some of those Proceedings in the Courts, which are most distinguished by their enormity; (and, among these

we all reckon Lord Mansfield's Doctrine about Libels,) or, if this fails, at least to shew the Nation that You are alert in the public Service, and, let the Event be what it may, that You are determined to do your Duty.

Now, Sir, if you admit that whatever Question You propose upon these Points will be carried against You by a great Majority, I think it follows, first, that you relieve Lord Mansfield from a State of Anxiety and Suspence. I am convinced that he is now under the Influence of Terror, and, while that lasts, he will act with Circumspection and Reserve. Let the Cloud hang over his Head, but not burst, until it has collected Weight enough to destroy him. The idea of attacking him should be maintained as much as possible both in Discourse abroad, and by every kind of indirect Side-Stroke in Parliament. Whether or no this be the Time for making the grand formal Attack, is to me a very nice and disputable Question. When I speak of his Fears, I do not refer to any real Danger he would be in from a present parliamentary Inquiry. I argue from the Character of the Man, his general Dread of public odium, and the Quickness of his Sensations, which anticipate Danger, and even now perhaps make him look forward to a distant Day of Punishment.

With regard to checking the proceedings of the Courts of Westminster Hall, I must intreat You to consider that, in the case of Libels, (where the Province of Juries has been most signally invaded) every attempt hitherto made to infringe the Liberty of the Press has ended in Disgrace and Ridicule both to Government and to the Court of King's Bench. The press, in spite of all their prosecutions, is actually as free as it need be for any good Purpose. Take care how you raise a dangerous Question about it, when perhaps it is the very best, if not the only Weapon, You have left to defend the Constitution. Now let us suppose that a Motion were made in Parliament for condemning, by a Declaration of both Houses, the most odious and least defensible Part of Lord Mansfield's Doctrines. Do You expect to carry it?—If not, what is the Consequence? You encourage a timid Man (who seems now willing enough to be passive, and I dare say would be glad never to meddle with Libels again), to be active in doing Mischief;—You back him with an Assurance of parliamentary Support. You bring a disputed Point to a Decision, which You know will be against You; and

You confirm his Doctrines by an Authority, which, though not respectable in the Eyes of the Nation, will always be an encouragement to corrupt Judges to go greater Lengths, than they would venture to go without it.

You will say perhaps that *Juries may still resist.* I beg Leave to ask You have they resisted? or is it likely that they will have firmness enough to assert against Ld. Mansfield and both Houses of Parliament those Rights which they have in Effect surrendered to Ld. Mansfield alone? The Disgrace of Government in the late Prosecutions did not arise from the Firmness, but from the Absurdity of Juries. Or it may be urged that all this may be undone *hereafter.* If that be all, why not leave undone at present—why expose yourselves to a present, certain Inconvenience, upon the Hope of a future uncertain Reparation; especially as (let what will happen hereafter) You do an immediate Injury to the Press, and lose the use of it when you want it most.

With Respect to your Reputation with the Public, and that strict Execution of Duty which proceeds to its Object without regarding Consequences, I say that you will eventually lose Reputation instead of gaining it. Wise Men will condemn you for not foreseeing Consequences so plain as these are; and the Vulgar, who judge merely by Events will not give you Credit even for the Rectitude of your Intentions. Upon the whole then I most earnestly protest against your bringing into Parliament any Motion to this Effect viz. 'That the Doctrine delivered by Lord Mansfield in Prosecutions for Libels is contrary to Law, an Invasion of the Rights of Juries, &c.'

If, however, You are determined at all Events to bring this Question forward, I must make the Presence, and hearty Concurrence of Lord Camden a Condition, *sine quâ non.* Besides the double Terror upon Lord Mansfield, there is a Quirk and Subtlety in legal Arguments, which Lawyers are best qualified to unravel. It is not that I question the ability of that great Man, whom I admire, and revere as much as you do; but I think that when this Wretch is attacked on one side upon great Constitutional Principles, he should be cut off, on the other, from his usual Retreat to the Labyrinths of his Profession.

Whether the Execution of this part of your Plan be deferred for the present, or immediately pursued, I think You have other materials in Abundance. Ld. Mansfield is sufficiently vulner-

able, without running the Risque of doing a capital Injury to the Common Cause. You cannot, in my Opinion, wish for firmer, nor safer Ground, than his keeping the Seals so long in Commission. At a Time such as this, when it may be necessary to put the Great Seal to Instruments of the most extensive National Importance, who is to be answerable for the Application of it? The Season calls loudly for a Man of Weight, and Authority, not only upon the Bench, but in Council—not only to hear Causes, but to judge of the Expedience, and Legality of those Acts, which, to be completely executed, require the Sanction and Ratification of the Seal of the Kingdom. This Consideration, important as it is, bears no Comparison with what follows. The Laws of this Country, founded upon Reason, and corrected by Experience, require that the Persons, to whom the Administration of Justice is committed, should be free from all Biass, and Controul. His present Majesty thought he could not gratify his People more than by relieving the Judges from the only Tie, by which they seemed to depend upon the Pleasure of the Crown. In the present Instance both the Spirit of the Laws, and the King's gracious Intentions are equally counteracted. We see the Income, which belongs to the Great Seal, divided (and not for a short Period) between four of the twelve Judges. The Chief Justice is bribed with four or five Thousand a year—the other three with two Thousand five Hundred a piece. To say Nothing of the Distress, which the other Courts are exposed to by the Absence of three of their Judges, is it possible that the Administration of Justice should be free, and independant, while one third of your judicial Power receives such extraordinary Emoluments at the Pleasure of Government, and the other two thirds stand waiting with anxious Expectation, 'till it comes to their Turn to participate in the Royal Bounty. The argument is, I think, solid and unanswerable. It is capable of Ornament, and Illustration, but it wants none.

Ld. Mansfield's meanness in threatening one Day to resign, without regarding the Distress and Perplexity of Government, and yet continuing still upon the Wool-pack, may be the Subject of much good Discourse; and, altho' in debating these great Points, I wish to avoid any formal Question upon the Rights of Juries, on the Liberty of the Press; your great Friend might with Force and Propriety declare, that if he avoided any direct Question upon these matters at present, it was not from

Inadvertence, or Disregard: but that he waited for a Time, perhaps not far distant, which might be more favourable to the true Construction of the Laws, and to the Constitutional Liberty of the Subject.

And now, my dear Sir, I must intreat you to accept of the substance of these Thoughts, if there be any Thing in them, without regarding their dress. Tho' hastily expressed, they have not been lightly considered. You cannot wonder, more than I do myself, at my presuming to give Advice upon Matters so much above Me.

But it is done. I have a large portion of Zeal to compensate for the Want of Ability; and Faith enough in one great Man to make any good Works of my own unnecessary.

No. VIII.

From one of Francis's folio MS. volumes Date 1772. (See p. 315.)

HINTS to a traveller. My son perhaps may profit by them.

The great characteristics of an Italian, as far as I could observe, are fraud and patience. Provided they can cheat you, they bear the most virulent abuse with astonishing sang froid.

In all Italy I met with but one man who did not cheat us enormously: that was Emanuel, at whose house we lodged at Naples. Of him we really had no reason to complain.

I never saw so ignorant a people, considering the reputation of the country. There is nothing ingenious or polite in their method of cheating: a barefaced, bungling impudence.

I am very much inclined to think that, compared with England or France, there is no learning in Italy. It would surprise an Englishman to see how an Italian bookseller's shop is filled: a history of the Church, lives of the saints and martyrs, ecclesiastical canons, and books of devotion make up the complement. I believe that what the English and French call a gentleman and a man of honour is a character unknown in Italy.

Ladies of pleasure by profession are few, because the whole sex is corrupted. In England we sacrifice a part to save the rest. If the time should ever come when there shall be few or no prostitutes in London streets, depend upon it it will be a sign of a general corruption of woman, and a prelude to the decay of the empire. Where there is no female virtue, there will soon be no male virtue left. Where there are few or no prostitutes, there can be no modest women. They should be subject to a police for the sake of decency, but not punished merely for their profession. The one way to lessen the number of them is to lessen the necessity of having them: that is, by

encouraging marriage among young people, and removing every obstacle to it.

In every country in the world, idleness is the root of all evil. In Italy, religion is the root of idleness.

We English, before we see Italy, are apt to think that we can purchase the best works of the great masters, and that many of them have been actually brought away within these few years. There cannot be a grosser mistake. The Italians are too cunning to suffer the market to be removed out of Italy. As for parting with a valuable antique statue, they would sooner give up their seven sacraments. The Pope could make his people Protestants much more easily than persuade them to let the Apollo go out of Rome.

To a man really curious in the polite arts, Rome alone must be an inexhaustible fund of entertainment; but what can be more disgustful than to see our young people give themselves the airs of *conoscenti*? The best pieces we have in England are, I believe, only copies. The cartoons, indeed, are unique.

I cannot conceive why, in Italy, any man should marry. It cannot be love: a lover could not bear the idea of being an Italian husband. Money, except among a few great families, there is none; and as for heirs to their estates, I shall only say that an Italian child who knows his father must be much wiser than his mother.

I had the following story from good authority at Lucca. A nobleman of that city, who had purchased his nobility, lately married a young lady there of much better family than his own, but not worth a ducat. The day after their marriage she appointed a young man who, it seems, had been her admirer, to be her *cavalier servente*, and he immediately entered upon his office. The husband, however, had some personal objection to him, and took the liberty of mentioning it to his lady, intreating her, as a particular favour, to appoint any other gentleman in Lucca that she thought proper. The lady considered her husband's request as an invasion of her privileges, and treated it with disdain. He still continued his solicitations, but to no purpose. At last he took an opportunity at dinner, in presence of several of her relations, to state to them the hardship of his case. The moment it was mentioned, the lady rose from the table in a fury, and asked him whether he was so impertinent as to think that Signor such-a-one was not good enough to be

cicisbeo to his wife. 'Surely,' says she, 'he is your equal, and something more; but this it is to have to do with tradesmen.' Appeal upon this was made to the young lady's mother, who, to the astonishment of all Lucca, gave it against her daughter, and obliged her to accept a *cicisbeo* of her husband's choosing. Had she decided otherwise, the lady's male relations would soon have reduced the poor devil of a husband to a proper sense of his duty.

Much to my surprise, I hear little or no music; there is ten times more in London all the year round than in any city in Italy; except, perhaps, during the Carnival. Neither do the Italians appear to me to be half so fond of music as the English, though I believe they understand it better. They have no such thing as ballad-singing; no church music, except upon a few particular days; nor an opera but at particular seasons, and then they never listen to it. I fancy we import all the music from Italy, as we do all the claret from France. These commodities are not to be found upon the spot where they grow, but among the people who can purchase them. I say this upon my own experience only, which I admit is not very great.

A man who would carry twenty guineas' worth of English toys with him would have an opportunity of obliging many people, particularly women, at a small expense. Pocket-books, buckles, pen-knives, scissors, smelling-bottles, etc., are received with rapture. Everything of this kind that they make themselves is so clumsy that it is no wonder they should be struck with the elegance of English workmanship. A Venetian nobleman, while I was at Venice, sent to beg I would lend him one of my buckles, that he might have a pair made of it. I lent him the buckle, but at the same time gave him to understand that there was not skill enough in Venice to match them; and so it appeared.

M. Baretti is the most impudent of all liars. The English, I confess, have contributed to corrupt the morals of the Italians. Besides our disregard of money, we are too honest and too generous a people to deal upon equal terms with such dirty knaves.

In general the women have bad features and worse complexions; particularly the Neapolitans, who, I think, are the most unhealthy-looking people I ever saw. Yet I do not deny that there is beauty in Italy. The women rub their faces and

necks with powder, and leave it on. This, I fancy, besides looking nasty, spoils the skin.

I believe upon the whole that it is a disadvantage to the country that they have so many curiosities to show to strangers. It is inconceivable how many people are diverted by this idle occupation from labouring to get their bread. Every blackguard is a cicerone.

The collection at Wilton is too trifling even to be mentioned among the Italians.

I cannot help thinking that some of the capital ancient statues stand in very awkward attitudes. Let any man try to put himself in the posture of the Gladiator, and he will find himself hardly able to stand, much less to fight. The Hercules at Florence is evidently on the wrong side of the Centaur; in consequence of his position he must strike across his own left arm. Even the Apollo, great and powerful as he is, ought in my opinion to rest upon his left leg, especially if we suppose him in the act of shooting an arrow.

It is evidently against the interests, and of course against the principles, of the Roman Catholic Church to encourage polite learning, or any enquiries after truth.

Ladies of a certain rank don't dip their fingers into the holy water in going into church, as others do, but send a servant before, who dips his fist into the basin, and then touches their fingers with it.

No. IX.

Letter from Francis to Mr. Ribouville on the Education of his Son. (See p. 351.)

17th February 1774.

DEAR SIR,

I cannot give you a better proof of my esteem for you, nor of my opinion of your abilities, than by intrusting you with the care of my son's education. Yet these are not the only motives which induce me to take this important step. Besides that, in general, I prefer a domestic education for a child of his age to any other, and that I really think you qualified for the employment, I persuade myself that, in conducting it, you will conform, as much as possible, to the plan which I shall take the liberty to lay down to you. The master of a great school has not leisure to distinguish between the different genius and disposition of his scholars, much less to give that patient care and attention to very little children which their age and infirmity require. He must of necessity apply the same system of discipline and instruction to all his pupils.

In what I am going to say, concerning the education of my son, I am far from presuming to prescribe rules to others. My ideas on this subject are not taken up without a good deal of attentive observation and reflection; and if I should be unfortunate enough to make any considerable mistake in this matter, I assure you it will not be owing to a criminal neglect of my duty, but really to a defect of judgment.

The object which I have in view is to make my son an English gentleman, to which he is entitled by his birth and situation in life. But before I explain to you what I mean by the title of English gentleman, or by what system of education he may be qualified to hold that rank with honour, it is proper you should know what kind of ground and materials you have to work upon. The boy's temper, I think, is naturally mild, timid,

serious, and compassionate. He is, at the same time, as lively as healthy children usually are, uncommonly attentive, and quick of perception. If this be his disposition it must be confessed that nature has done her part; and it follows that all the improvements which art can bestow on such a subject, may be obtained by gentle methods. I am convinced that his mind may be moulded into any form, by the mere influence and persuasion of generous, pathetic, or rational motives; and since it is my purpose to make him a gentleman, which includes the idea of liberal character and sentiments, I cannot think it consistent with that purpose, to have him brought under the servile discipline of the rod.

The idea of a gentleman in England includes not only the qualifications usually annexed to that character in other countries, but a high and spirited way of thinking, arising from a sense of the security and independence of his condition. The more highly he is taught to conceive of his own personal consequence and dignity, the less likely he will be to commit mean and sordid actions. But as I should rejoice to see him proud of real advantages, and determined to preserve and improve them, it would equally afflict me to see him vain of trifles. For example, I should be pleased to hear him call himself a freeborn Englishman, even before he knows the meaning of the words; but I should be sorry to see him looking in the glass to admire the cock of his hat. I do not expect that personal vanity can be entirely eradicated out of the human constitution; but let us do everything we can to correct it. I would have the boy taught to value himself upon possessing more courage, strength, hardiness, and learning, but not upon being better dressed than his companions. I would have no opportunity lost to inculcate upon his mind the love of his country, an abhorrence of tyranny, and obedience to the laws. I would have him think it an honour to be an Englishman, but such an honour as imposes many important duties upon him. As to the time and manner of inspiring him with these sentiments, you will be directed by the gradual improvement of his understanding.

With respect to discipline, I absolutely forbid the use of blows. It is the office of the magistrate to inflict corporal punishment, in order to deter others. The preceptor's duty is to prepare and cultivate the mind of his pupil in such a manner

that, in his future life, he may not only avoid those crimes which the law punishes, but also those vices which the law cannot reach. In our public schools, the offices of magistrate and preceptor are perpetually confounded. There are a thousand better ways of restraining and correcting a child who has not a grain of sulkiness or stubbornness in his temper. Such, for instance, as confinement, neglect, fasting, being kept from play, &c., besides the multitude of resources with which the noble sense of shame furnishes a prudent tutor. Even this sense of shame is to be applied to with great caution, and not tried but upon urgent occasions. It is of a delicate nature, and the danger is, that too much exercise may destroy it. I have seen a little boy placed upon a stool in the middle of a school to be pointed at by his playfellows. The consequence was that, from that time, he never was ashamed of anything.

On the same principle, I would not have him called dunce, or stupid, or blockhead, and particularly if he should in reality deserve such names. That way of degrading an ingenuous disposition in its own esteem, can produce no good effect. It either completely stupifies a dull boy, or sinks and oppresses a natural genius. In short, I would never have him wear a fool's-cap, nor otherwise made an object of scorn, for anything but base or dishonourable actions.

The great motive of action, which I would have constantly presented to his mind, is that it depends upon himself whether he is to be a peasant or a gentleman. It is the fear of the rod that accustoms boys to lies and low concealment.

On the other hand, you must be cautious of praising or admiring him too much. Moderate applause, when deserved, is just in itself, and serves to encourage a young mind; but to bestow it lavishly, or indiscreetly, is always attended with bad consequences. It creates insolence, vanity, and a neglect of improvement.

In regard to corporal punishment, there is a single case, in which I think it may properly be inflicted, but always with prudence and moderation, and without the smallest mixture of passion. I mean, where a boy is observed to be of a cruel disposition, or careless what pain he inflicts upon his weaker playfellows, or other creatures, that may happen to be in his power. In this case, which in respect to my own son I hope will never exist, I think it just and necessary that he himself should be

taught to feel the pain he inflicts; not in the light of punishment, but that he may learn, from his own sensations, to have mercy on others. In the application of this rule, I think the law of *Talio* should be observed, wherever it can be done with safety.

Allowing for the natural difference of constitution in different persons, I am convinced that the mind as well as the body may acquire a certain degree of strength from exercise. I desire, therefore, that you will endeavour to accustom the boy's mind to undervalue danger, and gradually make him familiar with any objects that he may seem to be most afraid of. This must be done without violence, and by showing him mildly that there is no danger where he thinks there is. A quarrelsome, factious disposition should be checked by severity; a soft and timid one should be animated and encouraged. Some men are unquestionably brave by nature; but I believe that, in a great majority of mankind, courage and resolution is the effect of habit. His mind is yet untainted by the silly fear of ghosts and hobgoblins, and I beg that the utmost care may be taken to prevent any body's terrifying him with such notions. His sensibility is so exquisite, that an impression of that kind, once made upon him, might never be erased. The best way is to avoid such subjects or anything that leads to them.

For the sake of his health, on which the mental faculties do almost entirely depend, I desire that he may take as much exercise and be as much in the open air as possible, that he may be constantly washed in cold water in winter as well as in summer, and be obliged to wash his mouth with cold water in all weathers, especially after meat. Let his food be quite plain, and never let him taste wine. With respect to sleep, you will observe his constitution; whether rising very early does, or does not, make him dull and heavy for the remainder of the day; and regulate his time of rising accordingly. I insist upon his constantly sleeping *alone*, for reasons that will increase with his years.

There is nothing I dread or abhor so much as gaming, and I beg that if hereafter he should discover any turn that way, you may do everything in your power to check and discourage it.

As I think his moral and political sentiments of much more consequence than what is commonly called his learning, I shall state to you generally upon what principles I would wish his

future conduct in life should be directed, before I enter into the detail of his education.

He is to be a member of the Church of England, as it is established by law. I do not intend to impose any bias upon his private opinions in religious matters, nor would I have his understanding perplexed with the discussion of dogmas, or with the contemplation of mysteries. But I expect that he shall be taught to respect the religion, as he ought to do every other law, of his country. He is also to conform decently to the ceremonies of the Church, by which I do not mean to bind his understanding. But the certainty of a particular Providence watching over us, the existence of a God who knows our most secret thoughts and actions, who rewards and punishes, and the immortality of the soul, are topics, on which you cannot enlarge too much. Besides the manifest absurdity of every argument to the contrary, I am convinced that great, and good, and glorious actions will never be performed by creatures whose prospects are bounded by the narrow limits of this life.

With respect to political knowledge, he must be at least four years older, and his understanding much improved, before he can have any conception of what is meant by the constitution of England. In the meantime, you may give him general notions of liberty and property, and inspire him with zeal to defend them. You may also give him general rules of justice, and encourage him to decide even against himself, where those rules require it. As he begins to read, I would have the examples of great and good men particularly pointed out to him; such as Brutus, Cato, Harry the Fourth of France, and our Algernon Sydney. Considering the present state of things and opinions in this country, there is no danger of his carrying any prejudices, in favour of patriotism and public virtue, to an imprudent or criminal excess. I would have his mind, in this respect, come rough from the school, as the guinea does from the mint. The practice of the world will soon make it smooth enough.

As I am to be absent from him several years, I am obliged to collect all the hints that occur to me concerning his instruction into one view, though I am sensible that many of them cannot be made use of at present. The time and manner of applying them is left to your own judgment and observation. You will undoubtedly do everything in your power to discourage the

progress of any mean or bad passion in his mind; such as avarice, selfishness, revenge, &c. On the other hand, there are virtues to be taught, as well as vices to be removed. I speak of generosity, veracity, fidelity to a promise, and the firmness of keeping a secret against every trial or temptation. This last is rather a prudential quality, than strictly a virtue, but it is of the highest importance in the commerce of the world; and I am convinced it may be acquired, or at least the dangerous disposition to loquacity very much corrected, if boys are accustomed, early in life, to be trusted with little secrets, under the condition of not revealing them.

In addition to these general instructions, which belong to every station in life, it is proper that my son should be informed, and often reminded, of his particular situation. That he is the only brother of five sisters, of whose honour and interest he is to be the guardian; that if I perish abroad, it will be his duty to supply my place, as far as his age and means will admit of it, by every possible act of affection to them and to his mother; that I have left my country with the hope of being able to establish his fortune and theirs; and that I set out in life without the smallest advantage of birth or fortune, or indeed any other but that of having had an excellent father.

With regard to the instruction of the school: the first step towards the improvement of his mind is to read and thoroughly understand his mother-tongue; I place Latin in the second degree, and French in the third. These languages are essential to the education of a gentleman; and I desire that, in learning them, he may be taught to pronounce his words with an exact articulation, and that his memory may be exercised as much as possible. When he reads, let him stand at some distance from you; let him be obliged to read very loud, and never suffered to pronounce either words or sentences with a chaunt or tone. This is a vile and dangerous habit, and I see but few boys without it. You should select the harshest and roughest words that can be found in English, and put them together in a sentence, which he should be made to repeat, so as gradually to accustom his tongue to pronounce them fluently and articulately. While he is reading, observe how he sits or stands, that you may correct any awkwardness in his posture: poking out the head, raising the shoulders, or distorting the features.

Whenever he speaks, let him look the person he speaks to full in the face. The trick of looking down or sideways is mean and illiberal, and grows into a habit that may never be shaken off.

Between nine and ten years of age, he is to be sent to a public school, where it will be time enough for him to learn the rudiments of the Greek language. I have appointed Messieurs Chandler, d'Oyly, and Godfrey my trustees in my absence, and whatever directions they may think proper to give respecting this or any other part of the boy's education are to be strictly observed. I would not have him begin to learn to write and cipher before Christmas 1775, nor to dance before he is nine years old.

I would have his first reading directed, as far as his years will admit of it, to history, and you may begin with the Greek and Roman. That of England is the most important. But no history is useful unless it be accompanied with some observation of chronology, or the succession of events; and of geography, or the situation of the places where the events happened. I would have him taught the English history backwards; that is, beginning from the present, and carrying his mind back from year to year, until he arrives at the earliest periods. This, I think, resembles the analytical method of inquiry recommended by some of our greatest men in other branches of knowledge; and I am convinced it is the best way of learning *modern* history, the latest part of which ought naturally to be the most interesting; yet, from my own experience, I can affirm it is the last that boys usually read. I remember extremely well that I, and most of the boys of my age at school, were in some degree masters of the early parts of the English history, particularly of every brilliant period, though we knew nothing of what had happened since the Accession.

I would not have him learn Latin until he can spell and read English tolerably well, and I should prefer his learning Latin by rote for some time before you attempt to instruct him in the rules of grammar. I believe you will find this the easiest way both to yourself and to the boy.

My present ideas upon the whole are to give him that sort of education which may qualify him to sit with credit in the House of Commons, if ever my fortune should enable me to place him there.

He is to pass two years at Cambridge, and at a proper age, that is, when he is one-and-twenty at the soonest, I propose that he should make the tour of Europe. You will have an eye to this plan while you are laying the foundation of his education. I wish to keep him clear of any particular profession. The Church and the Army are those which I like the least of all. The study of the Law is a sure way to advancement, provided a young man has naturally more patience and application than his companions, which I have no reason to presume will be the case of my son. You see, I throw my thoughts together as they occur to me, without regard to method or regularity. I shall conclude with a few general rules of instruction, which are in some degree applicable to all children.

They should be as much as possible in your own company, and never in that of servants or other mean persons. Borrowing money from such persons has a very bad tendency, and I beg you will take the utmost care to prevent it. In all the boy's little distresses of that or any other kind, I would have you encourage him to apply to yourself directly for assistance, rather than to his mother or Mrs. D'Orville. At the same time that you inspire them with proper spirit, they are to be taught the distinctions of rank, the respect due to superiors, particularly in years, and the respective duties and civilities of life, which are founded in reciprocal necessity, and make virtue amiable. Under this article I include everything that the French call *les petites morales*. Above all things, endeavour to inspire him with spirit to speak truth upon every occasion, and show him that you are readier to forgive a fault than any attempt to conceal it, especially by falsehood. Mr. Locke's observations upon these and other topics of behaviour are admirable.

Instruction and correction of every sort should be accompanied with a sort of reasoning and argument proportioned to the child's understanding, that he may comprehend the rectitude or necessity of what he is ordered to do. The natural curiosity of children should be encouraged, and always satisfied by *direct* answers. Your conversation should always be plain and *direct*, not figurative; for children take everything in the direct sense, and therefore you are to be very cautious what you or any of your family say in their presence.

Be moderate and exact in the distribution of rewards, that the

children may set so much the higher value upon them. A peevish master, who is incessantly chiding his scholars for trifling faults, is disabled from expressing proper censure of great ones. This I know is an error into which you, of all men, are the least likely to fall.

All that remains for me now is to wish you success in your undertaking, and to assure you that I shall not think your labours rewarded by any salary that I can pay you; but that you will be entitled to my everlasting gratitude and esteem.

I am, &c.,

P. FRANCIS.

[1] Dès l'age le plus tendre on respecte en eux (les sauvages de l'Amérique) leur indépendance naturelle. Jamais on ne les bat, jamais on ne les gronde, pour ne pas abattre cet esprit libre et martial, qui doit former un jour la base de leur caractère. On évite même d'employer des raisons trop fortes pour les persuader, parceque ce serait une espèce de violence qu'on ferait à leur volonté.—Raynal, c. 28.

No. X.

THE letters of Francis to Alexander Macrabie in America, and to Richard Tilghman after he had returned there (extending from 1767 to 1773) are printed in their places in the Memoir. I have thought it best to give the other side of the correspondence collectively and separate, so as not to interrupt the biography of Francis himself. They are here printed, with one or two from other American relatives. They add something to our knowledge of life in the British provinces just before Independence.

LETTER I.

On board the Dragon: 13th Sept. 1767.

My dear Brother,—About a month ago I informed you of my safe arrival at Madeira, in a very foolish drunken letter from that island; at least, I conceive so from the condition we all found ourselves in when we returned on board. Depend upon it, I shall never write to you again in that state. I am determined to be very regular in America.

This voyage seems like a gap in life—it furnishes nothing. We have now been thirty-one days out of sight of every object but sky and water, and when it will be at an end God knows.

The winds have not favoured us greatly, being for the most part so calm, that the voyage hitherto might have been performed safely in the ship's boat. I can't tell if we may charge the tediousness of our passage to the captain's neglecting an image of St. Antonio, recommended to him at Madeira. St. Antonio is the patron of Roman Catholic sailors; none of their ships will sail without him; they tie him to their mainmast,

and are very constant in their adorations to him. If he procures them a fair wind, they reward his kindness with a taper; but if the contrary, with a rope's end.

Madeira is a vast rock in the midst of the ocean—they say about the size of the Isle of Wight. Tho' entirely mountainous, it is extremely fertile in vines, and produces also abundance of fleas and lizards. I am told it contains about 120,000 inhabitants. I hardly saw a woman in the place; the Portuguese, you know, look up all that are worth seeing. Their bishop is so very strict he will not allow any of the nuns to appear, even at the grate of their convents, but such as are old and ugly. These are a kind of gentlewomen I don't desire the least correspondence with, so did not pay them a visit.

In a large convent of Franciscan friars I went through, there were some jolly old fathers, who live very comfortably; at least, their kitchen convinced me that starving is no favourite penance with them. You have seen so much of the richness and splendour of the Romish churches, that I need not say anything about them. These which I saw, tho', to be sure, very mean in comparison of what you have met with in Paris and Lisbon, amazed me.

The people of Madeira are extremely anxious about the success of our embassy to Lisbon. They expect every concession on the side of the Portuguese, whose American possessions, in case of a rupture with England, they think would bid fair to change their master. Indeed, if they are all as slightly defended as that island, they would not require any great force to effect it. Here is an affectation of forts, but they are very contemptible. The soldiers look like starved footmen.

We were dressed out in swords and bag-wigs, and all that—everybody dresses there. I took our barber for the Corregidore; he came in full trimmed suit of black, a long wig, and a sword. Who do you think was the reigning toast at Madeira?—Miss Pigou, who used to be at Hampstead. The ship she went to the East Indies in touched there. All the merchants of the place are in love with her.

Saturday, 19th September 1767.

We have just seen land—a comfortable sight after five weeks' absence from any shore. I can't write or do anything.

Philadelphia: 8th October.

Thank God, I am safely arrived here, and in good health, tho' not so soon as we expected. The first land we made was Virginia; and the wind falling calm, we were four days more getting to the mouth of the river Delaware. We landed forty miles below this city, at a town called Newcastle, where we swallowed cream and bread-and-butter and new-laid eggs like so many devils. But I must not give you any account of America in this letter; indeed, I have not time, for after the arrival of packet, they only allow us time enough to answer letters before the mail is dispatched back again to New York. I believe I told you I was very sick for a week after I came on board; after that I had an amazing appetite, and eat and drank at such a rate, that when I attempted to put on my clothes (which I had no occasion for during the last month at sea) I could hardly button them.

I have read a great deal this voyage—a great deal of Swift, a great deal of Pope, half the History of England, and Count Grammont over and over. There is nothing pleases me more than that book. Do buy me now and then a clever French book, and anything new you think I can understand. You are a better judge of both my capacity and of what I can afford to lay out in that way, than I am. Pray don't forget that you are to make me a present every year of one of your Court Calendars; yours are the best of any.

Governor Hamilton is not yet arrived, but expected every hour. A ship arrived here yesterday morning which sailed from the Downs at the same time with him. The people here have got it in their heads that he brings a woman with him—not a wife—and that she is to preside at his table, and a deal of nonsense; they are dragons for politicks and scandal.

We hear Sir Harry Moore is superseded in his government of New York, and is going home; that a colonial clerk is appointed in his room; that Lord Holland is now the leading man in the ministry, and granting lands in America like dirt. I wish he would give you a grant when his hand is in. 'Tis the only country in the world to wish for possessions in, to my mind.

Mr. Neave has taken a house here—a very pleasant one, with a great many fine trees hanging over it, a little garden, and

good stabling. We breakfast comfortably, and always dine with somebody or other. They drink too much, but everything is extremely good.

We have races here next week, and a review, and plays. This is the busiest season in Philadelphia—the election, and annual meeting of the Quakers; a very full town.

I must now make an end of this long, dull chit-chat letter; I don't like it myself.

I wish you would write to me often, that I may improve. I have wrote a long letter to Fulham, which I have enclosed in this, and beg you will send there.

I shall write next pacquet to my sister; my love to her. God bless my three little girls.

Farewell, my dearest Philip.

You know how truly I am your affectionate,

A. MACKRABY.

LETTER II.

Bristol: 20th January 1768.

My dear Philip,—I wrote you last week, but cannot exactly recollect what day; I sent it to New York, to Mr. Neave, to forward by a private ship. This goes by the paquet, which is but just arrived, and will be dispatched again directly. I have so little time to write this and several other letters, that I am forced to steal an hour from company at an inn, where I put up on my return from a visit to Mr. Franklyn, governor of the province of Jersey, to whom I was introduced yesterday by a friend of his and mine. He is a son of Dr. Franklin's, of Philadelphia, whom all the world knows. But perhaps you may have seen this gentleman in England. He is a very sensible agreeable man, and behaved with the utmost politeness to us; entertained us at his house till this day. I could hardly find myself out this morning in a most elegant crimson silk damask bed.

The November paquet is just arrived. I have received a letter from my father, in which he informs me that you and my sister and the little folks are all well. I rejoice at it. The October pacquet is not yet come in, perhaps it may bring a letter from you. I hear there is a good deal of public news,

but I have not yet seen any papers. I am informed there are three new governments forming upon the frontiers. When they take place I wish they may not meet with interruption from the Indians, who begin to be very unquiet. I think I mentioned in my last some encroachments made upon their hunting grounds by white people, which they complain highly of. We have fresh accounts every day of murders among them. The assembled governors and the commander-in-chief are all anxious to put a stop to these irregularities, which if not soon done great confusion is apprehended. Objects so distant as these may not much engage the attention of people in England, but they are the constant and general topics here. I may cry out, 'Happy is he who possesses nothing, for in the day of trouble he hath nothing to fear.'

If any one would tempt me with a very advantageous proposal, I should make little objection to settling upon the Ohio, or, indeed, any where to get money. I do not think the people here quite so mad as the good folks on your side of the water were some years before our time, with their famous Mississippi scheme, but you would really be amazed at the rapturous terms in which those who have been some hundred miles to the westward of this, speak of the country. As they advance inland the climate becomes more temperate and settled, the soil rich and fertile, producing spontaneously many useful herbs, plants and fruits, in many spots fine extensive tracts of open champain country, not loaded with useless woods as every part near the coast is—extremely troublesome and expensive to clear. We shall see what time will bring forth.

I wish you could get a grant of land for yourself; your children might reap the benefit of it, tho' it might not turn to any immediate benefit for yourself.

It is almost a proverb in this neighbourhood that 'Every great fortune made here within these 50 years has been by land.' I walked over the river Delaware this morning, where it is more than a mile broad, upon the ice; carriages loaded at the same time passing to and fro. You may imagine in such a season, when all nature is locked up, there can be little here worth communicating. The amusement among the ladies of all ranks and ages is riding upon the snow in sleighs, a kind of open coach upon a sledge, drawn by a pair of horses. They

make parties out of town in them, and drive at a prodigious rate. 'Tis pleasant enough.

You must have read of the vast variety of religions and different persuasions in practice in this country. I heard the other day of a new sect, who call themselves Rogerines, from their principal, whose name is Roger. They run about, stark naked, men and women, and profess to live in the state of primitive innocence. In this country they go into churches and other religious meetings, where they dance about in an extraordinary manner, Billy to Betty, and cry out constantly, 'Who can do as we do, and yet be pure and undefiled?' This is a fact; but pray do not read it to any women. I have just room left to tell you, that I believe I owe my friend Tom Harris four guineas; indeed I am almost sure of it. I have wrote to him concerning it. If you should see him and he has received my letter, I beg the favour of you to pay him that sum upon my account.

If I have wrote any nonsense, let my hurry and having set in the corner of a room amongst a parcel of noisy men plead my excuse. My best love to the four ladies of your family.

Adieu. Believe me with the greatest truth
and warmest affection, ever yours,

A. MACKRABY.

LETTER III.

Philadelphia: 18th February 1768.

Dear Brother,—I am unwilling to let slip this first opportunity of writing by a London ship immediately from this port, which has been blocked up above two months by ice.

Your letters are extremely pleasing when I get them, but they stay a confounded while by the way. That of Sept. 12th I only received last week. There was one inclosed from my sister, for which I shall acknowledge my obligation to her in one immediately addressed to herself, but it must be by the next vessel. I now write to both, not that I mean to scold her, as I am just going to do *you* for telling me 'I shall have the particulars of your tour thro' Flanders when we meet.' Pray when do you suppose that will be? For the next line you say, 'You long

prodigiously to hear how I play the devil in Philadelphia.' I wish Mr. Neave, when he returns from New York, may not think I have been playing the devil, for in the three months he has been absent I have made about three times as many acquaintance as he has done in so many years. I dine with governors, colonels, and the Lord knows who. I have seen Governor Hamilton three or four times, and have dined with him twice. He does not live in town, but at a noble seat about a mile and a half from the city. I find very agreeable society in an acquaintance with some nephews of his. I have, I think, mentioned more than once the pleasure I have received thro' your connection, and the civilities shewn me. Upon my soul you are a very fine family, if you did but know it. A cousin of yours, who is to be married here next week to one of the sons of the Chief Justice of the Province, is a charming woman, tho' not in my opinion so amiable as another pretty cousin of yours whom I hope to dance with at the assembly to-morrow.

I am very much obliged by that letter Mr. Doyly had the goodness to procure from Sir J. Amherst to Genl. Gage. It is indeed extremely civil; and I shall most certainly deliver it when I go to New York. You know his rank is very high in America, and all strangers wait on him.

Here is arrived a young Scotch gentleman, Lord Rosehill, son of Lord Northesk; he is under age, and married without his father's consent, who sends him hither upon a very small allowance to repent at his leisure. He was an ensign in the 25th Regiment; most people wait upon him. I give you joy of your profit upon India stock, but let me at the same time give you a piece of advice, which is never to deal in that or any other stock but for *money*. You can then buy when you please; and keep it till you find a price to your mind. Buy when it falls, and sell when it gets up, and you must be a gainer; but the cursed gulph of speculations for time bull and bear-ing is only for people who have nothing to lose. *Pardonnez-moy, mon ami!* I have a few interests of my own to attend to, and I can't help being anxious for those of people I love.

[Chitty's new business was upon the eve of beginning before I left you. Don't you remember he used to consult his friends about a wig, like Foote's auctioneer? Pray how does your Foote get on? I suppose I shall have some talk about him if I see Mr. O'Brien at New York. Did I never tell you I got a

letter from Geo. Camek to O'Brien? A gentleman was kind enough to ask it of him for me. I left it at the Crown without my knowledge. I shall certainly know all the world. My father writes me word that Sam Teuth has married Molly, whom he has been so long attached to. His father is at last reconciled to the match, and they are like to live in a very comfortable manner.]

We have no talk here but about Indians. As that is a subject in which you are not all interested, my telling you of murders and encroachments will afford you no amusement.

In my letter by the paquet I desired you to pay Harris 4*l.* 4*s.* for me. I just now recollect my thirty pounds for that confounded bank-note. If the bank-note is entirely lost (which heaven grant) I shall be entitled to the monies in March. When I can meet with any one going to England, I will send you a power of attorney to receive it for me. Positively I never will leave London again in such hurry, or forget so many things. Adieu. Love to the ladies. I mean your lady and the young lady.

I am, my dearest Philip, most affectionately yours,

ALEX. MACKRABY.

LETTER IV.

Philadelphia: 5th March 1768.

Dear Brother,—I received with great pleasure your paquet of 5th and 12th December, forwarded from New York by Capt. Maturin, thro' the channel of Col. Wilkins of the Royal Irish, now here. It is possible Capt. Maturin may have mentioned me in his letter to Col. Wilkins, who is always very civil to me. I knew him a little before. There never were such a set of topers as the officers of his regiment. The mess-rooms at the barracks are something like Circe's cave, out of which no man ever returned upon two pegs.

I thank you very sincerely for your promise of writing to me by every paquet, and I am as determined you shall hear from me at least as often. I wonder if the letter I wrote from the Madeiras ever came to hand? It was to have been forwarded by way of Lisbon. 'Tis of no consequence now. The last I wrote you from hence was upon the 8th of February; I sent by

the London paquet, Capt. Cooke. I have mentioned before how very agreeable the reception I have met with from your cousins here, more particularly so, as it has introduced me to that kind of acquaintance which is the most difficult for a stranger to obtain; but which is at the same time absolutely necessary to his comfort, where there are no public places of diversions; I mean that of a few agreeable families for a dish of tea, and a dish of chat, without ceremony. I have also young men enough of my acquaintance. Taverns and coffee-houses are not so much frequented here as they are at London. I have one weekly club at a tavern, almost the only occasion on which I enter one. My expences are by these means moderate enough. I keep a good horse at a small charge, and have some very agreeable riding companions. With all these advantages you will pronounce me a happy fellow. I am tolerably so; but yet do not want any vexation. I am too idle; my sphere of action too circumscribed; subordinate to a man whose abilities I cannot very highly admire; who is too civil to have much sincerity, and too obstinate to let his natural indolence turn to any account; who will neither act nor be guided; slow, timid, irresolute. This is a petty reason, so *keep it to yourself*. 'Tis true what your cousin Tench tells you. The principal house with which we have business to transact has stopt payment; but it does not therefore follow that our stay is to be at all shorter, for tho' we have been in this country near six months, their accounts (which are very considerable and intricate) yet remain unsettled and unexamined, to the no small surprise of the parties themselves and of me. By all that's mad and foolish it is not my fault. I proposed measures at first, which were rejected because I proposed them. I have now only to obey, no very difficult task, especially as I am so well paid for it. But that's their affair. They have brought me hither, and must maintain me. I do sincerely wish they would let me do them some real service. But why must I plague you with all this nonsense about myself? I shall only add, that I assure you, my friend, even if my present engagements should not detain me long here, I am in no hurry to return to England; at least I am resolved first to try what this part of the globe can do for me.

I observe from your letters and others the Boston combinations, and the reception with which their resolutions met with

in London. I very sincerely believe that the province which I have hitherto been in, is the most moderate of any in its conduct with regard to the mother country; but they have all too violent principles of independence. When I except the conduct of this province, I mean only in what relates to England; for in its intestine divisions it is as eminent as any of them. I will look out for a conveyance, and send you an address or two of the House of Assembly, to the Governor, with the answers. The people, growing rich and powerful, feel themselves uneasy under the weak reins of a proprietary government, as they express it, and want to be under the more immediate protection of the Crown. Is not this a second part to the frogs in the fable?

You must have heard of the application made at home by General Gage and Sir Henry Moore, about precedence at New York. I don't mean upon their own accounts, as that, I believe, is a determined point; but with respect to their ladies, who cannot agree which shall stand first couple in a country dance. To such lengths have their disputes been carried, that this winter there has not been any assemblies at all in New York. But unluckily two private balls have been given, at the first of which there were high words, and Lady Moore retired in a rage. At the other, which happened very lately, that lady, calling for Sir Henry's support, involved him in a quarrel with an officer who presided, which has at last produced a formal challenge from the General to the Governor, who they say has prudently made the reply gracious, instead of the retort valiant.

I am very sorry to hear of the attack your father has had of the palsey. You tell me he is pretty well recovered. I hope he may not have another stroke. 'Tis a shocking disorder. I think from its tedious and melancholy effects more terrible even than apoplexey. Your friends here say his brother had an attack of the same nature, when about his age. Your cousins mentioned to me that Col. Francis (Tench's brother) has been much obliged to you for some assistance in the disposal of exchange in his commission. I am very ready to give credit to them, for I know you love to do acts of kindness.

I thank you heartily for your goodness to the family at Fulham, and I am glad that you approve of what I have engaged to do for them. I hope I may live, and always have the power to fulfill it. I remitted them twenty-five pounds in November, and shall send the same sum in about two months. I am

obliged to you for the Court Calendar, and still more for your further offers upon the score of books, &c. The conveyance I would recommend on such occasions is to send the things to the house of Messrs. Johnston & Jolly, merchants, in Fenchurch Street. I correspond constantly with Jolly upon subjects of business. Mercantile people are in the way of shipping things with ease. Your political postscripts will always afford me entertainment, nor need you either fear my quoting your authority or being infected with the rage of party. I am amused by such subjects, but no more seriously affected than your wife would be, who, farther than your interests are concerned, cares nearly as much for a prime minister as she does for one of Harriet's old stockings. I would not as a friend advise Mr. G. Grenville to come and pass a summer in North America. It might be unsafe.

I cannot help laughing at your account of the dissensions in that little state, Covent Garden Theatre, *entre nous*. I believe friend Harris has had something to do in all Mr. Lessingham's affairs. I heard so a twelvemonth ago. I expect a letter from him soon. I agree with you they must be mad if they cannot sit quietly down and divide the spoil. I suppose Garrick plays away this year like a dragon. Did Foote clear much in the Haymarket?

I am just going to write to Mr. Chandler. I wish he would lend me a thousand pounds to trade with. He was very general in his offers of friendship to me, but perhaps would think me too particular if I should put it to the test in that shape. I will not run the risk of offending him by the question. I don't know if anything can make Mrs. Chandler perfectly happy. She has long seemed to enjoy every comfort riches can give. The noble house you describe will be an object for some time; but everything loses its value after a long enjoyment. I am sure I find it so in many things. Some pairs of silk stockings which I greatly admired, and have long been intimate with, are now become so unpleasing to my eyes, that I am resolved to see but half of them at a time, meaning to cover the lower parts, in which are many apparent marks of venerable age, with a kind of half spatter-dashes of black cloth in vogue here. I must have some new ones for holiday and fine weather. I will therefore trouble you to buy six pairs agreeable to pattern I shall send you very soon.

10th March.

I mean now to put a finish to this letter for the pacquet. I had like not to have noticed your trip to Bath for the Christmas holidays; besides the tour of Flanders in the summer. Courage, *mon ami!* I fancy messieurs the whist-players at the Crown have been out of luck lately. We have just now an account of great Ministerial changes and a new Parliament-Secretary for the colonies. Here is a parcel of nonsense buzzing about of wars and tumults. The King of Prussia and the Dutch, and I don't know what all. I don't care half so much about the nations upon earth as I do for your health, welfare, and happiness. That they may all remain fixed upon the best and firmest basis is the wish and prayer of him who is, my dear Philip,

Unutterably yours,
ALEX. MACKRABY.

LETTER V.

Philadelphia: 9th March 1768.

Dear Sister,—You are very kind in telling me you will in general look upon my letters to my brother as answers to those I may also have the pleasure of receiving from you. If a number of my letters to you were wanting to give proof of my affection, I should write often; but I hope that test is not necessary. I would wish to entertain you, if possible, with my correspondence; but at this place and at this season there is so little of anything amusing, that it is with the utmost difficulty (or, as Philip says, with 'mere pulling and hawling') I can furnish out matter for one letter; and, upon my modesty, I have two more to write by the Spanish pacquet after I finish this. I have your kind favours of the 12th September and 12th December, which came to my hands about the same periods as if they had been dispatched on the 12th November and December, such is the uncertainty of winds and waves. I am charmed with your accounts of the three dear little girls. I know you are quite impartial. I often think of them; if they continue to improve, and at the same rate, it will be unsafe to be acquainted with them some years hence. Should you know (which I hope you do not) any ladies who wish to be married and are not so,

advise them to come to this country, where they depend upon getting husbands immediately. The good people are marrying one another as if they had not a day to live. I alledge it to a plot against the State, and that the ladies (who are all politicians in America) are determined to raise young rebels to fight against old England.

I am very much obliged to all my friends for their kind enquiries. If there should by chance two or three people beside our own family who yet remember me, and wish to hear of my welfare, please to tell them I am alive and hearty, fat and well liking; and tho' I never can see England but in my dreams, I often think of it with pleasure.

I thank you much for executing my little commission at Christmas. All my letters from home, tho' in general pleasing, have some little alloy of pain. Colds and swelled legs or faces, rheumatic twitches, and so forth; these things must be. I have my little grumblings sometimes; but have I not at the same time great, very great, cause to be thankful for many blessings I enjoy, which in the ordinary course of things I had no title to expect at this time? We are all, thro' the divine goodness, secure to be as blessed as we can fear. I think to copy this into my Fulham letter. I don't know that I have philosophised so much of a long time.

Pray (as old Polonius says) when you 'was young and in love,' did you approve of serenading? It is extremely in vogue here now. The manner is as follows: We, with four or five young officers of the regiment in barracks, drink as hard as we can, to keep out the cold, and about midnight sally forth, attended by the band, which consists of ten musicians, horns, clarinets, hautboys, and bassoons, march thro' the streets, and play under the window of any lady you choose to distinguish; which they esteem a high compliment. In about an hour all the blackguards who sleep upon bulks, with gentlemen of a certain profession who sweeten the streets at night, are collected round, drawn by that charm which 'soothes a savage breast,' and altogether make it extremely agreeable in a fine frosty morning. I have been out twice, and only once got a violent cold by it. I sometimes get into parties of whist at night, and was very successful at first—had got about ten guineas of winning; but I am now pretty near even again. We have no plays or public diversions of any kind; not so

much as a walk for the ladies, that there is no opportunity of seeing them but at church, or their own houses, or once a fortnight at the assembly. I have been to some of their assemblies, and have danced once with a charming girl, a cousin of yours; but you never saw her, nor in all likelihood ever will. I shall therefore only tell you I was very happy, and very much envied. This is not the season to get furs from the Indian country, and when they do come I don't know if there are any fit for ladies' wear; but I am determined at some time or other to send you something to remember me by, if it should even be a bear, as O'Brien did to your friend Foote.

When you see Mr. Fitzpatrick, Roberts, Marsh, or Grainer, give my love to them. I would send it by Philippe's letter, but I knew he would drop it out and forget to deliver it; and please to remember always that you can hardly think of anybody who loves you more warmly and sincerely than does,

My dearest Betsy,

To Mrs. Francis. ALEX. MACKRABY.

LETTER VI.

New York: 4th June 1768.

Dear Brother,—I did not write you by the last pacquet, being in daily expectation of setting out for this city, and consequently desirous of furnishing matter of more entertainment for my next letter by that change of place. I am but just arrived, and find a ship on the point of sailing for London. I have therefore little to say, but that I have been eat up almost by mosquitoes on the road. You must have felt the venom of those cursed insects in Portugal. I am so mauled that I don't know if my legs will be fit to appear in public to-morrow; if they should, I wait upon the General and Captain Maturin. I shall likewise deliver your letter to Mr. Atche Thompson, who is a considerable merchant here. I was very fortunate in my company hither. I came with a young gentleman of one of the first families in the city, who has lately married a very pretty agreeable girl in Philadelphia; so that I shall get into parties both male and female while I continue among them. We met Captain Francis upon the road, but I did not know him. I

hope to see him in less than a fortnight in Philadelphia. His character makes me very desirous of an acquaintance with him, and I am not upon bad terms with his family. This is an advantage I have to thank you for, as well as for almost every other which does me credit on this side of the water! Your kind offer of an asylum if I should be driven back to my native soil obliges me very much. I am truly sensible of your friendship.

I cannot form any scheme of settlement yet, tho' I have already perceived my present engagement will not open to anything permanent. Perhaps it may be depended on for some months or a year longer. I am endeavouring to save a little fund, if possible, to ramble upon; for I am determined not to return to England speedily—at least while America or the West Indies promise any feasible scheme. I know you sympathise with me in all my ups and downs; you shall always be made acquainted with my plans.

The devil take my bank-note, and the man who picked it up! I wish he was bitten all over with mosquitoes, and that I had the scratching of him! You will certainly be right in making a purchase of lands in America, and no time so proper as the present. They are to be had at a lower rate now than could have been at any period for years past, owing to the extreme scarcity of money. Your coz. the Captain, I dare say, is a good judge of situations. I wait impatiently for those pamphlets of Harris and Rutherford. Pray how do people manage that affair of duels? I have read of five hundred, and I think, except that of John Wilkes's, cannot recollect many that were attended with bloodshed. *Vraiment, c'est très commode!*

So Master Wilkes has got in at last. I suppose he has not obtained pardon; you would have mentioned it if he had. . . . . I said before I am but just arrived here. This is a better place for company and amusements than Philadelphia; more gay and lively. I have already seen some pretty women.

You may tell my sister that I get acquainted with families, and drink tea, and play at cards; and go about to assemblies dancing minuets. I shall hardly get any dancing here. It is growing very hot, and Sir Harry Moore is gone back into the country; they say land jobbing. I am stunned with the

firing of guns and crackers, on account of the King's birthday; all the town illuminated. The General makes all the officers in the town drunk at his house. I have nothing new, but hope to have a great deal more to write to you when I have seen something of New York.

A Mr. Andrew Seton, who was a bankrupt about twelve months ago in London (my sister knows his wife), is just arrived here with his family—six children; and has already purchased an estate, to cost him about five thousand pounds. Is not that worth breaking for? This is a fact.

We expect the pacquet every hour. I shall write to you by her, and shall there address (as I will always in future) to you under the Secretary of War's cover. My having paid postage for the first I sent led me into a foolish mistake, and made me apprehend that it would be charged all the way; but I now find it is only between Philadelphia and New York. Farewell then for the present, my dearest friend.

I am ever most affectionately yours,

A. Mackraby.

Love to my sister and the pickyninnies.

I shall address this as formerly, as it goes by a private ship. Those gentry have sometimes the *politesse* to open letters which they think may contain public business.

Letter VII.

New York: 13th June 1768.

My dear Philip,—I wrote to you eight days since by the 'York,' Capt. Lawrence. I have just now received yours of 16 April by the pacquet. I am upon the point of returning to Philadelphia, and shall set out to-morrow. The novelty of this place made me think it more enchanting at first than I now find it. As to its situation, it affords nothing extraordinary but the North river, which is navigable for large sloops 170 miles up the country, and by its junction with smaller streams, opens a vast communication with the interior parts. This, you know, is a great advantage, and makes lands above much more valuable. Our river at Philadelphia, tho' a mile broad at the ycit

is not navigable more than thirty miles above it. With regard to the people, manner, living, and conversation, one day shows you as much as fifty. Here are no diversions at all at present. The plays are over, and I told you some time since the cause of there being no assemblies. I have gone dining about from house to house, but meet with the same dull round of topics everywhere—lands, Madeira wine, fishing parties, or politics, make up the sum total. They have a vile practice here, which is peculiar to this city: I mean that of playing at back-gammon (a noise I detest), which is going forward in the public coffee-houses from morning till night, frequently ten or a dozen tables at a time. I think a single man in America is one of the most wretched beings I can conceive; yet our friend Atchy Thompson is still a batchelor; but he talks of going to Europe immediately upon the return of his partner, I believe to settle in Ireland or London. He is a good-natured youth, and I believe in a very good way; at least I can answer for his having a good house and good wine.

I waited on General Gage, and had the honour of some conversation with him. It was lucky I went at the time I did, as he has been out of town almost ever since. So has Captain Maturin; but he paid me a visit this morning, and with the extremest politeness told me how much he was concerned at my departure; that he hoped to have had the honour of seeing me at his house; that he will be always proud of an opportunity to show any civilities to Mr. Francis's friends, and that I may depend upon his forwarding my letters constantly. In fact he is a very agreable well-bred man, and his lady a pretty woman. I wish I could have been better acquainted with him, which I certainly will whenever I come to New York again. By the by, you tell me in your last that you had inclosed a letter from him, which I did not receive. I only mentioned this to be beforehand with your Infallibilityship, as it is a thousand to one I make some greater neglect before our correspondence is many months older.

We have just now got an account of Wilkes's surrender on the 20th April. Who will say that British liberty is at the last gasp, when our publick streets at noon day give such evident and glaring proofs of the contrary? I am still anxious to know what will be the end of it.

The overthrow of your carriage alarmed me much. Poor

Betsy must have been sadly frighted! I hope you will at least get a new coach as damages from the waggoner.

The old gentleman is a perfect dragon at letter-writing, and I assure you uses very good paper. By my soul, it gives me extreme pleasure to find they are so happy. If the Chr. continue their inclination, and I my abilities, I trust they will be long so. I live a tolerably jolly life, but I see no prospect of getting rich. Plague take this subordination. I want to make a ramble about 200 miles up the country. Sir Wm. Johnson holds a congress of a vast number of Indian tribes. Governor is going up thither, and a great many strangers. I have a violent curiosity to see something of that nature, but have had no opportunity yet. I must and will save a little money for amusements by and by. Heavens! what an immense country this is! If I should meet with two or three disappointments, I don't know but I may set down upon a tract and plant cabbages.

I have been writing to Mr. Alderman Kirkman, and recommending a purchase of lands to him. That youth begins early with his honours in the City. Pray does he play at whist at the Crown now? I rejoice in Oliver's recovery, and I am determined to write him so.

15th June.

I am here still. There never was such uncomfortable weather. It has blown a hurricane these two days, and rained constantly. I am prevented crossing the ferry to set out for Philadelphia. So uncertain is this climate, that in the morning you may wear a suit of cloth cloathes, at noon sit in your shirt with windows and doors open, and in the evening of the same day wrap yourself up in a fur cloak. I wish I had one here now.

Among the many disputes in this and the more northern parts of America, the religious are not the least. The zealous members of the Church of England are full of apprehensions at the great and growing power of the Presbyterians. Don't imagine that I mean in any matters that regard salvation; that affair might have been left to shift for itself at doomsday. The alarm was taken at an election lately; since which the parties have raged with tolerable violence. The Church people, conscious that the Presbyterians, who have the appointment of their own ministers, must always outnumber them, are desirous

of having some person here vested with the power of ordination —but they don't like a bishop, nor ecclesiastical courts, in short, they don't know what they want. You remember Dean Swift was to have been made Bishop of Virginia. The Presbyterians should not be allowed to grow too great. They are all of republican principles. The Bostonians are Presbyterians. Now I talk of Church matters, pray where is Rosenhagen?[1] I am fearful he is very inattentive to his flock in Florida. We just now hear that Major Rogers has been playing the devil at his fort, and that he had a scheme of seizing another, and giving up both to the Indians to plunder. It is said he is coming down here in irons.

I must have now done. I am afraid all this nonsense will tire you, but 'tis the best matter I have. So as you can get no more of the cat than the skin, you must take the will for the deed. I am just setting out for Philadelphia upon a hired horse, full speed.

So farewell at once, my dear brother.

I am most affectionately and cordially yours,

A. MACKRABY.

Positively I must give you the trouble of the inclosed for my father. I send him a bill in it, which will make postage come high by the pacquet.

LETTER VIII.

Philadelphia: 17th August 1768.

My dear Brother,—I wrote you by the last pacquet, which dispatched from New York in June, and the May pacquet is but just arrived here. It brings me your favour of 14th May. We had not received any accounts from England for so long a time, that we began to think the winds and waves had combined to compleat the separation that politics had begun. You out-do us altogether in riots and combinations. God knows how it will end. We have nothing new in this quarter, not even in public matters. Moderation is our system.

I am very fond of your cousin the Colonel. We have been taking a ramble together sixty miles up the country—the first

[1] Rosenhagen was at this time a chaplain in the army.

inland view I have had of it. Our chief object was Bethlehem (not of Judea, but), a settlement of Moravians, about a thousand in number. This little society live together upon a plan very like that of the Jesuits in Paraguay: a religious government. They have among them mechanics and manufacturers of every kind necessary for their own accommodation, and, I believe, the most compleat farm in America. They have their own schools, which are not contemptible, their own language, own customs and religion. Music, in which they are almost all proficients, is an article of their religion. So far, state is a natural one; but the poor devils have no property; the labours of each individual being dedicated to the general advantage of the community, from whose stock each has his portion of necessary comforts (not even excepting their wives) allotted according to the pleasure of the directing fathers. The children are the children of the State. I need not tell you they are not free agents, as you know well enough it is nothing but property can make us so.

I thank you for your care and punctuality in the execution of my commissions. I wish I may see the books this summer. Jolly writes me the ships are detained in the river by this insurrection of the sailors, and that business of every kind is in a manner at a stand. You are a sort of physician to the State, and are more engaged in proportion as its disorders increase. I suppose you will be putting us Americans to our purgations shortly.

This is a very capital billiard match you write me of. I am anxious to know the event, and I'll lay a wager you'll have forgotten by the time you write me again. I have just subscribed to a billiard table, tho' I never play. I like the party so well that I don't grudge my 40*s*. Forty shillings Philadelphia currency is about twenty-four sterling. This currency matter is a great convenience, for if I spend nominally my whole appointment, I lay by above sixty pounds in every hundred. This is a speculation, you'll please to observe; the fact is, I lay by very little. Plague take it, I shall never be rich.

Colonel and I are to have some talk about lands, and are both to write to you upon the subject. I believe he will purchase as soon as he can meet with a spot to his mind. Poor fellow, he has had a terrible fit of the rheumatism, but is now better.

I am never sick, and but seldom sorry. Farewell, my friend.

Give my best love to my sister, and teach your children to remember me in their prayers.

So God bless you all, says

Your faithful

A. MACKRABY.

LETTER IX.

Philadelphia: 2nd January 1769.

My dear Brother,—I have received yours of the 13th of August, and since that the Dissensions of Coleman and Harris—'where Gods meet Gods and jostle in the dark'—and I have wrote both to you and your wife within these two months; and pray, Mr. Francis, why an't I to have a letter by this pacquet as well as the Colonel? Why, sir, I have been in the company of the Duchess of Gordon as well as he,—and I supped t'other night with Colonel Scott, who is worth three hundred thousand pounds; and more, sir, if he loves you half so well as I do—why then—the devil fetch me.

I long to know if my sister is brought to bed, and I long to hear that she has got a son.

I am quite tired of plodding for ever in this confounded Quaker town. Plague take it! I work without getting rich. You can never have had a party in a sleigh or sledge, for I recollect it was summer when you were in Holland. I had a very clever one a few days ago. Seven sleighs with two ladies and two men in each, preceded by fidlers on horseback, set out together upon a snow of about a foot deep on the roads, to a public-house a few miles from town, where we danced, sung, and romped and eat and drank, and kicked away care from morning till night, and finished our frolic in two or three side boxes at the play.

You can have no idea of the state of the pulse seated with pretty women, mid deep in straw, your body armed with furs and flannell, clear air, bright sunshine, and spotless sky, horses galloping, every feeling turned to joy and jollity! I wished heartily to have had you amongst us, and so did cousin Patty.

The family here are in daily expectation of Mr. Tench Francis's arrival. I fancy he will come in good spirits, for from what I hear his affairs have turned out more fortunately than was expected.

I suppose you know the Colonel Scott who is here; his regiment is in this country. He is reported to be extremely rich—no bad introduction, let me tell you, anywhere! But he is, besides that, a frank agreeable man. He is much esteemed in this place, where he has been two or three weeks, and is setting out for a tour through all the southern provinces. But what is all this to you? you'll say.

Our friends at Boston have been kicking against the pricks, but seem pretty quiet now. If you send any troops here, do set them about making new roads, for I can't get a ride since the snow left us, if it were for my life; and I am all head-aches, and rheumatisms, and cold. See what stupid work I have made of this letter, writing things twice over, and scratching out, and the Lord knows what. But charge to the account of indisposition and fatigue, and not to

Your ever faithful and affectionate

ALEX. MACKRABY.

Love to sister and little ones.

LETTER X.

Philadelphia: 28th January 1769.

My dear Brother,—I wrote you by the last pacquet, and now have yours of the 10th Sept., and 5th Oct., and 2nd Novemb. before me. I give you joy of your son. I don't know how you feel on the occasion, but methinks I seem a greater man now I am uncle to a nephew. I am informed your daughters are most accomplished young women. My father writes me he is their tutor for languages, and takes *especial* care to make them speak plain and distinctly. I don't doubt but like poor la Fleur, he has 'toutes les dispositions qu'on peut avoir;—mais—' in short, I hope he will have better success with them than he has had with his son.

I have got a little box which shall be sent you by a ship from this port, in about a week. It contains something from the Colonel—I don't know what. That cousin of yours and I have had some converse about lands. He is managing his own matters in that way, and has promised to take care of a thousand acres for you. I have on my part engaged that the money for the charge, whatever they are, shall be forthcoming. . . . .

Letter XI.

Philadelphia: 10th August 1769.

My dear Brother,—I have yours by the May and June pacquets now before me, and I thank you for your anecdotes. You seem to think such matters of no great consequence, but I assure you they are. Every pacquet gives me the dignity of an oracle. 'Mack, what do your letters say? You must have news? and your intelligence is the best, &c.' Your ministerial gentry will not gain their point with all their promises. The Resolvers are very steady, and have newly determined not to abate in the smallest degree till the Acts are actually repealed. By the by, we have had two or three very odd occurrences upon the subject of importations.

A discontented gentleman made a purchase of a Cheshire cheese last week; and another malcontent thought to drown his resentments in a hogshead of English Entire Butt. These delicacies happened unfortunately to be shipped from Europe after the Resolutions on this side had transpired, and in consequence Messrs. of the Committee took the liberty to interfere. The purchasers made a gallant stand in defence of their bellies, but their opposition was vain. Hard words and bad names flew about in support of Liberty. They cursed and swore, kicked and cuffed and pulled noses; but the catastrophe was, that the prisoners were regaled with one and t'other—I mean the cheese and porter—qualified with two dollars worth of bread. They have sent away a ship loaded with malt to-day. Nobody could either buy or store it.

Mr. Neave and I are upon the point of withdrawing ourselves from this busy scene, and retiring for a few weeks into the woods. We shall quarter ourselves upon your cousin Tubby in the course of our peregrination. You shall hear by and by how he lives, and I am of opinion that we shall eat our meat with little sauce but hunger. I shall write you again before we set out, and for the present must take my leave. So farewell at once.

Yours ever,

A. Mackraby.

We are all panting with heat, the glass from 92° to 95°—and yet the mad people will marry in spite of it. I sleep upon the floor for coolness, and almost perish under the weight of a single sheet.

Letter XII.

Philadelphia: 2nd December 1769.

My dear Brother,—

. . . . . .

As the matter for most of my letters generally grows out of your own, you may expect me to be at this instant as barren as you please of subject; I shall therefore, for want of a better, give you a recipe for the care of a drunken servant, as I am practising it at present upon a fellow of mine. Don't beat them, for that I know does no good. Lament their situation, send them to bed, and the next day begin with an emetic, the more nauseous it is the better; when that ceases to operate, a strong cathartic will generally compleat the cure and repentance; but in case of a relapse, a large blister between the shoulders is a sovereign remedy for these dram-atic fevers. I hope in the case now before me, the latter may be needless. You can have no idea of the plague we have with servants on this side the water. If you bring over a good one he is spoilt in a month. Those born in the country are insolent and extravagant. The imported Dutch are to the last degree ignorant and awkward. The Irish (upon which establishment my gentleman is) are generally thieves, and particularly drunkards; and the negroes stupid and sulky, and stink damnably. We have tried them all round, and this is the sum total of my observations, 'the devil take the hindmost.'

I wrote my father, by a merchant ship last week, a letter at least as long as this. If my sister will oblige so much as to inform him I will write him a long letter by the next pacquet, and to tell him the occasion of my being prevented writing by this, I will thank her.

My love to her, and God bless you all.

Adieu, my dearest friend. I am ever your affectionate,

A. Mackraby.

Letter XIII.

Philadelphia: 12th December 1769.

My dear Friend,—

. . . . . .

The only point of appearance in which Maryland differs from this province, is, that there they have not any large towns. The rivers, and their navigable branches, are so numerous, that the

gentlemen of that country live generally upon their own plantations, and keep negroes to cultivate tobacco and other produce. The tobacco season was just over when I went down, but I saw some little growing. Its appearance when green is just like that of some large docks which grow in marshy lands. They plant it in single stalks, very tedious and troublesome in its culture.

They are of late years getting more into the cultivation of wheat. What do you think of one person having more than 800 acres in wheat, and as much more in Indian corn, and half that quantity besides in tobacco? This is at 15 bushels per acre, and 5*s.* per bushel makes no contemptible income. Let me tell you, old friend, a good American estate is a very good thing. Were it not that the expensive hospitable manner in which everybody lives here (for you may really go from house to house for a month, living upon delicatesses, and drinking claret you would not despise at the first tavern in London); and that their number of negroes and equipage serves as a mighty counter-ballance, they would grow immensely rich; too rich, mon ami, for your system of American politics. Nothing that I met with in Maryland surprised me so much as to see the regularity and exactness with which their inspecting houses, or public repositories for tobacco, are conducted, both to prevent frauds in ascertaining the duties, and also for the convenience of individuals; not even a single stalk of the poorest planter, but he is accounted with for, and can transfer as his property, even at a hundred miles distance. I was no less amazed to hear that in a late year, when the produce of the tobacco colonies was about 80,000 hogsheads, not less than 38,000 were the property of the merchants in Scotland! I had no idea of such a proportion.

Tobacco is current here as money. Taxes are paid in it, wages paid, and the parsons' stipend collected: 30lb. weight a head for every one in a family above sixteen years old (excepting white women). I think some of the black gowns pick from £500 to £1,000 a year and upwards, without being too closely confined to attending the cure of souls. Oh! Do let us have a bishop. Our clergy are quarrelling like dog and bear: and I fear the Presbytery get the better. (I hate the Presbyterians since they made an honest friend of mine do public penance for having been guilty of begetting a bastard, and the fellow was worth upwards of ten thousand pounds.)

Colonel Francis dines with me this day. He gives his best love to you, and bids me tell you that he has your acres in view, and hopes they will soon be in his reach. He is come down to stay the winter among us.

I care but little about politics; only if there should be a chance of a war, it would give me some satisfaction to know it as soon as anybody.

Pray what do think of Paoli? C'est un galant homme. We annex extraordinary ideas to the appearance of heroes, as if they were not like other people.

Adieu, my dearest brother.

I am, with truest affection, ever yours,

A. MACKRABY.

LETTER XIV.

Philadelphia: 2nd January 1770.

My dear Brother,— . . . . . Your cousin Tub is in his flannels again. He has had a severe bout this time—ever since the date of my last letter. He dined with me that day, and has not been out since. I am just come from his bedside, where, though he could not reach out a finger to me, he assures me he has had a *signum salutis* which ensures his speedy recovery. We had a deal of chat about old England and your worship. He is actually in treaty for two tracts for you, and I think he will make you an American landowner as soon as he gets about again. It shall go hard but I will buy ten guineas' worth of terra firma before I leave this continent. It will be as extensive as some German principality or some Scots Laird's estate.

I know little of your political contests at home, but I will whisper to you that our Americans with their Resolutions have overshot the mark. They perhaps find that the very steps on which they founded their hopes and expectations of redress may prove the very means of defeating it. In short, I don't know what they must do, if this session of Parliament should not afford them relief. The stores are empty; those persons who have goods lately imported, and in the possession of the committees, are discontented, and will soon grow clamorous. Rogues are making their advantage, and the Quakers grow cold and plead conscience. Here are few manufactures to supply the deficiency of goods from Europe. None of consequence can

speedily be established, and at the same time here is a people daily increasing. You will read what they are about at New York—their meetings and the subject of it. It should seem that the spirit which was lately lulled into silent expectation, is about to flame forth again. What can be the cause of it? Here is weather to freeze the blood of tigers. Love or wine can hardly warm me.

How can it be that the longer I reside in this climate I am the more affected by its severities? The intense heat of last summer overpowered me, and the cold we have already this winter seems to exceed all recollection or idea, as well as it does all endurance. I had almost spoiled my letter with a lump of black ice, which hung from my pen just now. I am going to attend an electrical lecture. We'll try if that spark can touch me, and if it does I will dance it to a blaze at the assembly at night.

I am most truly yours,

A. MACKRABIE.

LETTER XV.

Macrabie to Francis.

Philadelphia: 10th March 1770.

Dear Brother,—You can have no idea of the winter we have had. The navigation of the river has been completely stopt—froze over in one night, tho' nearly a mile broad; and only one hundred miles to the northward of us salt-water has been frozen.

This is the first vessel from our port for any part of England this year; and such has been our delay, that I wrote letters to go by her in the beginning of January. I shall hereafter have it in my power to be more punctual, and I will absolutely be so. Colonel Francis is down in Maryland. He was making excuses for not having wrote you for so long a time, and particularly upon the subject of the lands, which I had depended wholly upon him for, as from his experience and connections he can do better than anybody. His inability from sickness is a plea which I believe we must admit; but he told me he was ashamed of so often repeating that his pursuit had been unsuccessfull. He has had a tract in view for a considerable time,

which he told me the day before he set out he was in treaty for, and had not a doubt of obtaining. The present proprietor sells through mere necessity. He (Tubby) thinks the terms so favourable that he would purchase it himself upon speculation, with a certainty of profit. You will have a thousand acres of good land for about one hundred and thirty pounds sterling money, or thereabouts. It is near him, and he can always have his eye upon it; but he will write to you himself when he returns. I can advance the money for it here, and draw upon you for the value; but that I shall not do till you know the purchase is actually made and you are regularly advised, that you may be prepared. Do, my dear friend, excuse talking of your being prepared for the payment of an hundred and thirty pounds. I am grown so formal and humdrum that you would think me a piece of clockwork. I am sure that to become a Quaker would be a transformation not at all more unnatural for me than to become a beau was to my friend Sam Wharton! Have you seen that gallant personage lately? They tell us he has got his grant confirmed; if so, you may buy land on the Ohio as cheap as stinking mackerel. 'Tis not above four or five hundred miles off; but what of that?

Have you repealed our Acts yet? I wish you had, for we want goods most confoundedly. I would give all the ready money I am worth to be here with a noble cargo in the first vessel that arrives after the repeal. It is an age since we had any politics. This is too cold a season for any bold stroke on this side the water. They have only a Captain Macdougall prisoner at New York for libellous productions. He is to take his trial in about a month. The booksellers are publishing copies of the trial of one Zenger at New York, many years ago, for much such another affair; on which occasion the father of Governor Hamilton gained amazing honour by his pleadings in defence of the liberty of the press. But *Junius* is the Mars of malcontents. His letter to the King is past all endurance, as well as all compare. The Americans are under small obligations to him for his representation of them. I will do them more justice than he does, by declaring that his production is not very favourably received among them. Who the devil can he be? Sir William Draper is arrived in South Carolina. I have read all that correspondence, and never before met with such keen, cutting satire!

Letter XVI.

Macrabie to Francis.

Philadelphia: 24th April 1770.

My dearest Brother,—The Ministerial confusions at home afford but an indifferent prospect to America of their so-wished-for repeal. In the meantime they are lessening their heavy debt by an export of grain that would amaze you. Not a ship in the port unengaged, and even new ones upon the stocks contracted for upon freight before they are launched. Their constant draughts upon England have lowered exchange near 25 per cent. since I have been here. That difference, my friend, is confoundedly against your humble servant, who receives his stipend in sterling; so it will be against you in your purchase of land, which Tubby has agreed for, and will soon complete the bargain. He is out of town at present, but threatens you with a long letter soon; and I know will soon be as good as his word. He has been greatly taken up lately in business, and I am happy that he has not found leisure even to be sick.

Apropos of lands, you talk of obtaining a grant; but that cannot be in this province, the proprietaries having the exclusive right of purchase by their Charter. The same in Maryland, the same in the Jerseys; but whenever I pay you a visit in London, we'll talk a little upon that subject. The Colonel may perhaps point out some little nook or other in the American map worthy our attention. He has once hinted the matter to me in confidence. He knows every spot of the continent almost. What he purchases for you now has an immediate value, and is in a very increasing settlement.

Would you think that in a city with above twenty thousand inhabitants we should find difficulty in collecting twenty native Englishmen to celebrate St. George's Day yesterday? And in that number there were some I had never spoken to before. We should have had the Governor at our head, but that the party was only proposed two days before. However, we met at a tavern, stuffed roast beef and plum pudding, and got drunk, *pour l'honneur de St. George*; wore crosses, and finished the evening at the play-house, where we made the people all chorus 'God save the King' and 'Rule Britannia' and 'Britons strike

home,' &c., and such like nonsense; and, in short, conducted ourselves with all the decency and confusion usual on such occasions. My head aches plaguely! so pray excuse me till the next pacquet. Adieu! In a fortnight you shall hear again from

Your ever faithful
A. MACKRABIE.

LETTER XVII.

Macrabie to Francis.

Philadelphia: 4th May 1770.

My dear Brother,—My friend and your cousin the Colonel has given me the inclosed letter to forward. He is just come to town; and so, as I am just going out of town, I shall depend upon Monsieur Neave for the conveyance. I fancy we shall have a pacquet in a few days. I wrote to you by the last, about ten days ago.

Tubby is a great speculator, and as enterprising as speculative. He tells me he has hinted some of his objects to you. I do think with him that attention and industry, assisted with a little interest and a little money besides, may do a great deal in prospects in future on this side of the water. I wish we could realise some of his projects. It shall not drop; and if I should see you this summer (which is far from improbable, tho' I only mention it to yourself), we'll trace the outlines of some plan or other. I have industry and application; but for the other two ingredients, as little as you please. We have just now a report, by way of Lisbon, of a repeal of part of the Revenue Act, the tea only excepted. If it shall prove true, I shall regret that our Ministry were not generous enough to recommend an absolute and complete repeal; tho' it were even at the expense of the East India Company. I don't like reconciliations by halves.

Our gentry here don't seem to expect that goods will be shipped in the case as reported to us; tho' it is well known they are in the greatest want of supply. I am now convinced that 'tis no easy matter to establish manufactures in America; nor have I observed a single step towards an attempt either in linens, woollens, or silk, except stockings. A scheme is proposed

here for the culture of silk, in consequence of your offered bounty at home, and it is well supported. Near a thousand pound has been subscribed in a few days, and more could, I doubt, be easily raised. The people of this city are far beyond the inhabitants of any other part of the continent in public spirit; I mean in that proper useful spirit of improvement—moderation in politics. I may be deceived, but I look to *this* as my field of action.

Adieu, my dearest friend! You have my sincerest regards.

Yours ever,

A. MACKRABIE.

Love to Betsy, &c. &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Turbutt Francis to Francis.

Philadelphia: 4th May 1770.

My dear Cousin,—The night before last I returned from the country, with your survey of one thousand acres or thereabouts. I make no doubt but from my long silence you concluded I had entirely forgot you, but I should have blushed even at this distance if I had wrote these six pacquets past, that I would get the land, at the same time not able to give you any certainty of it. I determined not to give one line until I either got the matter or gave it over. I now have it, and in a few months will you; your patent under Mr. Penn and a draught of the land, which is as good (as the saying is) as ever a crow flew over; so much for that,—no, one thing more, it will cost you one hundred and twenty-five or thirty guineas.

I have a plan which, with your assistance and some of your friends over the water, will in all probability hand the name of Francis to the future world with dignity and property: it's no less than a part of a province, which I have reason to believe might be bought of the Indians for two or three, at most, thousand guineas, provided we could obtain the Crown's right to make a fair purchase; it's a matter worth attention, and I make no doubt you have as much anxiety for the future rank of your children as any fond father can have; the purchase will be very extensive, and a prodigious fine country. If you can get Lewis Evans' map of the Colonies, find out Fort Pitt, then go

down the Ohio on the west side until you come to a river emptying into the Ohio, you will find its name to be *Scioto*, and higher up the same river you will find the *Lower Shawanee Town*. The beginning of this purchase will be at the mouth of the Scioto river, and down the Ohio until you come to the Wabash, which you will find on the west side of the Ohio, bounded by the Wabash on the south, on the Ohio by the east, and Scioto on the north, and our western line must be run. Now if you take in two or three of the right sort of men, who will obtain the royal grant, and who will also advance some money to make the essay, which may require about two hundred guineas, there is two of us here who will go to that country, and see what can be done; there is but one gentleman who will go with me, that I am desirous to be concerned in this country, and the thing cannot well be done without him: so do you take in as many as you think necessary to carry on the plan, and those that will carry it into immediate execution; do think seriously of it, and let me know your sentiments, and who you intend to take in, by the next pacquet. If you can obtain for us too the carrying place of Niagara with the lands joining it, and a grant of the Salt Lake, and the land for one mile around it in the Onondago country, it will be a great thing. You may push that matter yourself, and the sooner the better, but be as silent as the grave with every man, but these with whom your business lays, for the value of those two places are so well known by every man who has been in America, that envy would start up and perhaps overset you. By all means if you can, get absolute grants, not an order to the Governour of New York, in whose province those two last places lay.

I have not heard anything lately about my joining the regiment. I wish you could lay the matter out, so as to get me a company in any regiment. You certainly have opportunities of obtaining a favor of that kind. I could then either join the regiment or go out upon half pay, my rank would be going on, and in case of war, if I was not better fixed, might go into the army with greater advantage to what I can as lieutenant. Do think of me, tho' three thousand miles from you. Mc. just this moment left me, he is going out of town.

Remember me to Mrs. Francis, and believe me to be affectionately yours,

TURBUTT FRANCIS.

Letter XIX.

Philadelphia: 9th June 1770.

My dear Brother,—You are not only one of the most regular but one of the kindest of correspondents. I have absolutely three of your letters of different dates in March. April and May, I foretell, will furnish out one pacquet, for I am informed that the vessel coming out with the mail for the former mouth sprung a leak and put back to refit.

So Monsr. Wilkes is again a free man. A gentleman who left London just at the time of his enlargement, tells me that he had formed some extraordinary resolutions with regard to the manner of claiming his seat in the House of Commons. As a patriotic hero shines with the greatest lustre when under the influence of ministerial persecution, I suppose he will shortly contrive to get into the English Bastille, or the 'Chatelet au moins.' I wish you would all be quiet at home, and be as unanimous as we are this side the water. Could you but be present at one of our meetings here—such speechifying! But the joke is, that the Resolutions of non-importation are supposed to be the resolutions of the merchants who usually bond dry goods, and are in number not exceeding two hundred, and at least five times that number of different persons have appeared and given their voices at their several meetings. Indeed their chief speakers at almost all their meetings are people who have no more concern in dry goods than I have with astronomy. If these things must be, the patriotic public should indemnify all the little shopkeepers, many of whom live upon the profits of their petty returns from month to month. But the spirit of liberty breathes on every act and on every occasion. Our play-bills promise to exhibit to us the noble struggle for liberty of those renowned Romans, Brutus and Cassius, tho' poor Cassius was so deficient in his Latin as to call Publius Puppy-lies, throughout the whole piece. A gallant mechanic, whose shop was broken open lately, could not advertise a reward for apprehending the thief, without pathetically lamenting how hard it was for a man to part with his property *without his consent.* If the delinquent should be caught, and prove an Englishman, he will be hanged without benefit of clergy.

I long to make one of your parties with Dick Tilghman, Fitz, and so forth, but the Devil take politics! I'll never debate

with either you or Dick. You have both too much to say. I hold my tongue here, and the people think me knowing—but snug.

Upon my word, I expect to come home this summer; nay, if you'll promise not to tell my sister or mother of it, I will even assure you I have no doubt of it; but I'll tell more by and by. The Colonel and you and I must do something together. He is projecting in the country. I think to beat up his quarters in a week or two. He writes me to bring him up a hundred pounds on your account, which I shall do. You know he has made a purchase of acres for you. He will have the deeds and patent soon, and then you'll have no further trouble.

I have seen lately some of the prettiest situations and finest lands in the universe; but sometimes found my native tongue of little use to me, having been in a part of the country inhabited almost wholly by Dutch. You would hardly think that in a country town in this province a jury desired to have the evidence interpreted to them before two witnesses had been examined. By the by, these Dutch are a most inhospitable set of beings. I lost my road one night, and had liked to have made an 'al fresco' party of it till morning, for the surly devils would not admit me into their houses, insisting upon it 'I was Irisher,' i.e., Irishman. It cost me at last two dollars for a shelter for my horses, and the luxury of an oak table for a couch for myself. This happened fortunately at the close of a day on which I had been made acquainted with a Society of Réligieux appellés Donckers, who wear long beards, and sackcloth shirts, and serge robes—who make a board their bed, and have a wooden block for their pillow—who live upon hips and haws and butter-milk, and get up at midnight to sing hallelujahs; who neither marry nor are given in marriage; who journey on foot with a staff and a scrip; and who hold money in contempt. All this is true, and also that such a sect have subsisted for forty years. It is, likewise, I prophesy, no less true that in less than forty years more they will shave their beards and wash their faces, and live like decent reasonable creatures.

Adieu, my dearest Philip! Give my best love to your good honest wife, and to your fat, handsome children, not forgetting my nephew whether fat or lean.

Adieu once more. Yours,

A. Mackrabie.

Letter XX.

Philadelphia: 20th June 1770.

My dear Brother,— . . . . . I shall not be near your lands, which I am sorry for, as I should be glad to have it in my power to give you some description at least of their situation, which I trust would afford you as much satisfaction as to have a sample of their quality.

I assure you our American Wilkes is not half so much followed or thought of as he was. He has found out that the better part of patriotism is discretion, and has therefore prudently given bail, and now walks at large. The true flaming zeal should have made him persist in still remaining prisoner. He should have borne his chains ever about him, and even like Columbus have had them buried in the same grave with him.

The New York merchants have now a majority for importation after the 1st of December next. Some amongst ours begin to waver. How fickle a gale the public voice is!

I believe I have never told you that we have got Whitfield among us. He preaches like a dragon, curses and blesses us all in a breath, and tells us he hopes to die in the pulpit. He abuses the players, who in turn advertised to perform the Minor. The parsons petitioned the Governor against it, and the performance was dropt. Squintum took this as a compromise, and the next Sunday recommended a subscription for the players.

Yours, ever with the truest affection,

A. Mackrabie.

Letter XXI.

Fort Pitt:[1] 14th July 1770.

My dear Brother,— . . . . . All this and much more have we seen in a few days. We have conversed with Indian chiefs; and if our stomachs could have digested brick-dust and bears'-grease, might have been not unkindly received by their *squaws*, by which names the ladies of the Copper Race are distinguished. We have seen them dancing, and we have seen them drunk; we have heard them talk and have heard them sing; and I believe I have already almost enough of

[1] Now the city of Pittsburg.

the Shawanee language to tell you in good Indian the names of all these different ceremonies. I have persuaded a warrior whom we met on the Allegany River to come down to the fort, for me to draw his picture; but an unlucky accident which has just happened—namely, a white man having taken the liberty to shoot an Indian for offering certain familiarities to his wife, and attempting to steal his horse—have put my gentleman out of humour, and disappointed me of my copy. He was to have put on all his war trinkets, and to have been new painted on the occasion. These Indians are the greatest coxcombs upon earth! Their method of cutting and pulling their ears, and boring their noses, is beyond all conception ridiculous. I have seen a woman with not less than six dozen brooches of silver upon a shift more dirty and ragged than was ever seen in St. Giles's; and a warrior with his ears slit into strips and chitterlings, and twisted about with more silver clasps than a Dutch family Bible.

You can have no idea of the delightful situation of Fort Pitt. It is built upon a point of land formed by the confluence of the two rivers, Allegany and Monongahelah, which immediately upon their junction have the name of the Ohio. The Indian language, which is the most figurative in the universe, is remarkably characteristic in the titles of these rivers. They are their Allegro and their Penseroso. The former clear and lively, flowing over a bright pebbled bed, and transparent as christal; the Monongahelah dull, dark, and heavy, moving in a sluggish and almost imperceptible course. The lofty hills and endless woods with which they are bordered make the whole scene delightfully romantic. I shall say little of the fort, because I don't understand military matters; and besides that, I had little time for observation. I am told it will accommodate more than a regiment, but it has not at present fifty men who do duty. We have been most hospitably and genteely entertained by an officer whom we knew last winter in Philadelphia, and allowing for the *politesse à la militaire* which obliges us to compound for being *un peu enivré* at least once a day, we pass our time very agreeably. I am as well reconciled to the four o'clock drum as if I had lived all my time in a camp. But our week has just expired, and we must return to our former engagements, and cross the Allegany mountains once more. I tremble at the thought of rocks and precipices; these are gentle

sufferings compared to loghouses with earthen floors and the intolerable suffocation of bark smoke, which we are obliged to endure every night, to avoid being flead alive by gnats and fleas. In point of provision, this road in summer *beggars all description.* For a hundred miles we are under the necessity of carrying fodder for our horses; and for our parts, I shall never while I live lose the idea of dried venison and whiskey toddy.

I think we cannot be absent from Philadelphia more than a month longer. One of my most pleasing prospects is that upon my return I may hear of your family so dear to me. Adieu, my dearest Philip.

I am, most affectionately yours,

A. MACKRABIE.

LETTER XXII.

Philadelphia: 9th November 1770.

My dearest Friend,— . . . . . I am favoured with yours of the 4th September by the pacquet, and have read to the Colonel that part of it and of your former which relate to him. As he is now perfectly satisfied, and promises to set down and open his plan more particularly to me, for your farther information when we meet, I may venture to tell you that he was very anxious to hear from you, and seemed to think your silence unkind, till I changed the course of his resentment by abusing him like a dragon for thinking so of you, who, I asserted, had as much punctuality and exactness in business as all the Francis' together. But your letters have composed him more than my arguments. He loves you, and of consequence was jealous of any the least appearance of neglect. He has shewed me all the draughts and papers relating to your lands. I know nothing of their situation, but have not a doubt of their good quality. There remains only now to get them patented, which shall be done before I leave this place. Tubby thinks his grand project cannot engage above fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, and this he would propose dividing in shares, so as that he or you should not venture too much of your own property in it; but I will say no more about it at present till he lets me entirely into the matter. I know more than one person in London who I think would venture five

hundred pounds in any scheme we should countenance and recommend, and I have told the Colonel so.

I have been introduced to our new coz., whom before I only knew by sight; now that I have conversed with her I like her very well. She is a sensible, clever girl. You may tell Dick I say so, and that I hope he will not treat his aunt with the less respect for being only eighteen years old.

You will before this time know of the resolves of the merchants here to import every article except tea. How absurd their first resolution! and how wretchedly supported! Moderate people advised from the first that their plans should be to decline importing such articles as were taxed at that time, and so on, in case other articles should come under the same predicament. Such a measure must have effectually answered their end; whereas now their rashness in the first instance, and want of steadiness afterwards, has involved them in a worse political state than theirs was before the Stamp Act, besides sowing the seeds of jealousy which in due time will produce some pretty decent scene of confusion.

Adieu, my dear brother.

I am, with the truest affection, ever yours,

A. MACKRABIE.

LETTER XXIII.

Philadelphia: January 25, 1773.

Dear Francis,—You will surely have finished your tour by the time of Mackrabie's arrival in England, and therefore I will scribble a little, though in your last you forbad me to write till I should hear from you. But I hardly know how to address you. Have the countries you have travelled through made any alteration in you? It is very far from impossible. I have read indeed that 'cœlum, *non animum*, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.' But I do not believe a word of it. The change in my own animus gives me a right to contradict it. Men and things, in a certain part of the world, appear very different from what they did before I first crossed the Atlantic. If England is as much worse than Italy as it is better than America, your travels will take more from your peace than they will add to your knowledge. But no more of that; there is a remedy for

all things but death, as Sancho says. Time is doing great things for me. I feel myself Americanizing very fast; yet even that disturbs me. At this moment I am shocked to think, that if by any accident we should ever meet again, we probably should not look upon each other as we formerly did. It is much but time, business, or some other cause, will work a strange alteration in one or both of us; and a change in either would spoil us for each other, or at least prevent our uniting as close as we once were. But I will not give way to an imagination that overwhelms me with grief. When I first heard of your tour I longed to be of the party, but, upon consideration, I rejoice that I was not of it; such a dissipation of five or six months would have made me absolutely unfit for the life I am doomed to lead. By this time I suppose you can talk as flippantly of the Laocoön, the Venus, the Apollo, the Antinous, as the best man that ever travelled. But if I know you, you had more pleasure in treading over classic ground, and revolving the many interesting scenes your memory must have brought full before you, than in contemplating the works of the greatest painters and statuaries that the world ever produced. I am very impatient to hear from you; as you are now a man of leisure I shall expect a volume. Pray remember me to your fellow-traveller. Long may he live to enjoy his fortune! No man deserves wealth better.

So his Majesty is pleased to give us a new Secretary of State, who talks of carrying people over to be tried in England for offences committed in America! We all hated the *vastus et fœdus* Hillsborough, and prayed constantly for his removal; but like the poor frogs in the fable, when it is too late, and the stork is picking us up, we wish to have our log again.

I am, most sincerely yours,

RICHARD TILGHMAN.

LETTER XXIV.

May 1, 1773.

Cari miei Signori,—I lament exceedingly his Holiness did not give you, by way of ricordo, the Decalogue and that fine book 'Galateo.' The one would have taught you charity and the other politeness. I think I never received a letter so

strange, and so full of impudence and abuse, as your last. You never knew but one man that was hanged, *and he was a lawyer*! The inuendo is so plain that I can't help understanding you. We are *novi homines*, are we? It is but fair to take you down a little for your ignorance in history. This day (the first of May) is the birthday of an American ancestor of mine, of the name of Tammany, who, as you ought to have known, was canonized about eleven hundred years ago. I wish the next time you write to me you would make a regular beginning and a regular ending to your letter. Do not mistake me; I do not desire to be addressed in form, with a Dear Sir, or the like, but I should be glad of some mark to show me where I am to begin to read. The last line of your last letter was written above the first, and upside down, which perplexed me cursedly. Do, for the future, consider me a plain man, and write to me accordingly. You tell me Rosenhagen is hand-and-glove with the French, and observe that that sort of intimacy is not to be hazarded with the Scotch. From the extraordinary marks of civility you received at Rome, and the affectionate manner in which you speak of the devil's vice-regent, I should suspect, if I did not know you to be a man of virtue, that you had hazarded such intimacy with the Pope of Rome, or, as you are pleased to style him, *his Holiness*. Your distinction between Papist and Roman Catholic is ingenious *to a degree*, and yet I do not like it, for I hate the Pope, and all distinctions that are made in his favour. I desire to know whether the story of your intimacy with the Marquis of Pombal is a matter of fact, or whether I am to look upon it as the machinery of your letter. Great wits jump alike. If I did not know that, I should imagine that you had stolen and improved it in such a manner as to make it the most beautiful part of what, without flattery, I think a most masterly letter: 'A great man preserves his dignity when he wishes to lay it aside, and discovers the force of his abilities, while he seems to make no use of them.' A happier expression cannot be. Somebody, speaking somewhere of Venus, says:

> Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
> Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

She could not divest herself of her native grace, even when she attempted to limp awkwardly in ridicule of her husband. I

have no objection to the epigram of the old lion, provided you will change the word conception for translation or imitation.

> He roared so loud, and looked so grim,
> His very shadow durst not follow him.
> *Vide* Pope.

I have written this partly out of revenge, and partly to show my reading and knowledge of languages.

It is ridiculous enough, but I swear I envy you the six flasks of Burgundy almost as much as your singular interview with the Pope. There is to me something glorious in the idea of quaffing pontifical Burgundy; but glorious as it is, Horace had a conception something beyond it:

> —— Mero
> Tinget pavimentum superbum
> Pontificum potiore cœnis.

Suffer me to talk, my good fellow, it is all I have for it. I have not tasted a drop of good Burgundy since I left England. The want of that, and a few other things, prevents me being reconciled to mine own country. I begin to think of doing something that will make my countrymen tar and feather me. Do not you think, if I was to fly over to England with such marks of persecution about me, the Ministry would think my sufferings ought to be rewarded with a place under the Government? I think you once talked of coming to live in this country. I should be very glad to see you, but it must not be. We are not liberal enough. Stay where you are, and grow a great man. When you get into power remember me. I shall not ask great things; seven hundred and thirty guineas a year will satisfy me. In the meantime believe me to be, with the most sincere affection, yours,

RICHARD TILGHMAN.

Philadelphia: May 1st, 1773.

I pray to be held in remembrance by Mrs. Francis and all your family. Is Phil Baggs rich. I am not so poor as to be in distress; but I should be glad if he could conveniently pay me about sixty-five guineas that he owes me. If he can pay me, well—if he cannot, I am satisfied. He is an honest fellow, and I shall love him, tho' I lose by him. What is become of Stephen? He owes me, not money, but a letter. I had

almost forgotten to answer one part of your letter. You are exceedingly ignorant in supposing we have no remains of antiquity among us. In our mountains remote from the sea are found fish bones, which must have been there ever since Noah's Flood. What do you think of that, you Infidel ?

May 2nd.

Some of our company got abominably drunk yesterday, and behaved exactly like the Lapithæ, tho' I dare say they did not know such creatures ever existed. I did all I could to keep peace, but in vain; I stayed among them till I saw one man brandish a bottle at another's head, and then I took up my hat and cane and walked gravely off. Whether any mischief was done I know not. You must think I passed a very happy day, for the company consisted of lawyers, doctors, merchants, soldiers, printers, surveyors, captains of ships, and ship carpenters; and we had a band of music in the room that played so loud as to prevent all conversation, and so put us all upon a level. Vale, caro mio figlio. If I can be of any service to you in your affairs at Philippi, Macedon, or Ingress, you may freely command me. I would think nothing of a trip to Greece or England, to serve my friends.

Letter XXV.

Philadelphia: August 30, 1773.

Dear Francis,—You have not a friend in the world that rejoices at your good fortune more than I do. What a glorious appointment! a commission to govern India, with a salary of ten thousand pounds a year! It makes me not a little proud, that in the day of your elevation you have not forgotten your old friend. Do, Mr. Councillor, as soon as you get to Bengal, establish some office with a handsome salary, and send for me to fill it. I am tired of my country and my profession. There is neither honour nor profit to be got by practising the law among these Quakers.

Seriously if I had a reasonable prospect of making my fortune in six or eight years in India, I would not hesitate to follow you. Let me advise you to live with as much frugality as is consistent with your high station. You will the sooner fill your pockets,

and have a better chance of preserving your health. Above all things keep out of the way of the Jingawls—a gun that will throw a bullet a hundred and fifty yards in the compass of an orange is a terrible thing.

I have not neglected you in the matter of our family arms; I have been to every creature from whom there was the least probability of getting them, without being able to get any information about them. They are not in this country. I cannot find that my grandfather ever had them. Your father gave a seal, with the arms engraved on it, to one of my aunts; but that is lost. Is Mr. Richard Francis's widow living? Probably she can give some account of them, as her husband was the eldest son of the family. Why do you not write to Ireland? The Baggs will be able to procure them for you. I find that your grandfather Francis was born in Yorkshire. Why then should you not meet with his arms in the Herald's Office in England? The crest we have, by which you may know, if you come across any Francis arms, whether they are the true ones. It is a demi-lion rampant, with one of his paws upon a wheat-sheaf. I cannot give you a more particular description. I am not herald enough to know anything about or, argent, gules, fields, azure, and so forth. I will actually attempt to give you a drawing of this crest. I desire Mr. Secretary Mackrabie will not laugh. I do not pretend to be so ready with my pen as he is. I have tried, and can't hit it off to my mind. So you must take a draft made by a man I hired on purpose. How did I behave infamously in not introducing my relation by letter, at Duke Street? When he went to England there was nobody to introduce him to. You was strolling in Italy, and Mrs. Francis was at Fulham. Mack promised to take him by the hand and carry him to you, and I suppose did so. I am glad you like him so much, as to think your not knowing him earlier a misfortune. We have nothing but ringing of bells and rejoicing. Our new Governour and his Lady, with several fine heroes, arrived here a day or two ago from England. But what care you? I might as well read you a page of the history of Lilliput. I suppose all North America, and all its concerns, appear as trifling to you as the disturbances and wars in Greece did to Alexander in India. I repeat my desire that you will fall upon some scheme to make my fortune. By heavens, I would follow you to Bengal with the greatest

pleasure. As to England when you are gone, I shall hardly wish to return to it. My old friends, you say, are all dispersed. What then should I do there? I should be miserable to find myself at a loss for companions in a place where I was once so happily connected. Mrs. —— retired, too. It is true then that the mistakes of her sex find a retreat in devotion. What shall we do without her at Margate? Surely, surely, Francis, you cannot be so altered as to endure the company of Mrs. Macnamara and her sister the whole month of August.* Are the Miss Purcells to be of the party? If they are you will have some comforts. I think you mentioned to me something about their complaining of my not taking leave of them. Tell them I thought the parting would have affected me too much. Their father is dead, I understand. I wish I could bring myself to marry the thin one, if she was worth five and twenty or thirty thousand pounds. I should meet with no great difficulties on her part, if I may trust her own words. Do not think me vain. Do not neglect to give my love to Mrs. Francis, &c. I would write to Mr. Secretary Mackrabie, but really have not time. I charge you, take care of your health; I have right to order you, for I have interest in it.

Believe me to be, with the greatest affection, yours,

RICHARD TILGHMAN.

Let me know to whose care I shall send my letter to you. You have promised to give me an account of your proceedings, and I shall hold you to your engagement. Our correspondence will be unequal; I shall have no news to give you in return. But that is my country's fault, not mine.

LETTER XXVI.

Philadelphia: September 29th, 1773.

My dear Francis,—I have received your packet of the 17th of July. You are very tenacious of your epigram. I observe you contend for it, as if your reputation as a poet depended on it. But I did not condemn the composition, I only said it was not an original, because 'in the school of the Graces, by Venus attended, Belinda improves every hour.'

* If you can bear that you can bear India. Perhaps you form the party, with a view of making the trial.

I have perused the Regulation bill carefully, and am of opinion that it will answer all your purposes effectually. It gives you vast power, and a vast salary. As for the justice or policy of the thing, I know nothing about them. *But how did you get this appointment?* It is miraculous to me that a man should resign his office in 1772, and in 1773, without any change of Ministry, be advanced in so very extraordinary a manner. Your merit and abilities I was always ready to acknowledge, sir. *But I was never taught to think much of Lord North's virtue or discernment.* His treatment of you has in some measure redeemed him in my opinion. I delivered your letter to the Colonel. He will manage matters so that Philip and Macedon shall not cost you a farthing in quit rents; the quo modo he will himself explain to you. He means to write on the subject by this pacquet. I sent you the Francis crest by my last letter; I hope it will enable you to find the arms. I should be glad if you will let me know what they are. I have another favour to ask. Will you make me a present of Francis's Horace? I could buy it here, but that is not what I want. It will gratify my pride to receive it from you. If my father or I should ever write a book the favour shall be returned. I recollect that sometime before I left England, I put my name at your instance to a subscription for a new edition to Burns' poems, and paid half a guinea to his daughter. Is the book out yet?

I do not wonder at your shuddering at the thoughts of your passage. *Patient* as you are, you will be sufficiently tired of walking the deck, before you get half over. But I suppose you will touch at several places in your way. That will be a great relief. I charge you not to suffer Mackrabie to play the quack with you. He is a mighty man for physic, and will be offering you doses every day, but don't you take them; if you do, he will work you to death, before you get to Fort William.

I am not quite so fond of law as you say my cousin is; however, I read a good deal. As for business I have but little. I am a young man, and must be contented to sit a while in the back-row. My father is as generous an old fellow as ever lived, and lets me have what money I want; so that, in that respect, I live quite at my ease. If he had Sir Samuel's estates, and I was his only son, he would disinherit me, if I thought of practising law, or indeed of anything but spending money like a gentleman.

I join you heartily in wishing we could drink a bottle together before you leave England. I could find a great deal to say to you: but no matter. We will meet again one day or other, and be happy. In the meantime,

Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri . . . vivas.

Give my best love to Mrs. Francis, and my little cousins. When you are gone I will write to Mrs. Francis. How shall I direct to her? Farewell, my dear friend, and believe me to be,

With greatest affection, yours,

RICHARD TILGHMAN.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE ABBÉ GRANT.—VOL. I. CHAP. VIII.

SINCE these volumes were in the press, the Editor has received the following information from a gentleman who had the kindness to answer enquiries made for him, at Rome, respecting this personage, mentioned by Francis as having introduced him to the Pope on his visit to Rome in 1772.

"He was resident in Rome for a long period as agent for the Scottish Mission. . . . He was held in high esteem at the Papal Court. He was also well known to all the British subjects who visited Rome at that period, and through him they generally obtained an audience of the Pope. Owing to this, probably, I have heard that he was called the British Minister at Rome. His memory is a pleasing tradition in many families, whose ancestors had been in Rome and made his acquaintance there. A member of the Earl of Glasgow's family possesses a portrait of him. He is mentioned favourably in Lady M. W. Montagu's letters as resident in Rome 1753, and in 1773 by Bruce the African traveller. I have seen nothing in his papers to show that he was a zealous or active partisan of the Stuarts; but he had of course a warm side to their cause. He died in 1784, and was buried in the Church of the Scots College in Rome; with a monument which still exists, and bears the following inscription:—

Memoriæ
Petri Grant Presbyteri Scoti
Viri Probi
Qui uti vivens de omnibus bene mereri
semper studuit
ita moriens ingens sui desiderium
apud omnes reliquit
Vixit an. LXXIII. obiit A. D. MDCCLXXXIV.
Johannes Comes de Bute
Jacobus Stuart Mackenzie
Germani Fratres
Amico optimo posuerunt."

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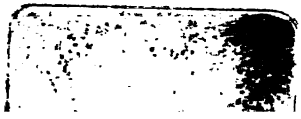
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